

ARGOSY

THE LARGEST SELLING FICTION-FACT MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JULY, 35c

Exclusive: THE EVIDENCE THAT SHOULD HAVE SAVED CHESSMAN!

**PROFILE IN COURAGE
THE DAY
JACK KENNEDY
RESCUED TEN MEN**

**NEW GUIDE TO
U. S. SPEED TRAPS**

**OUR CRAZY
LIQUOR LAWS**

**TIPS ON
FAMILY BOATING**

OUR OLYMPIC SECRET WEAPON





L&M

has found
the secret
that

**UNLOCKS
FLAVOR**

in a filter
cigarette

IN TODAY'S L&M...WITH THE PATENTED MIRACLE TIP...

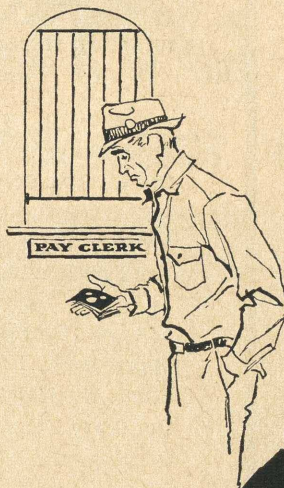
FINE TOBACCOS CAN BE BLENDED

NOT TO SUIT A FILTER BUT TO SUIT YOUR TASTE!

REACH FOR FLAVOR... REACH FOR L&M!



"I SAW MYSELF 10 YEARS FROM NOW!"



It happened one payday...

Fred worked on the line next to me. Nice guy. Married. Two children. Been on the same job 10 years.

As we walked away from the pay window together he said, "Funny. Each week I get to feel like I'm letting my family down. You know. Not getting ahead so I can give them the things they need."

His words hit me all of a sudden. I could see myself saying the same thing—*10 years from now!*

Not only that. I could see the same job. Same thin paycheck. Same worries.

I thought about Fred all day. Then that night

I saw an ad for I.C.S. It told about the job opportunities that open up with I.C.S. training. How people had found new careers and job success.

I mailed the coupon and that was the start. In just a few months my boss discovered I was an I.C.S. student. He was so pleased he decided to move me off the line. A year and two raises later I was made an assistant supervisor.

What about Fred? He's still working on the line. Still hoping for the future.

I told him about I.C.S. But so far he hasn't done anything. I guess some people never will.

How about you?

For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma!

I. C. S., Scranton 15, Penna.

Accredited Member,
National Home Study Council

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS



BOX 89021F, SCRANTON 15, PENNA.

In Hawaii reply P.O. Box 418, Honolulu

(Partial list of courses)

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW to SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X (plus sample lesson):

ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING CONSTRUCTION

- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Arch. Drawing and Designing
- ☐ Building Contractor
- ☐ Building Estimator
- ☐ Carpenter Builder
- ☐ Carpentry and Millwork
- ☐ Carpenter Foreman
- ☐ Heating
- ☐ Painting Contractor
- ☐ Plumbing
- ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints

ART

- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Magazine Illus.
- ☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
- ☐ Sketching and Painting

AUTOMOTIVE

- ☐ Automobile
- ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding and Refinishing
- ☐ Auto Engine Tuneup
- ☐ Auto Technician

AVIATION

- ☐ Aero-Engineering Technology
- ☐ Aircraft & Engine Mechanic

BUSINESS

- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Creative Salesmanship
- ☐ Managing a Small Business
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Salesmanship and Management
- ☐ Traffic Management

CHEMICAL

- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chemical Engineering
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ Elements of Nuclear Energy
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Natural Gas Prod. and Trans.
- ☐ Petroleum Prod. and Engr.
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Chem)
- ☐ Pulp and Paper Making

CIVIL ENGINEERING

- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Construction Engineering
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Civil)
- ☐ Reading Struc. Blueprints
- ☐ Sanitary Engineer
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping

DRAFTING

- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Drafting & Machine Design
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Sheet Metal Drafting
- ☐ Structural Drafting

ELECTRICAL

- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Elec. Engr. Technician
- ☐ Elec. Light and Power
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Elec)

HIGH SCHOOL

- ☐ High School Diploma

- ☐ Good English
- ☐ High School Mathematics
- ☐ High School Science
- ☐ Short Story Writing

LEADERSHIP

- ☐ Industrial Foremanship
- ☐ Industrial Supervision
- ☐ Personnel-Labor Relations
- ☐ Supervision

MECHANICAL and SHOP

- ☐ Diesel Engines
- ☐ Gas-Elec. Welding
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Industrial Metallurgy
- ☐ Industrial Safety
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Mech)
- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Refrigeration and Air Conditioning
- ☐ Tool Design
- ☐ Tool Making

RADIO, TELEVISION

- ☐ General Electronics Tech.

- ☐ Industrial Electronics
- ☐ Practical Radio-TV Eng'r'g
- ☐ Practical Telephony
- ☐ Radio-TV Servicing

RAILROAD

- ☐ Car Inspector and Air Brake
- ☐ Diesel Electrician
- ☐ Diesel Engr. and Fireman
- ☐ Diesel Locomotive

STEAM and DIESEL POWER

- ☐ Combustion Engineering
- ☐ Power Plant Engineer
- ☐ Stationary Diesel Engr.
- ☐ Stationary Fireman

TEXTILE

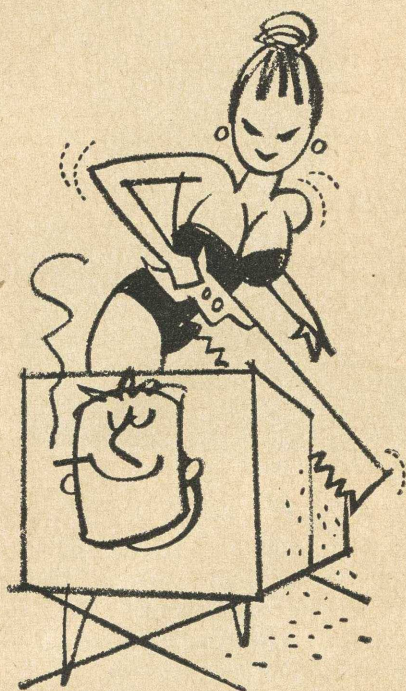
- ☐ Carding and Spinning
- ☐ Cotton Manufacture
- ☐ Cotton Winding and Weaving
- ☐ Loom Fixing Technician
- ☐ Textile Designing
- ☐ Textile Finishing & Dyeing
- ☐ Throwing
- ☐ Winding and Weaving
- ☐ Worsted Manufacturing

Name _____ Age _____ Home Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____ Working Hours _____ A.M. to P.M. _____

Occupation _____ Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special low monthly tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.

Just time
for a TREND, friend—



TREND

MILD LITTLE CIGARS

...with NEW TREND-Air Conditioning!

Whatever the time, whatever the place—you've always got time for a Trend... long enough for complete satisfaction, short enough to enjoy anytime. New Trend-Air conditioning "breathes" just the right amount of cool, fresh air into the smoke stream for maximum mildness. 100% cigar tobaccos clear through. Enjoy rich, mild cigar taste *plus* cigarette size and convenience—try Trend, today. *And you need not inhale to enjoy them!*



Humidor pack of 20 **35c**

Also enjoy new Trend Panatelas... 5 inches of real smoking enjoyment—with new Trend-Air conditioning.
5 pack—25c

STEPHANO BROTHERS (Cigar Division) Phila. 7, Pa.

PIONEERS IN MODERN CIGARS

July 1960

ARGOSY

HENRY STEEGER/editor

THE LARGEST SELLING FICTION-FACT MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Volume 351 Number 1

cover story:

Our Olympic Secret Weapon.....Pete Kuhlhoff **20**

articles:

The Evidence That Should Have Saved Chessman!.....William Read Woodfield and Milt Machlin **15**
Ten Lives for Kennedy.....as told to Edward Oxford **18**
Speed Traps, 1960.....Robert Crichton **30**
Grant: The Man Nobody Knew.....Edwin V. Burkholder **38**
Our Crazy Liquor Laws.....Joseph Scholnick **44**
G-Strings and Top Bananas (Second of Two Parts).....Harold Minsky as told to Richard Gehman **46**
Tips on Family Cruising.....Eric Nyborg **54**

fiction:

Bumbo the Bum.....William Heuman **24**
Dead Line.....Cliff Farrell **34**
Monster of the Madrepore.....Robert Edmond Alter **58**

personality:

Here Comes Charley!.....Al Hirshberg **48**

picture stories:

Trouble, Bear-Handed.....**26**
We Ran the Royal Gorge.....Lee English **36**
New Sport for the Barroom Athlete.....**50**

features:

Fishing With Bottles.....Harry Steeger **4**
Set Shots.....Gene Longtine **10**
Hunter's Transportation.....E. M. Marshall **63**
Which Weapon?.....**82**
It's in the Cards.....Alfred Sheinwold **112**

travel today:

Massachusetts.....L. N. R. Early **42**

departments:

Back Talk.....**8** Clothes Talk.....**67**
You and Your Car.....**11** Travel Trails.....**79**
Stop to Shop.....**13 and 109** Hunting and Fishing.....**97**

Cover photographed for Argosy by Sam Shaw

Any resemblance between any character in fictional matter and any person, living or dead, is entirely coincidental and unintentional

ARGOSY is published once a month by Popular Publications, Inc., at McCall Street, Dayton 1, Ohio. Executive, editorial and subscription offices 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Henry Steeger, President, John J. McVarish, Treasurer. Second-class postage paid at Dayton, Ohio. Authorized as second-class matter by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Copyright, 1960 by Popular Publications, Inc. This issue is published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. Copyright under International Copyright Convention and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction in whole or in part, in any form. Price 35c a copy, \$4.00 a year in U. S., U. S. possessions, and Canada; \$5.00 a year in all other countries. When submitting manuscripts, enclose stamped self-addressed envelope for their return if found unacceptable. Care will be exercised in the handling of unsolicited manuscripts, but no responsibility for their return is assumed. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in the U.S.A.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

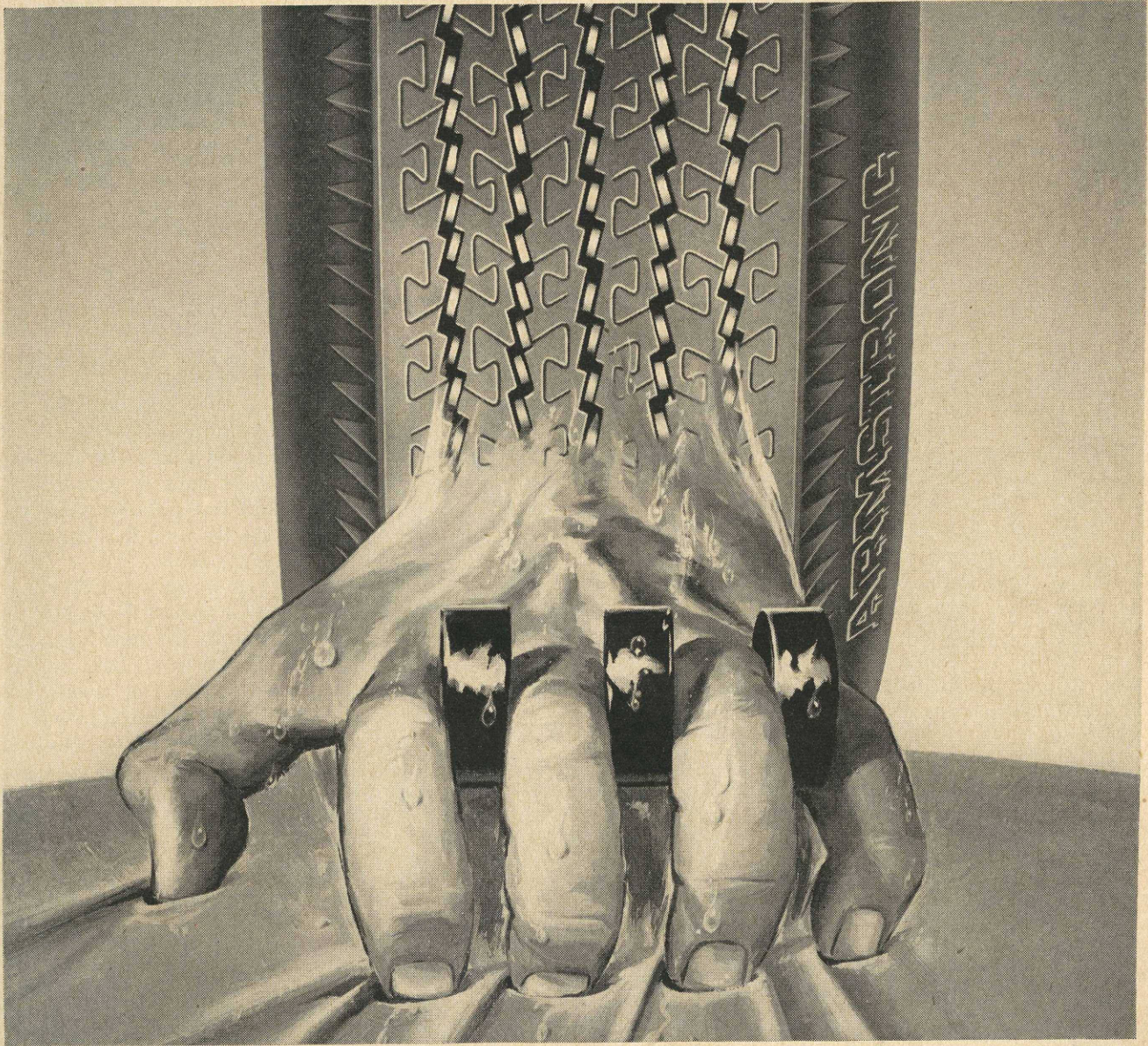
August issue on sale July 19th

Change of Address: Postmaster

Please mail Form 3579 notices to Popular Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

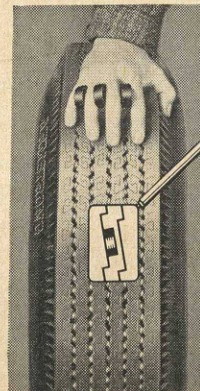
ARMSTRONG TIRES

"Ounce of Prevention" Safety Discs can save your life!



Grip the road to stop deadly skids as no other tires can!

Over 1,000 Safety Discs, built into each Armstrong Tire, keep the tread's gripping edges apart, *always* ready to grip. This gives you unmatched protection against skids, *today's commonest driving hazard*... keeps you safer on any road, in any weather. And compare the Guarantee! See your Armstrong dealer, listed in the Yellow Pages. GET EXTRA SAFETY AT NO EXTRA COST.



ONLY ARMSTRONG HAS IT
Just as the discs in this hand keep the fingers apart, so patented Safety Discs in Armstrong Tires keep the gripping edges apart. They can't squeeze together no matter how hard you brake! But the tread of ordinary tires, lacking discs, can squeeze shut, go smooth... and you skid! Armstrong Tires protect you against deadly skids as no other tires can.



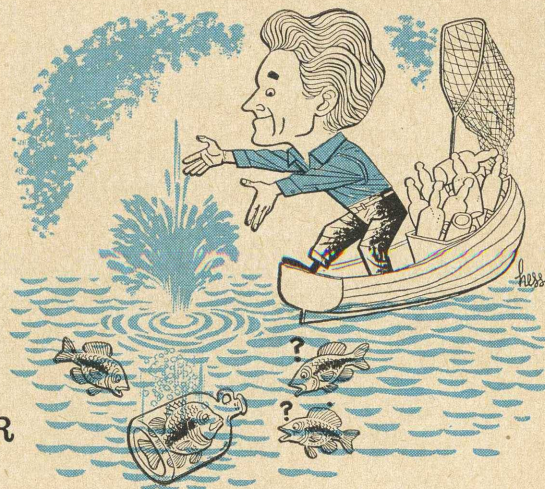
MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG *Pure-Foam* FOR FURNITURE AND BEDDING

HOME OFFICE—WEST HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

A
R
G
O
S
Y

Fishing With Bottles

BY HARRY STEEGER



Here's one that will nauseate you. It's a fiendish gimmick for catching more fish than you ever thought possible and doing so with little or no effort.

Relax in the sunshine, enjoy yourself with a cool can of suds while Oscar does the work for you. Oscar is a fat, old fish in a bottle, and how he gets this distinguished role is by a little bit of human skullduggery.

I shouldn't let you in on these questionable secrets, mind you, but you're all so honest with me it's painful—and and you shame me into being the same. My sole aim in life is your pleasure, anyway. So tune in, you lucky sportsmen.

My scientific research on your behalf this month was based on two axioms:

1. As Barnum so wisely pontificated, "There's one born every minute," by which he meant "a fool." And a fool, of course, is everyone except you and me—with some doubt about the former.

2. Fish are people, just like the rest of us.

Maybe they're not as stupid as we are at times, but, by golly, they have the same emotions and frustrations. They eat, sleep, make love and they're curious. Yes, indeed, you've got to admit they are curious. They're almost like cats that way, always poking their little gills into things where they don't belong. How else would you catch so many, eh? Kind of proves my point, doesn't it?

A And they're envious, too. Right? One of the finny brethren gloms onto a big chunk of food and right away everybody else wants it, too. I don't need to tell you that. You know what gluttons they are.

4 So, anyway, fish are like people and

will act like people, given a similar set of stimuli.

That was my philosophical outlook at the inception of this scientific experiment. The genesis of the idea itself came from star-gazing out of my window. Deep thought and all that kind of stuff.

On the window sill, by the greatest good fortune, there stands a bottle—or lies a bottle on its side, I should say—with a fully rigged clipper ship in it. The bottle has a narrow neck and I take great delight in looking at this little gem of the sailor's handicraft. But it drives me nuts! And why? Well, how in the name of St. Christopher did that fully rigged clipper ship get into that bottle? How did it get through the neck, which is obviously too small, and, once inside, how did it spread its snowy-white mantle of sail to fill the entire interior of the bottle? This sort of thing is enough to drive a guy off his feed.

It was also enough, on this historic occasion, to drive a fantastic scheme into the darker corners of my noggin.

Here's how it works—and I'll describe it for you just as it happened to

me, so you surely won't miss a thing.

I began by purchasing a big fat bottle with a narrow neck, like the one that encases my clipper ship. Then I went to the nearby fish hatchery (the local goldfish store will do just as well) and came away with a tiny trout. A small bass, or perch or other favorite may be used instead. The point is, he must fit into the neck, that narrow little neck, of the bottle.

Here's where the obnoxious part commences. I popped Oscar—he's the baby trout—into the bottle and I tied a little piece of wire screen over the mouth. Not much was needed, only enough to cover the end of the bottle so Oscar couldn't swim out. I used a piece of ordinary wire to tie it on.

Then I plunked the bottle into a goldfish bowl in such a manner that it was completely submerged in the water. In other words, the water from the goldfish bowl circulated in the bottle as well, and Oscar was as happy as a clam living in there with all those goldfish. They couldn't bump noses, of course, on account of the glass sides of the bottle, but they could see each other and (Continued on page 6)

ALDEN H. NORTON/executive editor

BERNARD J. WHITE/art director

EDITORS/managing editor **HAL STEEGER**/fiction **BRUCE CASSIDAY**/non-fiction **MILT MACHLIN**/assistant article editor **DICK ADLER**/pictures **DALE SHAW**/layout **SY RUDMAN**/associate **M. MOCHRIE**/associate **M. GRAVES**/art **JACK LEVINE**/cartoons **D. G. SCHWARTZ**/assistants **B. GELMAN**, **B. KRAUS**, **A. DUVAL**, **J. MEHMED**, **L. TOMPKINS**, **R. SCHEIDT**
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS/guns **PETE KUHLOFF**/outdoors **GIL PAUST**/boats **ERIC NYBORG**/automotive **J. EDWARD SCHIPPER**/cards **ALFRED SHEINWOLD**/men's wear **GERALD McCANN**/sports cars **RALPH STEIN**/travel **PHIL ANDREWS**/cameras **MIKE LAVELLE**

Associate Publisher, **THOMAS F. HARRAGAN**

Advertising Manager, **HERBERT J. DONOHOE**

Production Manager, **P. J. GLEASON**

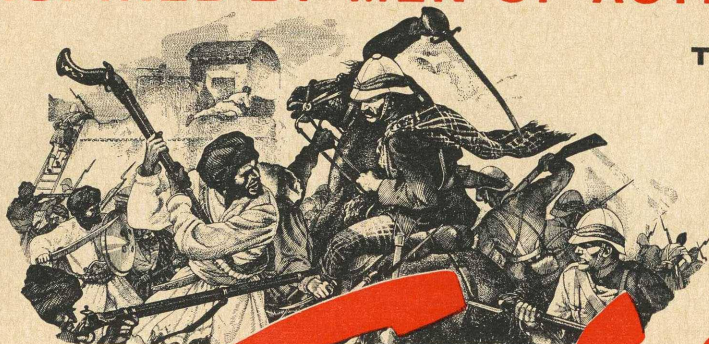
Advertising Sales Promotion and Research Manager, **D. U. MEEHAN**

Stop to Shop Editor, **L. HEADLEY**

Newsstand Sales Manager, **IRA J. MOSHIER**

Subscription Manager, **JOSEPH MUCCIGROSSO**

INSPIRED BY MEN OF ACTION...



THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS!

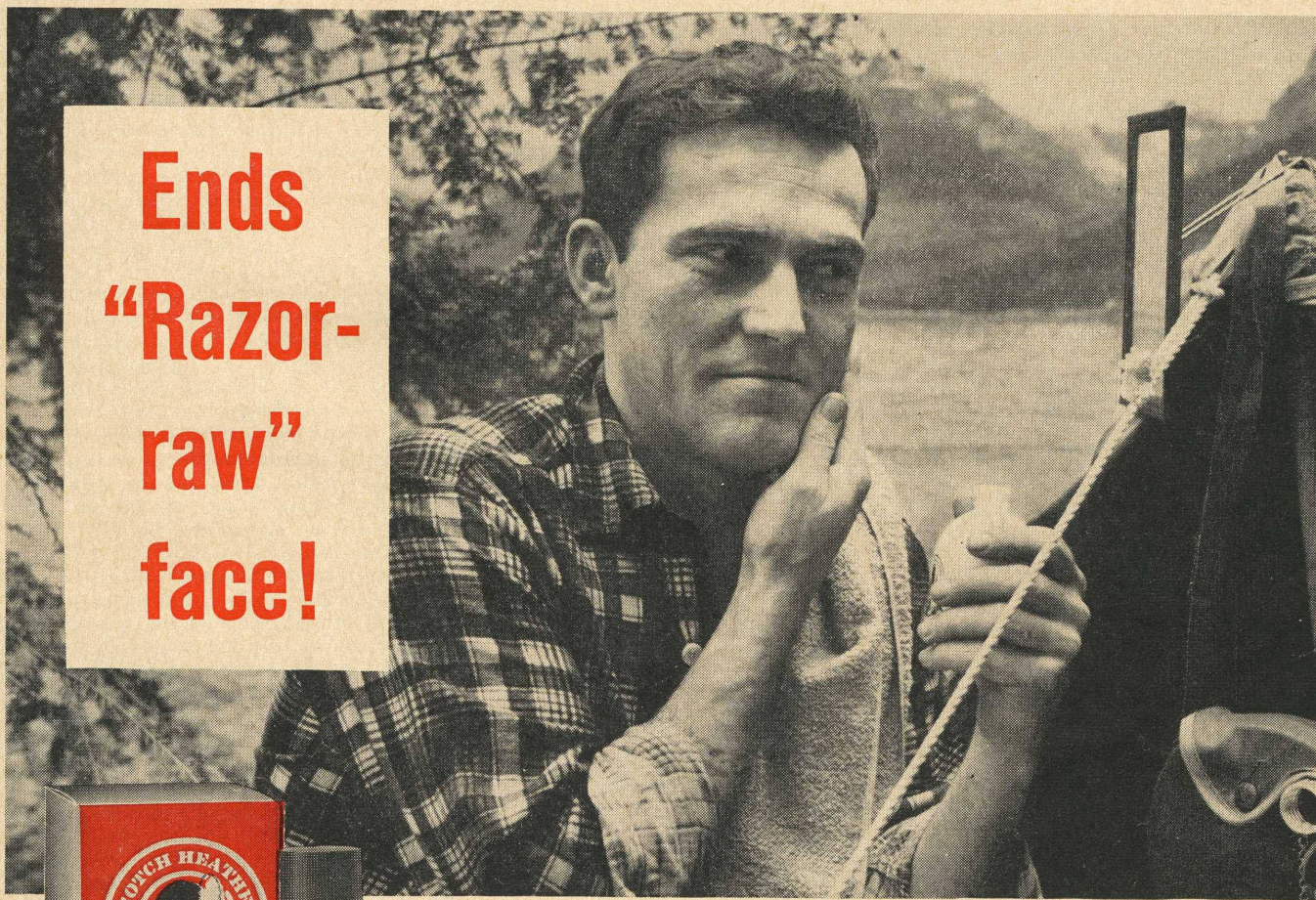
Kandahar, Afghanistan—1880: After a forced march of 303 miles in searing desert heat, this famous Scottish regiment launched fierce bayonet attacks against marauding tribesmen—slashed their way to victory in hand-to-hand combat!

For 11" x 14" prints of three Seaforth battles, send 25¢ and front of any Seaforth carton to: Seaforth, P.O. Box 60, Mt. Vernon 10, N. Y.

Seaforth!

AFTER-SHAVE LOTION

Ends
"Razor-
raw"
face!



STILL ONLY
\$1⁰⁰

COOLS AND SOOTHES SHAVING STING!

- Exclusive Seaforth formula gives you that wonderful, tingling, healing feeling!
- Penetrates instantly—speeds replacement of natural face oils you shave away!
- Subtle Scotch Heather scent—ruggedly masculine, refreshingly fragrant!

Seaforth!

MEN'S TOILETRIES



MINUTE SHAVE
PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE AID
DEODORANTS

they could romp around the way fish like to do.

The next step takes time, but you've got lots of that, haven't you, so don't grumble. It consists of fattening Oscar up to a point where he can no longer wiggle through that opening in the neck of the bottle. See what nasty thinking goes into this plot!

Well, I did that to poor little Oscar. I kept shoving fish food through the wire screen into the bottle and little Oscar kept gobbling it up. He grew and he grew and he grew. And pretty soon, little Oscar had gobbled up so much of the delicious fish food that he had the surprise of his young life. He could no longer get in or out of the bottle.

At this stage, I was able to remove the wire screen. Little Oscar, who was now big Oscar, would look out at his friends, but since he now practically filled the bottle, he could no longer romp around the same as his pals.

That was the point I had been waiting for. I was now ready for the crucial portion of my scientific experiment. The actual field test was about to take place.

I put Oscar and his bottle in a large bucket and I put several other bottles in the bucket as well. You'll see why in a minute. The other bottles were empty, but when you conduct your own experiment, it is perfectly permissible to bring along one full bottle in addition to the empty ones. Anything will do, actually, like beer or some other tonic—even whiskey—in order to ward off colds while you are absorbed scientifically.

Once I had arrived at the lake, I could hardly wait to take out the rowboat so I could observe Oscar at his debut. I brought along a big net and some fish lines in case the action got hot.

The best spot, I decided, would be in relatively shallow water where I could see without falling in. I rowed to a location where the water was three or four feet

deep and dumped Oscar and his bottle overboard. I threw the other bottles in, too, in such a way that they lay around in one spot but not on top of each other.

Well, gents, you'll never believe what happened! Not that I didn't expect or anticipate it.

Fish began swimming up to Oscar and staring at him curiously. Then other fish would swim around and you could tell that the first fish had said something like this to them in fish talk: "You want to see the goldardest thing! There's one of us in a bottle back there and the neck is too small for him to get in or out. It's crazy! How do you suppose he got there."

Pretty soon the area was jammed with fish looking at Oscar and studying him and his bottle, exactly the way people will go to a circus side show and stare at the freaks.

Curiosity, see! It had got to them.

After that, it wasn't long before some of those foolish fish started to butt their gills into the empty bottles. Notice how my plan was unravelling!

Envious, that was the other word. The fish looking at Oscar were thinking to themselves: "If he can get in there, why can't I?"

And so they would hit the bottle (sounds familiar, eh?) and they would wriggle and wriggle and, because they couldn't get in, they'd get mad and frustrated. Then they'd hit the bottle harder, just like humans. And they'd hit so hard, they'd knock themselves silly. *Bam*, they'd go and, with a cross-eyed look and a quiver, they'd come floating to the top, temporarily stunned.

I'll tell you, it was quite a sight watching their antics. Almost a bit shameful, you might say, but I was too busy scooping them into the boat to pay much attention to the ethics of the thing.

In fact, it was about the easiest fishing I've ever had and I pass the new method along to you as one of our monthly services—and with absolutely no strings attached.

Now that I think about it, there's usually

a moral to most fish and animal tales and so here's this one: If you're going to hit the bottle, be sure that what's inside is worth the trouble.

Now it's time for the monthly meeting of our truth lovers' society, the Honest Abe Club. To those who spin the best yarns will go our world-renowned trophy, the Stuffed Bull's Head With the Winking Eye.

Here to start the ball rolling is Robert Michaud of Berlin, New Hampshire, to let you in on a little secret that should delight the heart of the laziest fisherman alive:

"Dear Harry: I would never have told you or your readers my secret on how to catch trout without rod, reel or line, but now it is a matter of life or death. You see, when I told my wife this story, she threatened to break a pile of dishes over my skull unless you print my story in the Honest Abe Club column to prove that it is true.

"So here's my story. It's very simple.

"Before I leave home, I steal—I mean borrow—a pair of my wife's rubber gloves, the ones she uses to wash dishes with. Then I put my fishing boat in a river that is supposed to be good for trout and row out to the center, pull my oars in and let my boat drift with the current.

"I then proceed to work a fishhook into each finger of the rubber gloves. These are trout hooks, of course. When all are in place, I put on the gloves and lie down in the bottom of the boat, letting one hand dangle in the water on each side. Now comes the part where I prove that my story is true.

"You yourself may have read often in the newspapers how a fisherman has had his fingers bitten by fish while dangling them in the water. Well, that is how I happened to think of gloves with fishhooks in the fingers.

"With the boat drifting down the river and my fishhook hands in the water, I take a nice snooze. When I wake up, I usually have my limit of trout for the day, which is ten in our state.

"So there you are, my dear readers and friends—trout fishing with no fuss or bother and while grabbing forty winks.

"If you publish my story, my wife will be sorry she did not believe me and that will save me some lumps on the noggin—for which I shall be forever grateful.

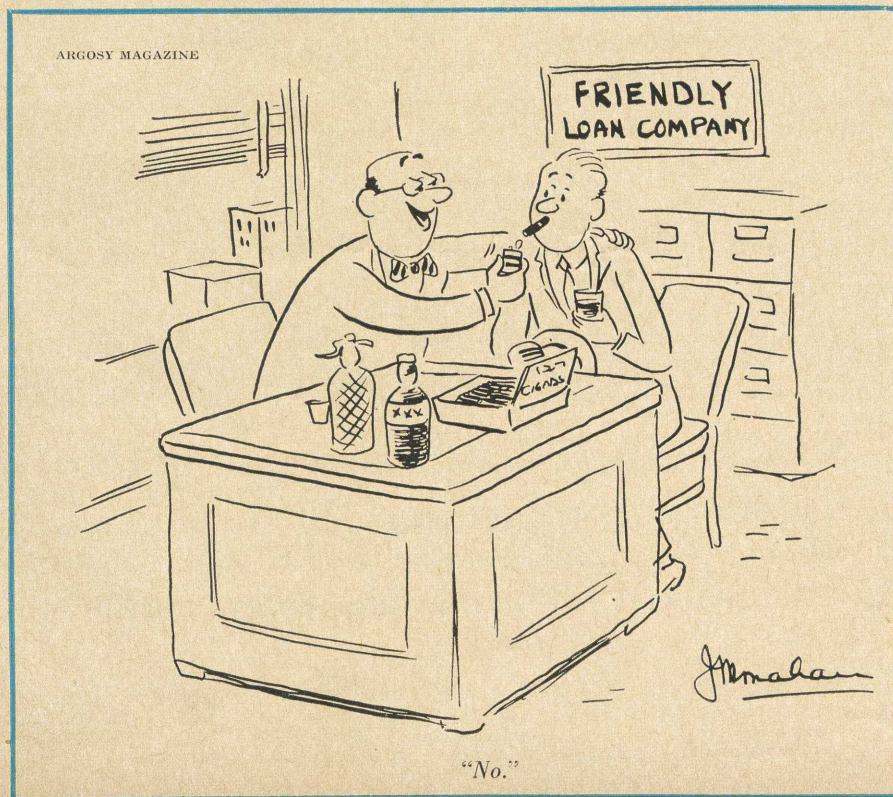
(Signed) ROBERT MICHAUD"

You did the right thing, Bob, sending your story in to our club. Now your wife will have to believe you. That's what I call usin' the noggin to save the noggin.

And speaking of "different" ways of catching trout, let's hear from Don W. Murphey, of Dexter, Oregon:

"As far as I know, very few people are aware that many of our common trout spend the winters out on the banks. I'll bet even you didn't know it, Harry! But it's true. It occurs only in the highest mountains where the snows are heavy.

"The trout all swim up into the snowbanks and burrow down to snugly sleep away the winter, awakening just before the first thaws and sliding back into their native element. I won't go into how I discovered this fact, but will only mention that I make at least one winter foray every year to dig trout. Actually, a rake works best unless the snow is very hard-packed.



Of course, you pick out the best holes and only rake the banks next to those places. It's great sport!

"I'll never forget the year of the unseasonal thaw. I was expecting to find deep snows and slumbering trout, but instead found thousands of dead, rotting fish on almost dry banks. And smell? Wow!

"Well, I suppose if this should happen to get printed in your column—which naturally authenticates it beyond a doubt—there will be some new laws on the books concerning the taking of trout by means of a rake. However, it would be well worth it to receive the Stuffed Bull's Head.

(Signed) DON W. MURPHEY"

Sounds like you must be about the biggest rake in Dexter, Don!

Next we have Walter "Jack" Alliman of the U. S. Navy, Bethesda, Maryland, to tell how his clever plan to locate fish failed—with fish, that is:

"I've been reading ARGOSY for a long time and have often wondered why none of your readers has ever thought to use isotopes to catch fish. At present, I am working in a Naval Hospital on the East Coast and, in my capacity as a radioactive isotope technician, I am allowed to sweep, swab and dust the areas where medical isotopes are used. So, at the end of each day, I have quite a few dusty old isotopes to dispose of.

"A cousin of mine up in Pennsylvania is an ardent fisherman, but had been having trouble getting enough fish each trip out to pacify the wife, so I volunteered my help.

"There is a state fish hatchery nearby, and I proposed that we mix a little of my used isotope dust with the feed going to the trout ponds. I figured that when the fish ate, they would ingest the isotopes. These would lodge in their stomachs and, when they were put into the streams, it would be an easy matter to use a Geiger counter to locate them.

"So we put plan 'Hot Fish' into operation. Unfortunately, Harry, the plan did not work. While we were walking to the stream, I turned on the Geiger counter to show my cousin how the detector worked, and darned if we didn't locate the biggest uranium field that has ever been found in Pennsylvania. Now my cousin is too busy mining uranium to go fishing, and I have to spend all my time counting money.

(Signed) WALTER "JACK" ALLIMAN
HMI, USN"

Now I understand the "Jack" part of your name, Walt. And my heart bleeds for you. No more time for fish—only money.

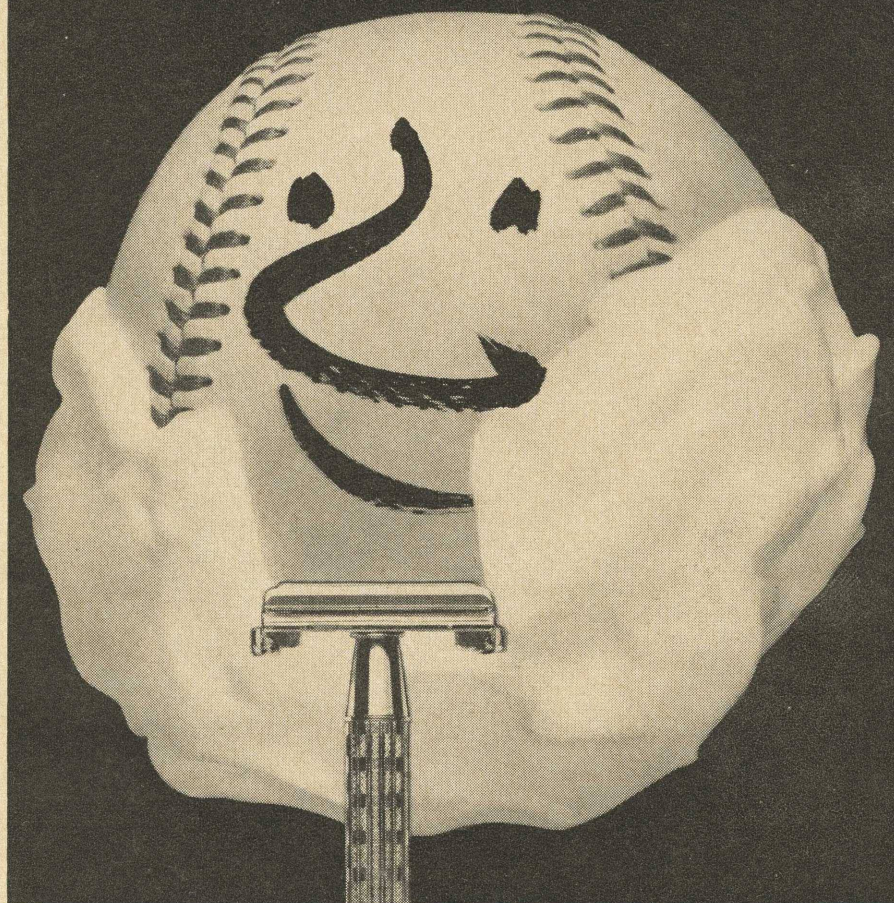
I guess we've all heard of some pretty smart coon dogs, but Mrs. Mary Harvey, of Ursa, Illinois, is here to tell of one who could even count:

"Although I am a woman, I want you to know I enjoy reading your magazine and would like to try for the Honest Abe Club.

"When my brothers and sisters and I were growing up, we lived on a wooded farm and we had a long-eared, sad-eyed coon dog named Ole Joe who was practically my shadow. As it was my chore to bring in the milk cows at milking time, I taught him to help me.

Well, I guess he could count those cows, because he never came back until he could line them all (continued on page 12)

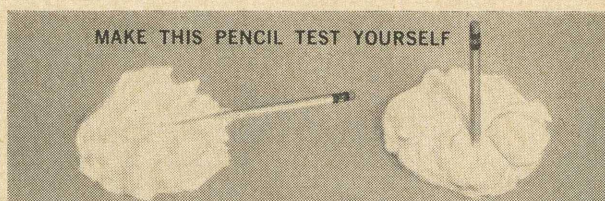
Even tough hides need Noxzema Instant Lather



The closer you shave... the more you need Noxzema

Close shaves make your face sore? Get new Noxzema Instant Lather! Shave cool and close—without irritation. Noxzema is a cream lather—extra rich! It's the only instant lather medicated with Noxzema's famous skin-care formula. It soothes and protects your skin.

And Noxzema saves you money. It's concentrated—gives up to 50% more lather per can. Try new Noxzema Instant Lather, today!



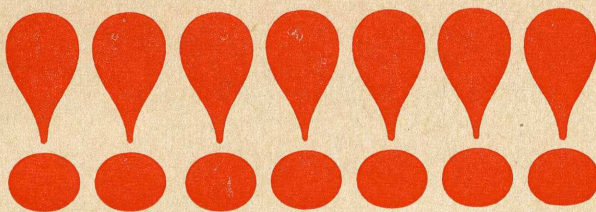
Ordinary lathers can't hold up pencil, often let your whiskers droop, too. So your razor snags and pulls.

Creamy extra-rich Noxzema holds up your whiskers as it does this pencil. You shave closer—without irritation.



Noxzema... the only medicated "comfort shave." Also in Brushless and Lather

BACK TALK



ARGOSY, 205 E. 42ND ST., NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

WHAT'S WITH THE DOMINOES?

Bert Clelland's plea for the low-down on rolling the ivories brought in a sackful of responses, most of which were too long to include in this column. Here, however, are two of the shorter ones:

In regard to Bert Clelland's letter about the different games, including dice, I can recommend John Scarne's book, "On Dice," and his autobiography, "The Amazing World of John Scarne." Also, I'd be glad to answer any questions, since I've studied the game for fifteen years and can hold my own, taking or giving odds by the house, as well as placing bets.

HENRY MADEKSHO

Chicago, Illinois

In reference to Bert Clelland's letter in April Back Talk: If he'd like the probabilities, odds, etc., on the gentle art of dice (single toss), I suggest that he buy a copy of "The World Almanac," 1960 Edition, and turn to page 837.

CHARLES M. MCKUNG

Austin, Texas

CALLING ALL GIRLS!

I am an ardent reader of ARGOSY, and really enjoy the adventure fare it offers.

However, I have noticed many times that some women are just as adventurous as men. So I am offering to take a really adventurous woman with an expedition into the upper Amazon region of Brazil.

Perhaps one of your female readers will accept the challenge. All she has to do is explain her reasons and furnish the proper qualifications.

OLIVER L. GREGERSON

Boise, Idaho

• Any takers?

HEUMAN'S CORNER

Even though baseball is not my favorite sport, I must tell you how much I enjoyed "Holler Guy," by William Heuman. His understanding of the game, and of the people who love it, could also make me a fan.

PAUL ALLAERT

Carbon Cliff, Ill.

• Get with it, boy!

I thoroughly enjoyed "Holler Guy," in your April issue. But something here doesn't add up. The umpire wasn't too bad, but that scorekeeper! The game should have ended in a tie.

As you will recall, the Mustangs scored two runs in the first two innings, then Skip had them bunt a run across the plate, and his Mustangs pushed over two more runs in the next inning. Then he came up and sent a screecher down into left field. He

went all the way to third on the hit, scoring the runner ahead of him. Seems like the score should have been 6-6. Right?

CHARLES W. ELKINS

Ellensburg, Washington

• Right! The last we heard of this scorekeeper, he was back in the Little League.

ROLL OUT THE BARREL

A contest winner shows his appreciation in verse:

A telegram just came here out of
Louisville, Kentucky.

As I read it, I was tickled, for it
seems that I was lucky.

In the "Million Dollar Contest," I
had come out with fourth prize,
Which is better than the bull's head
that I won for telling lies!

I can really use that motor when I
go up north to fish,

And of all the prizes listed, it comes
nearest to my wish.

All the family are excited and out-
spoken in their praise,

So, I thank you all a million for
this happiest of days.

NORMAN W. BYRNE, Q.C.

Hamilton, Ontario

• Dozens of letters have been rolling in,
and we're glad everyone had a barrel of fun.

THERE SHE BLOWS!

It's most unusual for Pete Kuhlhoff to goof, and I was surprised to read a statement he made in "Whale-Size Guns." He says, "Their enormous size alone (meaning whales) was enough to insure immunity from attack by lesser creatures. In fact, even today, man is the whale's only enemy."

Pete forgot to mention another enemy—the tiger shark. When the whale is feeding on small fish, he opens his cavernous

mouth to scoop up thousands of them in one gulp. When he's had his fill, he closes his mouth, blows the water out through the vent in the top of his head, then uses his enormous tongue to manipulate the fish into his throat.

Old-time whalers tell me that a whale's tongue is supposed to be a special delicacy for the tiger shark, and is the only part of the giant mammal the shark can get his teeth into. At any rate, when the whale opens his mouth, the shark dashes in and grabs him by the tongue. If there are several tigers with the same thought in mind, the whale is at their mercy, and most of his tongue is torn away. He eventually bleeds to death.

When I was in the Pacific, I saw such a battle between a fifty-foot sperm whale and three tiger sharks, less than a mile off Diamond Head. The dead whale floated to the shores of Kauai, west of Honolulu, and created quite a stink.

FRED O. QUALES

Wichita, Kansas

• Thanks, Fred. Brother Kuhlhoff was so carried away with the idea of man against whale that he forgot about the shark.

MORE ABOUT MERMAIDS

After reading, and thoroughly enjoying, Peter Michelmore's "Mermaids, Anyone?," I could visualize half of your male readers heading toward the nearest ocean with their deep-sea-diving equipment, hoping to find one of those tantalizing creatures, and winning the prize money. So—just in case you've never heard it, I couldn't resist telling you the old, old definition of a mermaid:

Not enough fish to eat, and not enough woman to love.

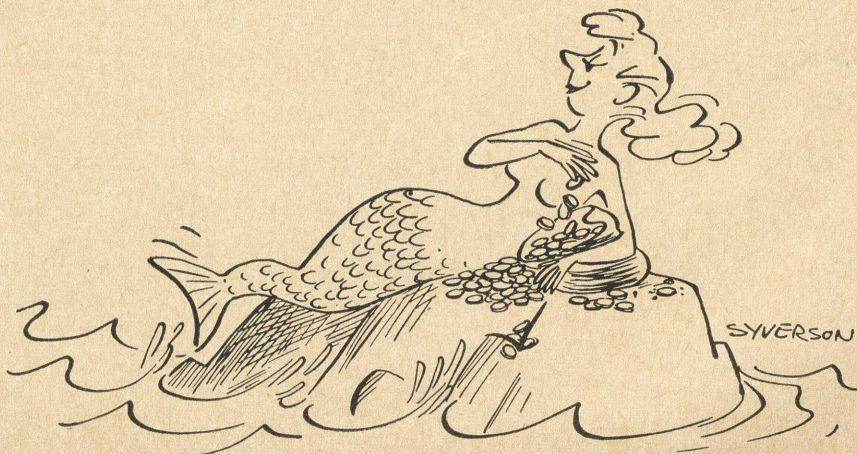
KATHY ESPLEY

New York City

That mermaid story in ARGOSY really started things popping around our house. My father is a deck officer on a tanker and says that a long time ago (about thirty years), he knew a sailor who once saw a mermaid, and had her tattooed on his arm. But I insisted this was not sufficient proof.

At this point, my mother came out of the kitchen where she was fixing dinner. "Proof of what?" She had barely caught the gist of this man-to-man conversation, so I had to fill in for her.

"That mermaids really do exist, Mom."



She gave me one of those parent-type looks and suggested that I give some thought as to why the myth persists. "You might find it quite simple," she added.

"What do you mean by simple?" I asked her. (After all, I'm only sixteen.)

"Well," she said, "has it ever occurred to you that without any meremen, there would be no mermaids?"

So, after dinner I went up to my room to ponder the mysteries of the deep, and came up with this profound observation: Mermaids are merely the fabrications of meremen, and that is why ARGOSY won't be getting any pictures of mermaids.

But have you ever stopped to think what might have been if there had been female sailors?

JOHN R. BOJE

Winter Park, Florida

• A frightening thought!

NOW, HEAR THIS!

Since you have offered us a challenge regarding D. A. Stewart's correction of the potential of HMS *Ajax*, light cruiser, I rise for the red-speckled feather.

He's entirely correct, with one exception: The *Ajax* mounts eight-inch guns rather than six, as he stated.

CHARL L. WILLIAMS

Clearwater, Florida

I disagree with reader D. A. Stewart. The classification battle cruiser *is* known to the United States Navy. We had three in commission during World War II, the *Alaska*, *Guam* and *Hawaii*. They carried twelve-inch guns, and are now part of the Moth Ball Fleet.

E. X. PETRYKOWSKI

South St. Paul, Minnesota

Yes, we gals read ARGOSY with interest,

Yes, Send ARGOSY...



To—

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

FOR:

- ☐ 1 Year — \$ 4.00
☐ 2 Years — \$ 7.00
☐ 3 Years — \$10.00

(For Foreign Add \$1.00 Per Year)

I Enclose \$.....

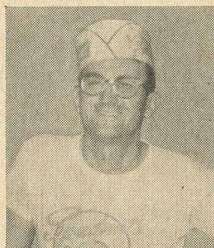
ARGOSY

Dept. S-1, 205 E. 42nd Street
 New York 17, New York
 760

Spudnuts — the glorified doughnut

"...I wouldn't be in any other business"

Bernard "Bernie" Ethington, Tucson, Arizona Spudnut dealer, spent a good portion of his life on govern-



Mr. Bernard Ethington
 Tucson, Ariz.

ment and private construction projects around the world — in Japan, Guam, and Greenland. Tired of globe trotting, in 1955 Bernie and his wife Myrtle chose sunny Tucson as the ideal spot to make their home and settle down.

And here the lives of this young married couple drastically changed, when one day Bernie dropped by the Spudnut Shop and was introduced to the delicious goodness of Spudnuts that has made the name so famous. Although he was not a baker, Bernie reasoned that with a product this good and with such heavy public acceptance, he wanted to have the Tucson Spudnut dealership for his own. But it was not for sale.

Following his trade, Bernie opened his own electrical shop and watched and waited. In late 1958 the dealership became available, and Bernie was first in line to take over the operation. Because he did not feel he could operate two businesses, he sent a hurry-up call to his brother Joe and Art and Helen Oehlsen, good friends from Iowa.

Bernie and Myrtle, with the help of Mr. and Mrs. Oehlsen and brother Joe, set up a completely new shop just a few blocks from the old location. He installed the latest Spudnut equipment and started a "hard-sell" campaign in Tucson and surrounding area. The formal opening at the new location was a tremendous success — as has business been ever since. In 1959, for example, the Tucson Spudnut dealership placed three times in the select "TOPPERS," making this operation one of the outstanding Spudnut dealerships nationally.

Being familiar with the electrical business where little or no help was provided, and where it was pretty much a "sink-or-swim" proposition, Bernie was amazed at the extra benefits that came with his Spudnut business. As do all other Spudnut dealers, Bernie was given assistance in the layout and decoration of his new shop and complete training in the manufacture of Spudnut Products. He regularly receives beautiful four-color point-of-sale posters on his Spudnuts

and Varieties, advertising and marketing assistance, a constant flow of new, tested products, as well as regular, helpful visits from his Spudnut District Manager.

And Bernie takes advantage of the Spudnut Cooperative Advertising Program, promoting his business and his Spudnut product aggressively in the Tucson marketing area — with the Company paying as much as 50% of the bill.

"Spudnuts and the Spudnut business are for me," said Bernie recently. "First, the product is the best of its kind — and this, of course, is what first attracted me. Second, the Company is always right in there pitching with new ideas, new products, local and national advertising — in fact, they give me full assistance on any operational or production problem I run into. I wouldn't want to be in any other business."



This is a Spudnut, resembling a doughnut in shape, but larger, lighter and fluffier because it's made like fine French pastry. One of the basic ingredients is potatoes, blended with selected flours and an array of exotic spices. Spudnut dealers receive Spudnut Mix in 100 lb. bags and follow simple directions to make Spudnuts and other delicious Spudnut pastries.

Your town may be one of the areas still open for a Spudnut dealership. A franchise consists of a complete "package" — all the necessary Spudnut-tested equipment, complete training in your own shop, opening advertising, and enough Spudnut Mix to produce over \$1,000 worth of Spudnuts. The cost of a Spudnut franchise is as little as \$2,500 down; payments are as low as \$70 a month.

If you want to own your own business, work for yourself, and enjoy the prestige and profits that can be yours, fill out the coupon below. You will receive complete details about the sensational Spudnut, without obligation. Don't delay, like Bernie Ethington you can be plugging into a real "live wire" connection.

All Spudnut Mixes are Conveniently Warehoused throughout the United States.



CLIP AND MAIL TODAY
 Pelton's Spudnuts, Inc. - Dept. AR
 450 West 17th So., Salt Lake City, Utah

Please send complete information. I am interested in

Name of City _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

CANADIAN DEALERSHIPS AVAILABLE: Spudnut dealerships are presently operating in Canada. Additional cities have just been opened up. If you are interested, use the coupon above.

too! I may be wrong, but I'm inclined to disagree with D. A. Stewart's statement that the battle cruiser classification is unknown in the United States Navy.

Two battle cruisers, the USS *Alaska* (CB-1) and the USS *Guam* (CB-2), were built during World War II by the New York Shipbuilding Company. The classification of CB for battle cruisers is a combination of the BB used for battleships and the CA used for heavy cruisers. Battle cruisers (CBs) were named for United States possessions, whereas battleships (BBs) for states, heavy cruisers (CAs) and light cruisers (CLs) for cities.

I'm not a member of "this man's Navy," but I think I'm right. Right?

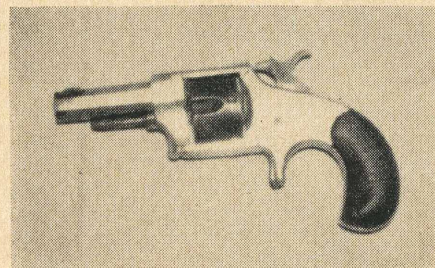
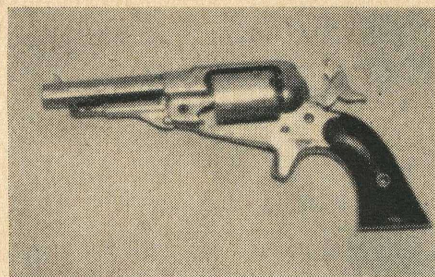
MRS. E. M. TODD
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

• *Perhaps we'd better buy another copy of "Janes' Fighting Ships."*

ATTENTION, GUN BUFFS!

Here are photos of two guns which I have owned for about twelve years, and have been unable accurately to identify.

Inscriptions on the barrels are as follows: (Gun A) "E. Remington, Ilion, New York, USA New Model"; Gun B has a star and



No. 41. Here are photographs (Gun A is at the top):

Both are assembled with parts that have matching serial numbers.

Perhaps some of your readers will help me identify them.

HENRY J. CAROLE

Utica, New York

SOMEBODY GOOFED

I read every issue of ARGOSY with much enjoyment because it's full of action-packed material. There are times, however, when I become a bit puzzled and suspect my intelligence has been insulted.

The most recent example occurred in "The Ghost of Champagne Charlie," by Hugh Pentecost (March issue). On page 87, Mr. Pentecost writes the following: "A ship's bell on the *Princess Clara* announced the quarter-hour."

If there's a way to announce the *quarter* hour on a ship's bell, us landlubbers out here on the plains would like to know.

BOB HAWKINS

Aberdeen, South Dakota

• *Thanks, Bob, and if you hear about it, let us know.*

SEVEN-STAR FINAL

Being a writer, I rarely stick my neck out far enough to comment on other people's work. However, I thought "Seven-Star Final" was one of the finest stories I have ever read. My congratulations to Fred McMorrow for writing it and to ARGOSY for printing it.

(NAME WITHHELD)

• *We kind of like it ourselves. Thanks for the bouquets.*

A REGIONAL MATTER

I think Horace Sutton's article, "The Pacific Wonderland," is an inspiring travel piece—in spite of Peter Mortensen's petty references to positions on the map. He's given me the urge, and I hope to get out that way before I cash in my chips.

HOWARD GRAY

Brooklyn, New York

• *Cut it out, Howard! You're giving us the bug, too.*



Set Shots

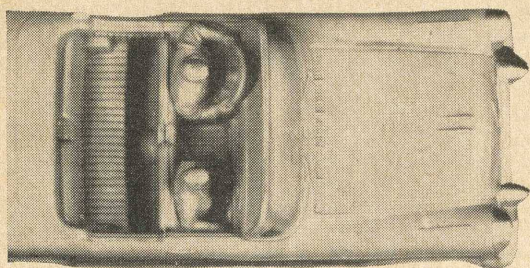
by GENE LONGTINE

OFFICIAL records reveal that the first basketball game was played in Springfield, Massachusetts, during the year 1891.

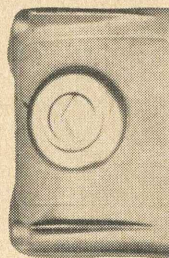
THE MOST famous of all professional basketball teams was the original Celtics, of New York. This team played together for many years, opposing the best in the nation. They won a total of 1,320 games and lost only sixty-six in eleven years of play. They started playing in 1918 and continued through the end of the 1928-1929 season. The Celtics won 109 out of 120 games in the American Basketball League in 1927-1928, and were finally ruled out of the league in 1928-1929 as "too strong for all competition."

THE FIRST Olympic games basketball championship was won by a team from the United States which defeated a Canadian team, 19 to 8, on August 14, 1936, in Berlin. The United States was the gold medalist; Canada the silver medalist, and Mexico, the bronze medalist.

JACK BRYNES of Manhattan, playing against C.C.N.Y., on March 3, 1950, sank the longest field goal ever scored in Madison Square Garden—a sixty-four-foot set shot.



**YOU
&
YOUR
CAR**



Useful Gadgets

You can load your car with gadgets if you like, and there will be at least a reasonably good excuse for each one of them. In fact, if you look over the list of optional items which you can buy, along with your new car, you will find you can get off to a running start at the time the car is delivered. There are a few things, however, that are important, which are not included on the option list.

What gadgets you get depend on how and where you use your car. If you drive around town, you'll need only a few. Practically everybody, of course, should carry at least a screw driver and a pair of pliers. And you'll want a wiper cloth in the glove box; just any old rag is not absorbent enough to do a good job. Cheesecloth wipers are about as good as you can get, unless you want to go to the heavy-duty wiping towels made of two-ply twenty-five-pound cellulose used by some of the gas stations.

When it comes to long-distance, cross-country travel, however, you'll find that a few added items will save you a lot of trouble. For example, you will certainly be helpless without a fire extinguisher, in case you have a fire in your car. According to fire-protection officials, more than 150,000 cars were lost last year in fires. Cigarette butts, tossed out of the front window and sucked back into the car through the rear window, cause a big percentage of fires. Handy extinguishers, designed especially for cars, include a small dry chemical one called Protexall, which weighs under five pounds and is less than fifteen inches tall. It is made by American La France, a leading manufacturer of fire-protection devices. It has a special automobile mounting bracket, and is said to have four times the fire-killing power of a one-quart Carbon-tet extinguisher of the same size. It is effective in Class A, B and C fires. Class A fires occur in wood, cloth, tires and other fibrous materials; class B are fed by gasoline, oil, grease and other flammable volatiles; class C are electrical fires. If you can't stop a fire from gaining headway, just grab your valuables and run.

Liquid Glaze, Incorporated, has an Aerosol can called Spaire, charged with CO₂. I have put out a fair-sized gasoline fire with one of these. It also can be used to inflate a tire in an emergency; a rubber tube with a tire-valve attachment comes with the can. And there are several other effective fire extinguishers on the market, which you can find at most dealers.

In about the same class as fire extinguishers are first-aid kits. You are not likely to need either in well-populated districts where there are fire boxes and telephones to make ambulance calls. In out-of-the-way places, however, if you need them at all, you will need them badly. There are many well-conceived, small first-aid kits available at drugstores and sporting-goods houses that will answer your requirements for bandages and antiseptics and—if you are really going to be prepared—everything necessary for making splints.

To get to some of the less ominous gadgets, many motorists like to have a compass on their car. The dial is so designed that the driver knows at a glance the direction in which he is headed. With baffling highway situations, deep fog or night driving, the compass turns out to be a friend in need. It can easily be mounted on the cowl or the windshield.

Another device which could readily be a life saver is a battery-operated flasher which can be set 100 feet or so back of a vehicle stopped at night. In the event you need to change a tire, these flashers will deliver a warning to the oncoming driver.

Probably it is needless to mention that good maps of the territory in which you are traveling should always be at hand. In remote, unpopulated areas, an extra two-gallon can of gasoline is a good idea, too. Also, carry an extra supply of drinking water. We have heard of several cases where people have had to drain water out of their radiators to keep from perishing from thirst in the Southwestern desert country.

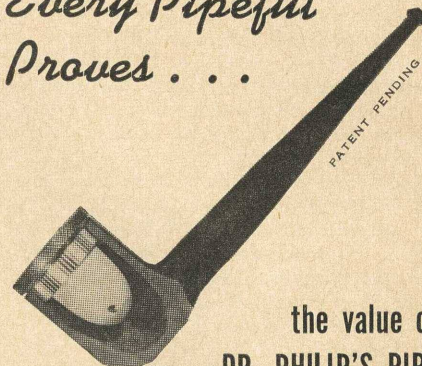
Finally, there are some gadgets the mechanically inclined may like to have. An extremely thin lubricant, for instance, used to loosen rusted and corroded bolt threads, etc., often solves a sticky problem. Liquid Wrench is one of these. Another, which we have used with success, is Kroil.

We also like to have equipment that handles some of the inaccessible parts on late-model cars. Often there is not room to work the ordinary wrench. We have had great success with a set of short-throw ratchet socket wrenches. The model we have used is the Series 500 Wright. You can take our word for it, this wrench is great for getting into tight quarters.

• by J. EDWARD SCHIPPER

THE PIPE SMOKER'S DREAM COME TRUE

*Every Pipeful
Proves . . .*



the value of
DR. PHILIP'S PIPE

- NO BREAKING IN!
- READY-MADE CAKE!
- DOUBLE COOLING ACTION!
- CANNOT BURN THROUGH!
- FEATHER-WEIGHT!
- FLAT BASE, WILL NOT TIP!
- FINEST QUALITY IMPORTED BRIAR!
- INTERCHANGEABLE CERAMIC FILTER BOWLS!

The ideal pipe for the STEADY SMOKER and especially the NEW SMOKER. Smokes dryer, cooler, cleaner. Ceramic bowls are interchangeable. Each pipe comes with FOUR extra bowls!

SHORT SMOKE MODEL ONLY \$4.50

LONG SMOKE MODEL ONLY \$5.50

(Both come with four extra bowls)

If not satisfied that this is the most amazing pipe you have ever owned, return within ten days and your money will be refunded!

QUALITY BAZAAR

Box 683 Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me postpaid.....Dr. Philip's pipe(s).
I enclose \$..... to cover the cost
of the pipe I have checked below.

☐ SHORT SMOKE MODEL plus 4 EXTRA BOWLS
@ \$4.50

☐ LONG SMOKE MODEL plus 4 EXTRA BOWLS
@ \$5.50

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....Zone.....STATE.....

(Sorry, no C.O.D.'s)

up at the pasture gate and sit down with a satisfied 'smile' on his face.

"One afternoon, Joe and I went visiting at one of the neighbor's. While we were away, Pappy sold three of the cows, each to a different man, all living some distance apart.

"That evening, when we went to bring in the remaining cows, Joe kept searching the woods for the missing cows and I had to coax him to follow me home.

"After supper, I took a pan of scraps out to Joe but he was nowhere to be seen. He still wasn't there the next morning. Late that afternoon, however, I happened to look up the road, and there, coming along were the three cows Pappy had sold, followed by a tired but triumphant Joe. He just wouldn't give up his search until he'd found them all.

(Signed) MARY HARVEY"

All I can say, Mary, is that it's a good thing your Pappy hadn't sent those cows to the slaughterhouse.

And now, Robert T. Webb of Crouch, Idaho, tells of a real easy way to hunt bear—a trick he came upon accidentally:

"Have enjoyed reading ARGOSY for years and discovered long ago why it is called a 'fiction-fact' magazine. Your feature is the fact section; the rest is mostly fiction.

"Now, I don't subscribe to your magazine because I know your circulation is so immense my subscription might prove to be one too many, so, to be sure I get to read ARGOSY every month, I borrow it from a friend.

"Those of the Honest Abe Club might like to hear about this sure way of hunting bear. When I first started hunting bear with a bow and arrow, I didn't have much luck because my aim wasn't very good, so I fixed an old fishing reel to my belt, tied the line to my arrow and, when I missed, I'd just reel the arrow back. The reason behind this idea is plain: my feet hurt. Although my aim kept improving, I still didn't get many bear because I couldn't get close enough to kill.

"One trip, as I was packing in, a pail of honey spilled in my pack and got all over my arrows. The next morning I shot at a big bear—didn't hurt him, just pricked the hide, he was so far away. Then, as I started reeling in the arrow, he smelled the honey and followed the arrow right up close, where I shot him with my .22.

"Haven't hunted any really big bear, such as the grizzly, by this method as yet—need a little more scientific study, as I don't know if they like honey that well.

"In fact, I think I'll go down to Joe's Bar and Grill right now and do some research. You can learn a lot down there if you just believe everything you hear and holler, 'Timber' frequently at all the appropriate times.

"Sure glad you don't require proof with these stories, because I just don't have any at the moment. I know it was thoughtless, but I threw that honey bucket away.

(Signed) ROBERT T. WEBB"

Mighty white of you to share your discovery with us, Bob. And, as for proof—well, you know that the word of an Honest Aber is the only thing we need here.

Hunting caribou is something I have often thought I'd like to try, but never have. Here, however, is Lynn D. Jones, of the Seventy-first Air Rescue Squadron, who writes from Alaska of a unique experience he had while hunting caribou:

"I have read your column ever since you first started it and always wished I'd had some true experience to offer, but my chance never came until Uncle Sam sent me up here to Alaska.

"One day, I decided to try my luck at hunting caribou in the mountains northwest of Anchorage. Toward the end of a long day with no luck, suddenly there appeared a caribou about a hundred yards ahead of me. As I am a dead shot, this was going to be easy. I shot, but the animal just stood there. I shot five more times in rapid succession, but he just went on standing there. That made me so mad I ran up to club him to death with my rifle, but when I got about halfway there I ran into something that knocked me colder than a mackerel.

When I woke up the caribou was gone.

THE DAY THE STATUE GOOFED

Most statues of military heroes are content to stand, crouch, or sit with dignity and authority. But not the one unveiled by the First Paratroop Battalion. It blew its top—and almost blew an island off the map. Don't miss Robert G. Fuller's zany marines in their next riproarious adventure. You'll find it

in a coming ARGOSY

I discovered I had run into a mountain that was solid crystal and a perfect magnifying glass. The caribou I had shot at was on the other side of the mountain, no less than fifteen miles away.

(Signed) LYNN D. JONES"

What I'd like to know, Lynn, is where in heck did you buy those ricochet-proof bullets? Without them, I'm sure you would have shot yourself to death several times over.

Let's listen next to Gary Anderson, of Spokane, Washington, about what happened when his Grandpappy used slow-burning powder in his muzzle-loader to hunt rabbits:

"I've developed the reputation of being an untruthful fellow and can't seem to find a soul who will listen to me with that believing gleam. Now that my Grandpappy Fred has told me of his true experiences, I feel that the only place I can turn for an understanding audience is the Honest Abe Club.

"Ole Fred and his pal, Knewt, were the worst rabbit hunters the muzzle-load era

had ever seen. Finally, after a dozen misses in one hour, Freddy asked Knewt if he wouldn't stand off a piece and study the next shot.

"You lead too much," was Knewt's reply to Grandpa's thirteenth miss.

"Unable to break himself of the habit of over-leading, ole Freddy called on Knewt for advice.

"A slower-burning powder's whatcha need," was the studied reply.

"After buying out the general store of all its slowest powder, Fred and Knewt hit the trail. Out popped a rabbit, and—boom—a clean miss. Boom again, and the rabbit dropped dead.

"Ole Fred ambled out to pick it up and was suddenly lifted into the air. He came down rubbing his posterior and flinging profanity.

"That powder was so slow-burning that the first shot killed the rabbit and the second found a cozy berth in Freddy's overalls.

"Proof? Sure, I've still got the pants. Will send on request only.

(Signed) GARY ANDERSON"

It sounds like a wonderful idea to break Grandpappy of his overleading, but it sure did backfire!

Last comes Nick Rudolph, of Raybrook, New York, to close the meeting with an innovation in the carrier-pigeon business:

"For years, I lived in the deepest and most remote section of this wooded area. My only method of communication was by carrier pigeon. About two years ago, I crossed my carrier pigeons with a woodpecker. The offspring from this unusual breeding now knock on the door when delivering a message.

(Signed) NICK RUDOLPH"

Imagine—pigeons with manners. But tell me, Nick, haven't you taught them yet to hold out a claw for a tip?

Well, Fellow Scientists and Nature Lovers, I guess that's all the traffic will bear for this gathering of the clan. Let's hop into our space ships and see if we can't get back into orbit.

Keep sending in your for-real stories and we'll keep sending you our for-real five-buck checks for all those published, plus that greatest award of the world of true sportsmanship—the Stuffed Bull's Head With the Winking Eye.

Next month we bring out the biggest issue of the whole year, in which we announce the Giant of Adventure Award for 1960. I won't mention the name, but the winner is an American and the real hero of the year. And what a fascinating adventure story he has!

Also in the issue is another story about that zany paratroop battalion in the South Pacific, by Robert Fuller, as well as a fabulous account of Allan Lawrence Pope, who now awaits execution in an Indonesian prison for having flown with the rebel armies in their struggle against communism.

In addition to these, we have what I think is the best collection of articles and stories of any issue to date.

See you in August.

ARGOSY'S

STOP TO

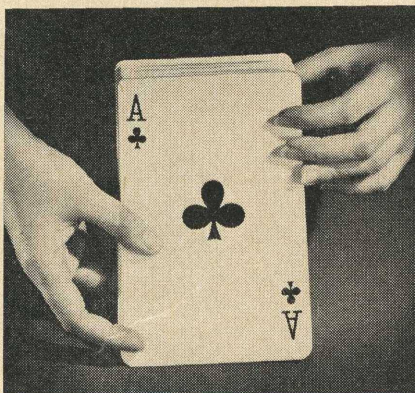
SHOP

For your shopping pleasure . . .
Each month Argosy presents new,
useful and unusual items—all
available by mail from firms listed

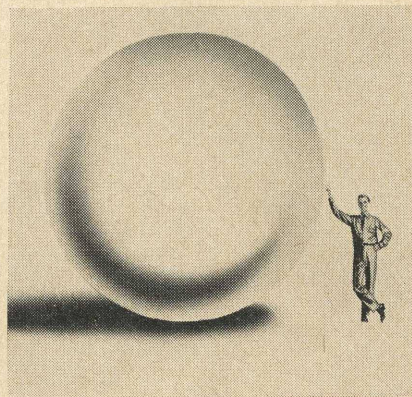
All merchandise shown has been selected by Argosy. An editorial feature, Stop To Shop is not composed of paid advertising.



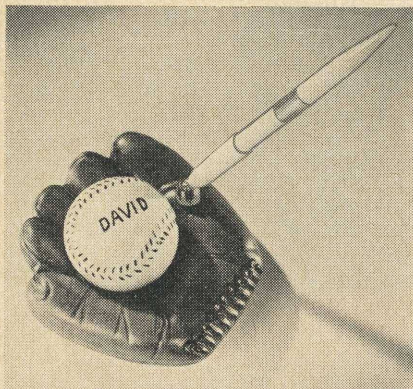
"CLIPON" GOLF BAG STAND makes your favorite game a special delight. Simply clip over the rim of the bag—attaches to any shape or material of golf bag. Props high enough to allow the removal or replacement of clubs without back strain to golfer. Lightweight, it's a mere 12 ounces—less than a club. Sturdy stand is made of cadmium plated steel. Rubber feet insure good traction. A must. \$2.95 ppd. From Robin's Nest, Dept. A, 28 East 22nd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.



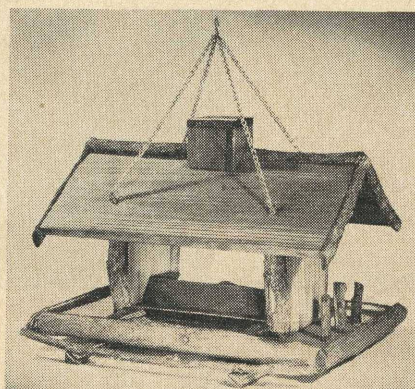
GIANT PLAYING CARDS—You won't have to worry about anybody slipping one of these up his sleeve. Sturdy, washable plastic cards are a good 7 inches tall, are called "billboards" in Austria where they are made. Real beauties, and particularly fine for use at the beach, or to pack along on a trip for playing poker, etc. These are really unusual. Terrific value. One deck, \$3.98 ppd. 2 decks, \$6.98 ppd. Order from B. Roland, 165 East 35th Street, New York 16, N. Y.



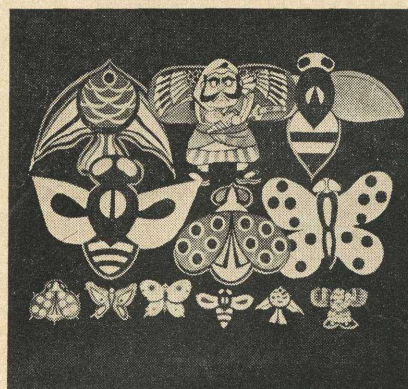
BIG 12 FT. METEOROLOGICAL BALLOONS ought to open a few eyes at the beach—or when used as an advertisement to attract attention at openings, fairs, gas stations, sports events, etc. Made of the finest long-lasting neoprene rubber, and easily inflates with gas or air. These blow up to from 12-18 ft. high. You can really have a ball with 'em. New government surplus. Sensational! \$2.50 ppd. Order from Davis Products, Dept. AR-6, 509 East 80th St., N. Y. 21, N. Y.



HERE'S THE PITCH on a great gift for baseball enthusiasts of all ages. This beautiful ceramic ball-and-mitt penholder, fired in one piece with mat finish to look like real leather, is personalized for your favorite "leaguer". Be sure to print first name plainly. (Takes a week to 10 days for personalizing.) Name is hand lettered and fired on in 22 carat gold. Ball point pen uses standard refills. \$5 ppd. The Country Squire, RFD 3, Box 7-3, Crawfordsville, Ind.



RUSTIC BIRD FEEDING STATION, of pine, is expertly handmade. It's stained a "woody" brown with rustic trim to attract even the most discriminating bird. There are no metal parts to corrode, mold or clog the feed. Holds 5 lbs. grain, visible through sloping glass sides. Pyramid-shaped bar in floor dispenses all feed. Easy to fill without tilting, through chimney. Measures a generous 15"x15"x10". A charmer. \$5.95 ppd. Rowan's Rustic Workshop, Dept. A, Conyers, Ga.



GIANT PAPER KITES—are remarkable examples of the age old art of kite-making. These beauties are hand-fashioned from bamboo and a specially-prepared, 5-coated paper, then hand-painted in brilliant colors. More than 2 ft. wide, and 1½ ft. long, kites are complete with brightly colored 3 ft. tails. Handsome fish, butterfly, bee, pirate and stripe designs. Colorful and fun. 5 kites for only \$1. (Add 25¢ postage). From Madison House, 305 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

FOR MORE STOP TO SHOP ITEMS, TURN TO PAGE 109



AWAY FROM IT ALL



OR IN THE SWIM

WHEREVER YOU GO ON VACATION YOU WILL FIND INCOMPARABLE
7 CROWN...SURE, SMOOTH, SATISFYING. **SAY SEAGRAM'S AND BE SURE**

ask at 11:00 A.M. & 2:00 P.M.
the OFFICER for INFORMATION

THE EVIDENCE THAT SHOULD HAVE SAVED CHESSMAN!

*ARGOSY's reporting team gave
Caryl Chessman his last chance
to beat the gas chamber.*

*His dying wish was that ARGOSY
use that evidence to clear him
of the Red Light crimes*

by William Read Woodfield and Milt Machlin





William Read Woodfield—Globe

WHAT WERE THE "RED LIGHT" CRIMES?

In the first weeks of 1948, Los Angeles was terrorized by a series of crimes in which a car equipped with a red spotlight, similar to those used on police cars, preyed on couples parked in lovers' lanes. The couples were relieved of cash and property, and in many cases the girl involved was molested. Descriptions of the bandit and his techniques varied, but most agreed that a red spotlight was used. Local papers called these "The Red Light Bandit Crimes." On January twenty-fourth, the day after the last of the Red Light complaints, Chessman, with his friend David Knowles, held up a clothing store. He was caught in a wild gunshot-punctuated chase not far from where some of the Red Light crimes had been committed. He had a bad record, a wise-guy attitude and was a known cop hater. The police decided they had their Red Light Bandit.

At 10:03.15 a.m., on May second, a handful of cyanide pellets plopped into their deadly acid bath and a smell of peach blossoms filled the small, green room. A minute later, Caryl Chessman threw back his head in a final soundless chuckle and breathed the first of the fumes that were to put a stop, for the moment, to his twelve-year fight for justice in California's notorious Red Light Bandit case. Three minutes later, his head snapped in a final spasm. A speck of saliva oozed from his mouth, staining the white shirt worn by all death-cell victims. Eight minutes and fifteen seconds after the start of the gas generation,

Mug shot of Chessman (left) taken two days after arrest (note date above number) shows large, dark scab on head (see also full-face shot on facing page). Police medical report, below, same date, says: "No marks, scars or bruises, none claimed." Police, to date, give no explanation for apparent discrepancy.

William Read Woodfield—Globe

64-4-37A 1000 5-47

*Booked
1-26-48*

LOS ANGELES COUNTY JAIL HOSPITAL

E. W. BIGGAILUZ, SHERIFF

NAME <i>Chessman, Caryl W.</i>		NUMBER <i>49862</i>	TANK <i>10-A-2</i>
RACE <i>W</i>	AGE <i>26</i>	CLASSIFICATION <i>L.A.P.D.</i>	CHARGE <i>U. Par.</i>
DATE <i>1-26-48</i>	TIME <i>11:10</i>	<i>High Power inspection, reveals no marks, scars or bruises, none claimed.</i> <i>W.A. Thornton</i> <i>R.A. Beach</i>	

It has no relation to the Court of Last Resort.

he was pronounced dead by San Quentin officials.

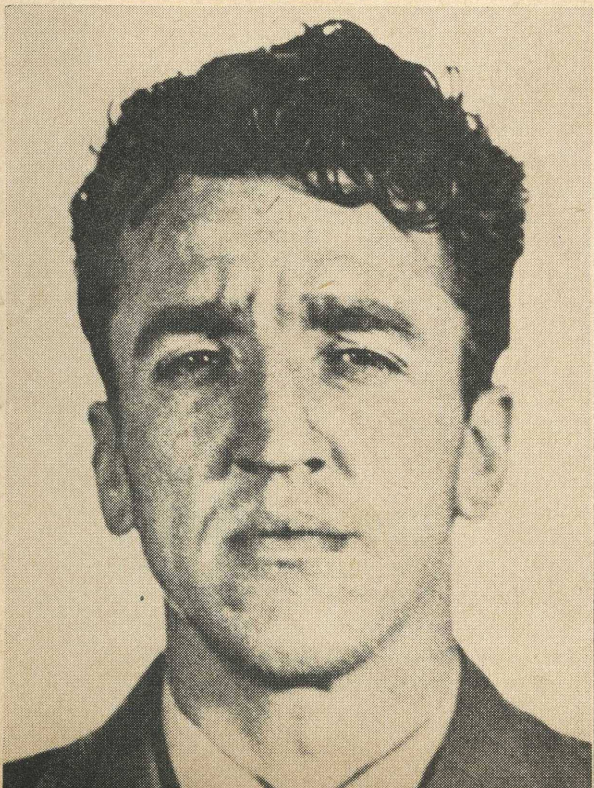
As those last moments of life were gasped away, ARGOSY's investigation team was working desperately against the clock to stay the execution long enough to lay before the world *proof* that Caryl Chessman was innocent. That proof existed on May second, and evidence then in the hands of California authorities clearly called for a complete investigation of the highly suspicious background of this case. Governor Pat Brown, Attorney General Stanley Mosk and Cecil Poole, the governor's Clemency Secretary, announced that the ARGOSY evidence—evidence filed by Chessman's attorneys in the famous convict's last plea for life—was not enough to convince them that a further investigation should be launched to establish once and for all what the facts are behind this world-famous case. *Here, for the first time, are those facts.*

On April fifth, a little less than a month before Chessman's scheduled execution, the editors assigned Los Angeles writer William Read Woodfield to get Caryl Chessman's last statement. We entered the case with open minds, like the rest of the world. The editors, publisher and writer approached the story with no preconceptions—except one, which was held by the world at large. We believed there was absolutely no question of Chessman's guilt. Hadn't the prosecutor, the governor and the California newspapers stated many times over that the evidence in the Chessman case was "overwhelming"?

One week after getting the assignment, Woodfield called and said that we would have to consider another angle to the story. "As far as I can tell, the man is innocent. I'm forwarding a preliminary report that I think should convince you."

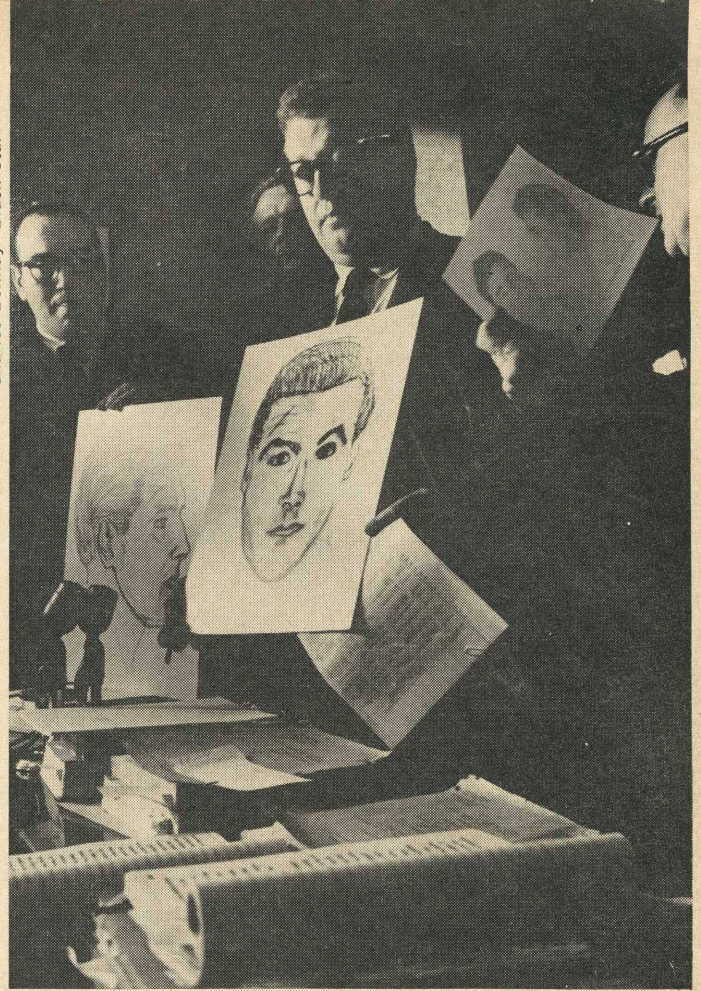
The report, even without the evidence unearthed in the subsequent investigation, was so convincing that I was ordered to fly immediately to the coast to help with the further inquiry. (Continued on page 100)

William Read Woodfield—Globe



Chessman (left) named Terranova (right) as probable Red Light Bandit. ARGOSY identified man as Charles S. Terranova, an ex-con with long criminal record, and former jail-mate of Chessman. Terranova fit descriptions of bandit exactly, down to scar. Chessman didn't. Despite Terranova's long crime record, cops said they knew of no such man.

Charles Bonnay—Black Star



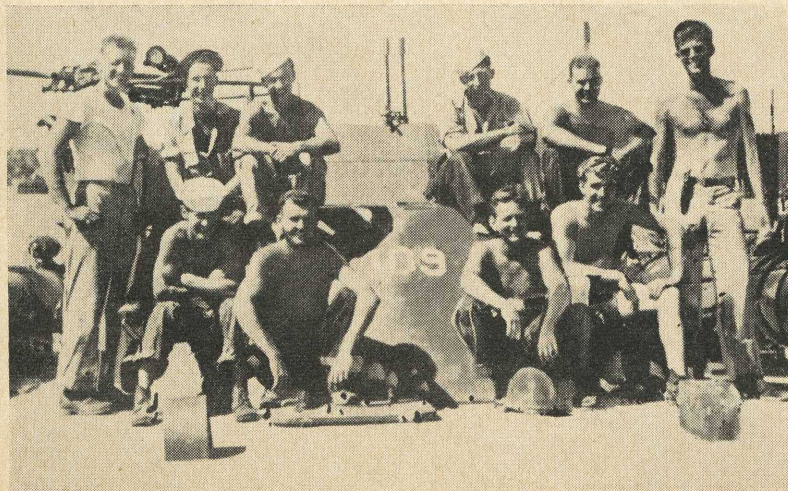
Evidence used in Chessman's last writ of habeas corpus is released to press by authors Machlin (left) and Woodfield (center). In background is private investigator Bill Linhart. Chessman's attorney, George T. Davis is at right. Sketch is of Terranova.

The Evidence That Should Have Saved Chessman **CONTINUED**



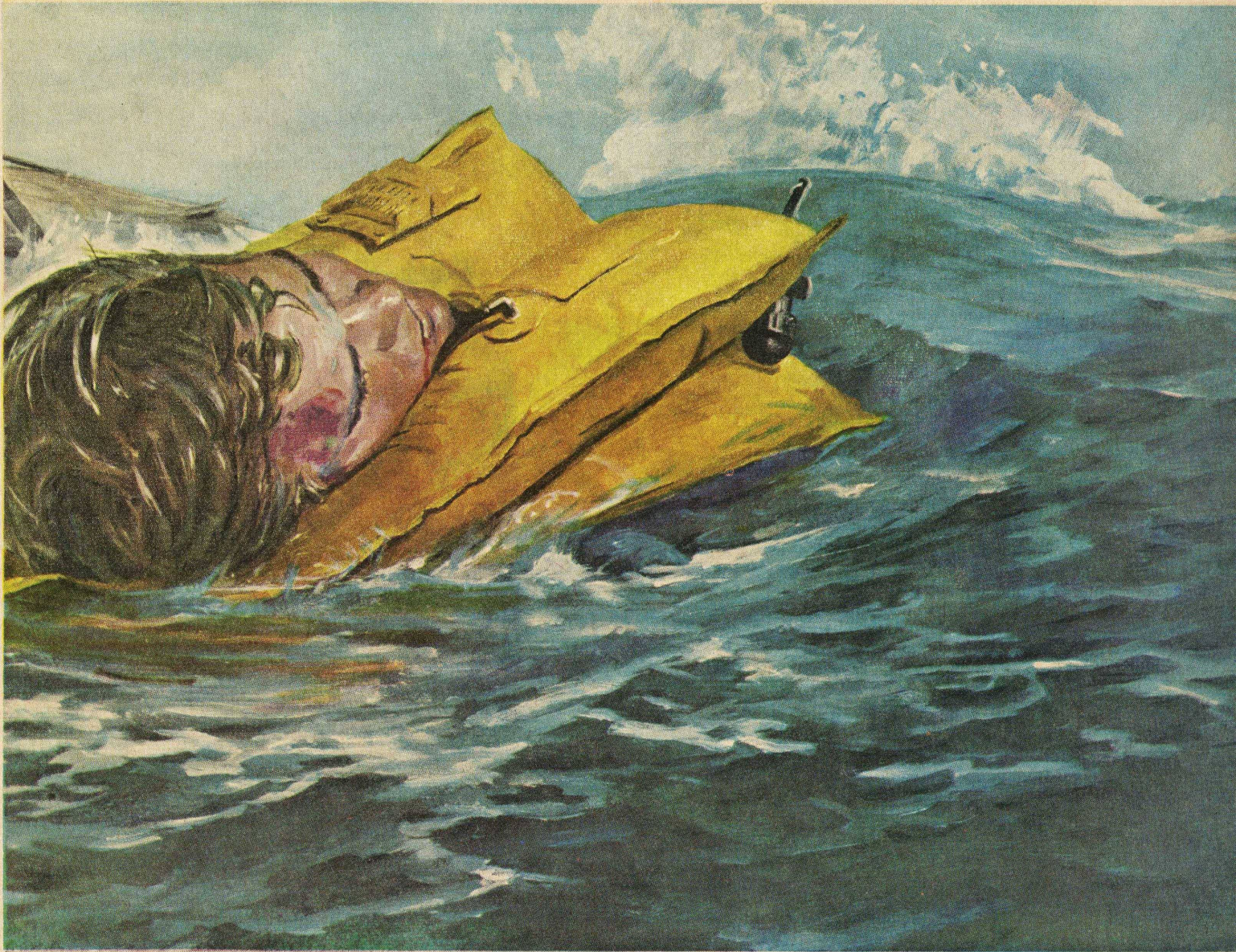
Ten men owe their lives to a skinny young skipper who braved a flaming sea to get them to safety when their PT boat was rammed by a Japanese destroyer. Here, in the words of seven of the survivors, is the story of Senator Jack Kennedy's roughest campaign

TEN LIVES FOR KENNEDY



AS TOLD TO
EDWARD OXFORD
PAINTING BY BOB LAVIN

The crew of PT-109, with skipper Kennedy far right, had seen plenty of action off Solomons by August, 1943.



"I'll take MacMahon," Kennedy said calmly, then towed the man three miles with his teeth!

John Fitzgerald Kennedy will stand to his full six feet before a thunderous Democratic National Convention in mid-July, in Los Angeles, to learn whether he has been nominated for the Presidency of the United States. Senator and Pulitzer Prize-winning author, the forty-two-year-old man from Massachusetts possesses, as well, a singular credential of wartime courage. Skipper of PT-109 in the Solomons, Lieutenant Kennedy capped his thirty combat-mission Navy career with a remarkable personal exploit, recounted here by seven of the ten shipmates whose lives it saved.

Cut-down at Blackett Strait

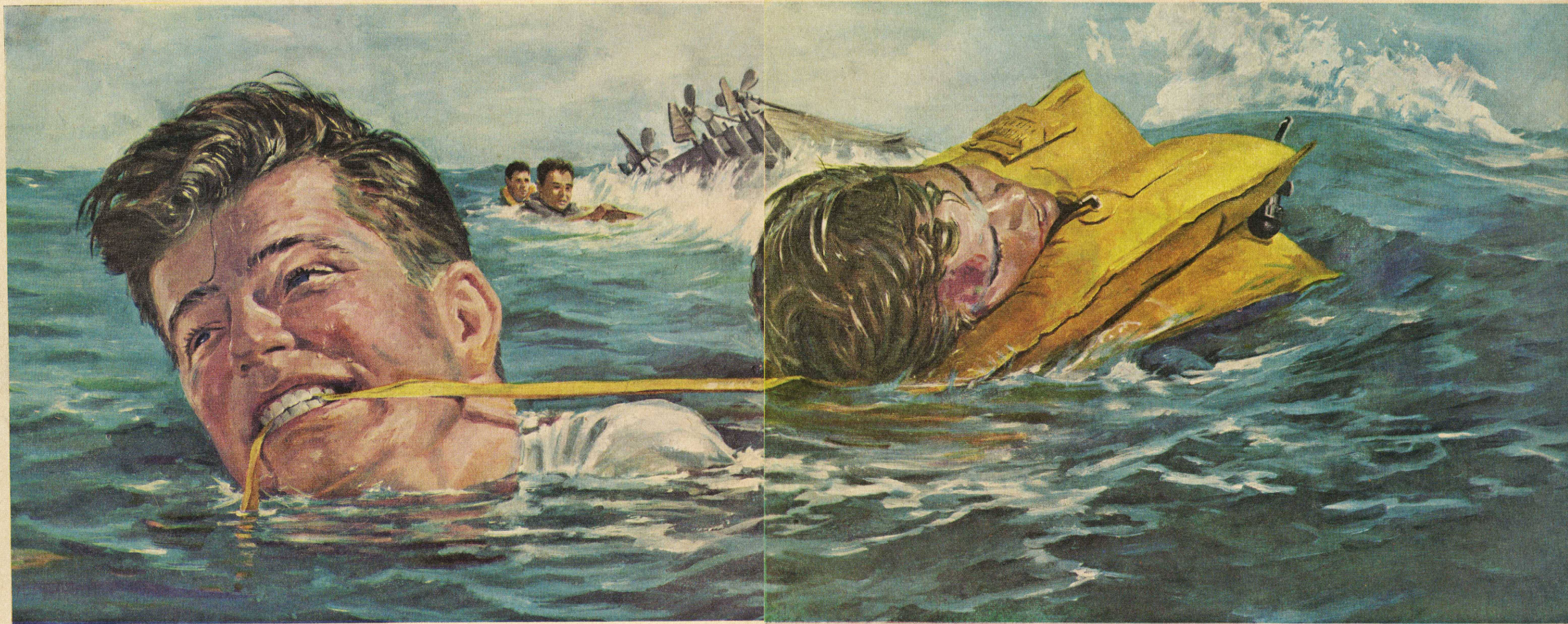
PT-109 had seen much of the best and the worst of it on long raiding sweeps off the Solomons during that wearying spring of 1943. On difficult dusk-to-dawn patrols all along the Slot, the old seventy-seven-footer had whacked the enemy's transports, strafed his barges and mauled his shore installations. By August, it had become part of the great counter-thrust gathering against the Japanese around New Georgia. To the eleven enlisted men and two officers, who more than a few times had watched its young skipper edge their luck to the

brim point, PT-109 seemed, perhaps reasonably enough, indestructible. . . .

Radioman John Maguire: I looked for a long time out across the bow of PT-109 into the night and squinched hard ahead, trying my best to glimpse some shape or movement on the seas, or maybe even the light of a star. It was the black heart of a squally night, the kind of two a.m. the Solomon Islands know in August. No moon, no sound at all, and not an awful lot to really get smiling about.

Somewhere ahead were elements of the Japanese Imperial Fleet hard about their business of evacuating men northward from the islands; we'd been hunting them all afternoon and night and now we were going home empty-handed. Somewhere above were Jap float planes, the kind that liked to follow the wakes of our PTs in moonlight and splatter the plywood decks to splinters. And somewhere around us were volcanic and jungle islands, filled to standing room only with some of the unkindest soldiers it has never, thank heaven, been my misfortune to meet.

The skipper was at the wheel, (*Continued on page 80*)



"I'll take MacMahon," Kennedy said calmly, then towed the man three miles with his teeth!

Ten men owe their lives to a skinny young skipper who braved a flaming sea to get them to safety when their PT boat was rammed by a Japanese destroyer. Here, in the words of seven of the survivors, is the story of Senator Jack Kennedy's roughest campaign

TEN LIVES FOR KENNEDY

AS TOLD TO
EDWARD OXFORD
PAINTING BY BOB LAVIN



The crew of PT-109, with skipper Kennedy far right, had seen plenty of action off Solomons by August, 1943.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy will stand to his full six feet before a thunderous Democratic National Convention in mid-July, in Los Angeles, to learn whether he has been nominated for the Presidency of the United States. Senator and Pulitzer Prize-winning author, the forty-two-year-old man from Massachusetts possesses, as well, a singular credential of wartime courage. Skipper of PT-109 in the Solomons, Lieutenant Kennedy capped his thirty combat-mission Navy career with a remarkable personal exploit, recounted here by seven of the ten shipmates whose lives it saved.

Cut-down at Blackett Strait

PT-109 had seen much of the best and the worst of it on long raiding sweeps off the Solomons during that wearying spring of 1943. On difficult dusk-to-dawn patrols all along the Slot, the old seventy-seven-footer had whacked the enemy's transports, strafed his barges and mauled his shore installations. By August, it had become part of the great counter-thrust gathering against the Japanese around New Georgia. To the eleven enlisted men and two officers, who more than a few times had watched its young skipper edge their luck to the

brim point, PT-109 seemed, perhaps reasonably enough, indestructible. . . .

Radioman John Maguire: I looked for a long time out across the bow of PT-109 into the night and squinched hard ahead, trying my best to glimpse some shape or movement on the seas, or maybe even the light of a star. It was the black heart of a squally night, the kind of two a.m. the Solomon Islands know in August. No moon, no sound at all, and not an awful lot to really get smiling about.

Somewhere ahead were elements of the Japanese Imperial Fleet hard about their business of evacuating men northward from the islands; we'd been hunting them all afternoon and night and now we were going home empty-handed. Somewhere above were Jap float planes, the kind that liked to follow the wakes of our PTs in moonlight and splatter the plywood decks to splinters. And somewhere around us were volcanic and jungle islands, filled to standing room only with some of the unkindest soldiers it has never, thank heaven, been my misfortune to meet.

The skipper was at the wheel, (Continued on page 80)

America's first free pistol, the High Standard, has an electronic trigger that can be fired with a feather.

It's not just in space and sputniks that we've been playing

second fiddle to the Russians. They've trounced us at the

Olympic shooting matches, too. But here's our all-out plan,

which may well turn the tide this August

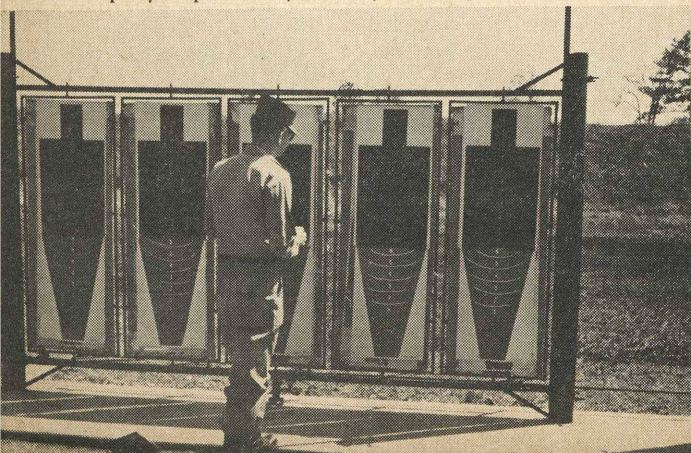
OUR. Olympic Secret Weapon

The 1960 Olympic Games will be held in Rome, Italy, between August twenty-fifth and September eleventh. For the first time, American shooters will have an opportunity to shoot really modern American-made arms in the Free Rifle and Free Pistol events of the games. Winchester and Remington have developed special free rifles, and High Standard has a special free pistol with, among other features, an electronic trigger mechanism. If you are not hep on the subject, free rifle and free pistol mean any design of rifle and pistol with certain limitations established by the International Olympic Committee.

The Olympic Cavalcade of Sports is the oldest organized sporting event in the world. The games had their beginning more than 3,000 years ago, probably in 1253 B. C., with one foot race. Since that time, practically every sport developed by man has at one time or another been included in the games. The spirit behind the Olympics since the beginning has been one of amateurism. The first recorded Olympics occurred in ancient Greece in 776 B.C. and the games ran continuously every four years until 394 A.D., when they were suspended by the Roman Emperor Theodosius.

The first modern Olympic Games were held near the site of the ancient Olympics in Athens, Greece, in 1896. After abortive efforts to recreate the games in 1859 and in 1870, a young French nobleman, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, became obsessed with the ambition to revive them on a world basis. His idea was that friendly international athletic competition might promote understanding among the youth of the world, as it had once before. After some years of persistent effort by the enthusiastic young baron, and with the co-operation of thirteen

Rapid-fire pistol is fired at five swinging silhouette targets.



Sam Shaw

The bull's-eye for small-bore rifle events measures less than one-half inch.



Sam Shaw



OUR. Olympic Secret Weapon

CONTINUED

countries, including the United States, 484 contestants met in Athens and competed for individual honors in the first Olympiad.

Although the individual athlete is paramount in the Olympic Games, the country whose entrants make the largest number of points is declared the unofficial winner. Contestants from the United States won eleven championships in the meet of 1896: two in shooting and nine in track and field. Greek competitors won eight championships; Germany, six and a-half; France, five; Great Britain, two and a-half; Australia, Austria and Hungary, two each, and Denmark and Switzerland won one championship each.

Various amateur sports organizations in practically every country in the world hold a series of eliminations in each sport, and send their best athletes to compete in the Olympics. Expenses are paid from voluntary contributions to Olympic funds or by subsidies from the government involved. Eligibility requirements of competitors are strict, but few: First, the contestant must be a citizen of the country represented; second, he or she must never have represented any other country at previous Olympic Games, and third, all contestants must be amateurs.

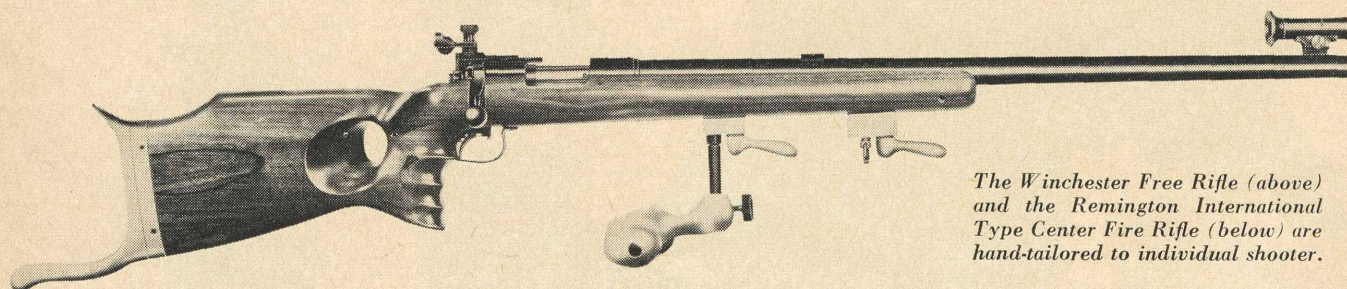
Interest in the Olympics has steadily increased and almost 5,000 contestants have taken part in a set of

games. United States contenders have won an overwhelmingly larger percentage of championships than any other country, with our athletes doing particularly well in the track and field events.

Shooting is a direct descendant of archery in the ancient games and the events of this sport in the modern Olympics have varied a great deal. The International Shooting Union has set up rules and regulations for World Championships and shooting contests in the games.

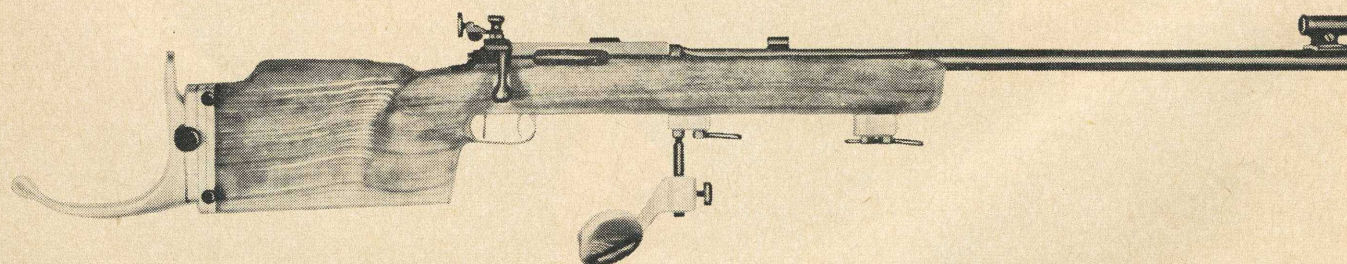
The international kind of free-rifle and free-pistol competition has never been particularly popular in the United States because of our shooting habits. Our organized competitive shooting dates from shortly after the Civil War. At that time, shooting matches mostly were held between various units of the National Guard throughout the states. To standardize targets and distances and to foster shooting competition, the National Rifle Association was organized in 1871. The N.R.A. is still in control of the sport, governing competition in regional, sectional and state championships, as well as intercollegiate and other tournaments, and taking a hand in managing tryouts for selecting shooters for international events. The N.R.A., with the help of the government agency, the Director of Civilian Marksmanship, has done an excellent job in promoting a strictly American kind of shooting, an outgrowth of our military program of marksmanship.

As I mentioned, there has, in the past, been comparatively little of the international type of shooting done in the United States. But our marksmen have knuckled down and, with a short period of practice before international contests, have adapted themselves very well to this European kind of shooting and, over the years, have won an outstanding number of (Continued on page 89)



Winchester News Bureau

The Winchester Free Rifle (above) and the Remington International Type Center Fire Rifle (below) are hand-tailored to individual shooter.



Both military and civilian shooters have put on a crash program to end our twenty-eight-year championship lag.

Sam Shaw



*What do you do with a crazy hound when
he sits there, behind that mop of hair,
looking at you like you're his own father?*

BUMBO THE BUM

BY WILLIAM HEUMAN
ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL DAVIS

MARSHALL DAVIS

I got this brother of mine, name of Al, who drives a hack down around Borough Hall, Brooklyn, and he's always leaving things at my house—things somebody left in the back of his cab, like the package which was ticking, and we all figured it could be a Russian bomb, and we dropped it in the kitchen sink, and then we find out later that we ruined a very nice alarm clock. So I come home this night from work, and what do I

find sitting on the kitchen floor, taking up about one-third of the kitchen? This thing looks about as big as a baby elephant, only it don't have no trunk. It's kind of yellowish in color, and covered with wool, like a sheep. Only it ain't a sheep, neither. This wool hangs down over the eyes so you can hardly see the face.

I say, when I come into the kitchen. "For cryin' out loud! What is this?"



*"Call a doctor! Get an ambulance!
I can't move my legs! They feel dead."*

Joey, my boy, who is eleven, says, "It's a dog, Pop."
"So who's the wise guy," I ask him, "brought in a stray dog? Get that bum outa here."

Mabel, my wife, says, "It wasn't your son brought in the dog, Manny. Your brother Al picked him up on the street, and he thinks he could be valuable."

"Valuable?" I say. "That flea bag is about as valuable as ice at the North Pole."

"Al wants to know if we can keep him a few days," Mabel says, "while he watches the Lost and Found columns. He thinks there'll be a good reward for him."

"In a few days," I say, "an animal that size could eat his way through my bank account."

My little girl Lucy, who is seven, says, "I gave him a name, Pop. I call him Bumbo."

"It's a good name," I say, (Continued on page 62)

What do you do with a crazy hound when
he sits there, behind that mop of hair,
looking at you like you're his own father?

BUMBO THE BUM

BY WILLIAM HEUMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL DAVIS

MARSHALL DAVIS

I got this brother of mine, name of Al, who drives a hack down around Borough Hall, Brooklyn, and he's always leaving things at my house—things somebody left in the back of his cab, like the package which was ticking, and we all figured it could be a Russian bomb, and we dropped it in the kitchen sink, and then we find out later that we ruined a very nice alarm clock. So I come home this night from work, and what do I

find sitting on the kitchen floor, taking up about one-third of the kitchen? This thing looks about as big as a baby elephant, only it don't have no trunk. It's kind of yellowish in color, and covered with wool, like a sheep. Only it ain't a sheep, neither. This wool hangs down over the eyes so you can hardly see the face.

I say, when I come into the kitchen. "For cryin' out loud! What is this?"

Joey, my boy, who is eleven, says, "It's a dog, Pop." "So who's the wise guy," I ask him, "brought in a stray dog? Get that bum outa here."

Mabel, my wife, says, "It wasn't your son brought in the dog, Manny. Your brother Al picked him up on the street, and he thinks he could be valuable."

"Valuable?" I say. "That flea bag is about as valuable as ice at the North Pole."

"Al wants to know if we can keep him a few days," Mabel says, "while he watches the Lost and Found columns. He thinks there'll be a good reward for him."

"In a few days," I say, "an animal that size could eat his way through my bank account."

My little girl Lucy, who is seven, says, "I gave him a name, Pop. I call him Bumbo."

"It's a good name," I say, (Continued on page 62)

"Call a doctor! Get an ambulance!
I can't move my legs! They feel dead."

***Sixty pounds of fighting bear gave these California characters
an afternoon of claws and fangs they won't ever forget***



One day last fall, a professional guide, Bob Sands, was tramping around Mount Shasta with a party of two hunters, poking through the bushes and trees in search of a bear. And they found one, only not quite what they were looking for.

About halfway up a big pine, a little cub was doing his best to be inconspicuous. Sands quickly alerted his two hunters and the threesome spread out warily, expecting an angry mother bear to come charging out of the bush. But nothing happened, and it soon became apparent that the cub had been deserted, or that its mother had been shot.

That did it. Were these mighty hunters going to leave that poor little ball of fluff to brave the wilderness by itself? They were not. That cub was going to be taken home where it could be fed and cared for.

The plan was to force the bear down out of the tree, put one of the heavy dog collars around its neck and attach the two chain dog leashes. It seemed simple enough—except that nobody had consulted the bear. He might not be too happy in that tree, but he had no intention of becoming a house pet.

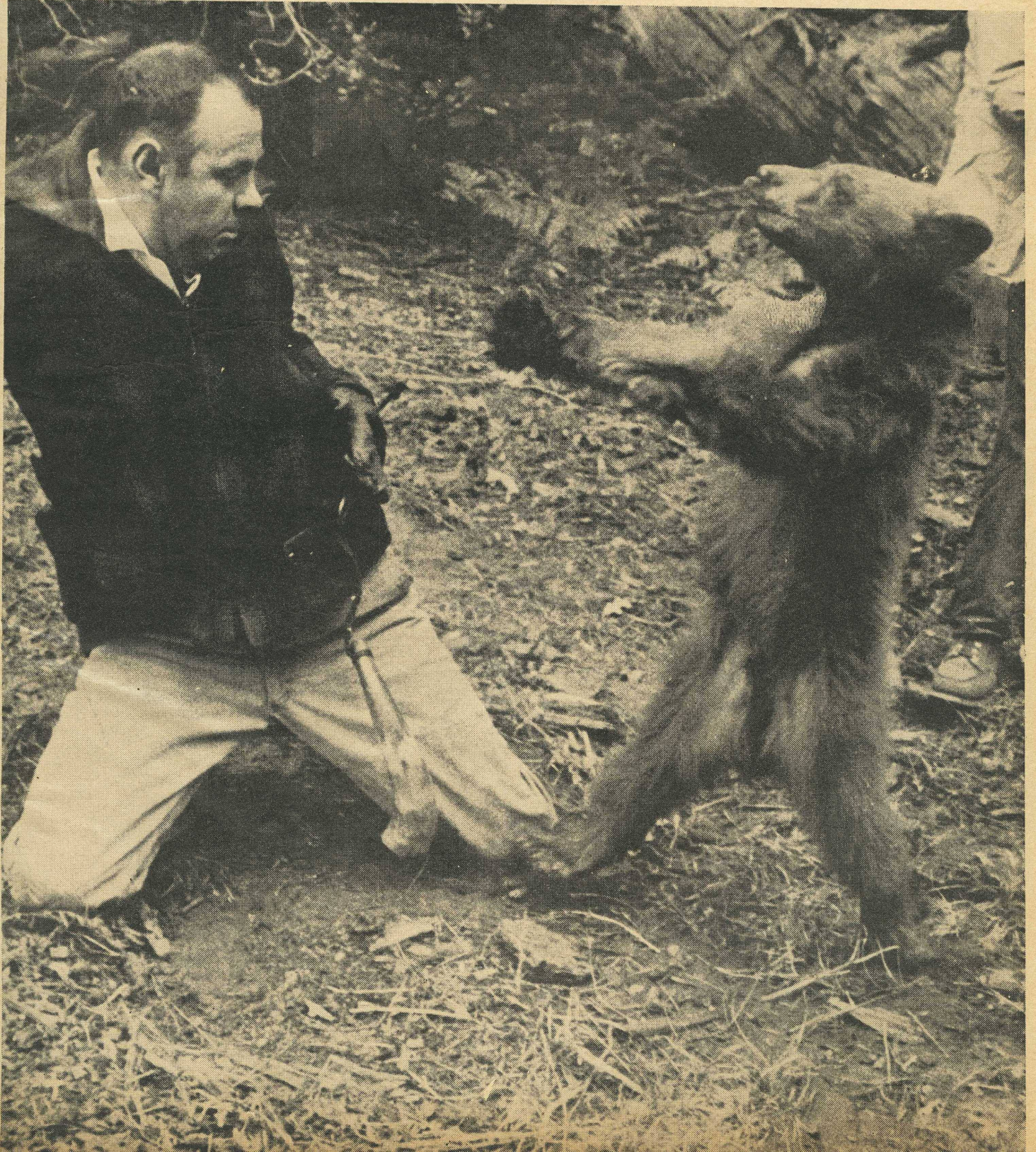
The first part of the operation went off without a hitch. One of the hunters climbed up the far side of the tree, and started down toward the cub. As he got close, the cub decided to make a run for it and scrambled down the tree, where he was pounced on by the others. Then all hell broke loose. The little cub, weighing in at sixty pounds soaking wet, proceeded to put on a boxing, wrestling and biting exhibition that would have made Joe Louis and the grunt-and-groan boys envious. Standing up on his back legs and throwing rights and lefts, he looked like the great John L. Sullivan at his best, and



***Bear: "Who you calling Pint-size? Put up your
dukes and I'll knock your big fat face off!"***

Trouble, Bear-Handed

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GENE DANIELS OF BLACK STAR



**Sixty pounds of fighting bear gave these California characters
an afternoon of claws and fangs they won't ever forget**



One day last fall, a professional guide, Bob Sands, was tramping around Mount Shasta with a party of two hunters, poking through the bushes and trees in search of a bear. And they found one, only not quite what they were looking for.

About halfway up a big pine, a little cub was doing his best to be inconspicuous. Sands quickly alerted his two hunters and the threesome spread out warily, expecting an angry mother bear to come charging out of the bush. But nothing happened, and it soon became apparent that the cub had been deserted, or that its mother had been shot.

That did it. Were these mighty hunters going to leave that poor little ball of fluff to brave the wilderness by itself? They were not. That cub was going to be taken home where it could be fed and cared for.

The plan was to force the bear down out of the tree, put one of the heavy dog collars around its neck and attach the two chain dog leashes. It seemed simple enough—except that nobody had consulted the bear. He might not be too happy in that tree, but he had no intention of becoming a house pet.

The first part of the operation went off without a hitch. One of the hunters climbed up the far side of the tree, and started down toward the cub. As he got close, the cub decided to make a run for it and scrambled down the tree, where he was pounced on by the others. Then all hell broke loose. The little cub, weighing in at sixty pounds soaking wet, proceeded to put on a boxing, wrestling and biting exhibition that would have made Joe Louis and the grunt-and-groan boys envious. Standing up on his back legs and throwing rights and lefts, he looked like the great John L. Sullivan at his best, and

Bear: "Who you calling Pint-size? Put up your dukes and I'll knock your big fat face off!"

Trouble, Bear-Handed

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GENE DANIELS OF BLACK STAR





Trouble, Bear-Handed

CONTINUED

each one of his "fists" was armed with claws that could open up a man's face.

Back and forth the battle raged, the cub's round-house swings keeping the men at bay. But he was outnumbered, outweighed and outreached, so he decided to whittle down the odds. Fangs bared, he leaped for one of the hunters, who immediately sprang for a tree. But before the cub could carry the attack home, the other hunter grabbed him by the front leg and started swinging him in a circle, trying to stay clear of those snapping jaws. The cub proceeded to wrap himself around the hunter's leg, trying to take a chomp out of his knee.

Smothered under the weight of the three men, the bear was finally subdued, and with a collar buckled on and held at bay by the chain leashes, he was led off, still fighting, to his new home. • •



"So you want to fight dirty, huh? Okay, let's see how fast you move after I take a piece outta your kneecap!"

"Come on, ya big bully! One more step and I'll take your finger off up to your armpit!"

"Leave loose of my arm and fight fair! I already got one of ya treed."



WARNING ! SPEED TRAP OPERATED BY LOCAL PARASITES COMPLIMENTS THIS MOTEL OWNER

ONE TOWN ALONG SOUTH CAROLINA'S HIGHWAY 301 COLLECTED \$80,000 IN TRAFFIC FINES LAST YEAR WITH THE HELP OF AN ELECTRIC TIMER. OTHERS FAVOR TRICK LIGHTS, RADAR OR FADED SIGNS. BUT WHATEVER THE GIMMICK, IT'S STILL LEGAL HIGHWAY ROBBERY. HERE IS THE LOWDOWN ON

SPEED

UPI

Crofton, Kentucky, motel owner Joe Noffsinger erected sign as a public service. Town's police chief called it "a disgrace."

Early this spring, an event of shattering significance took place in the small (just over 2,000 population), swamp-fringing, piney-woods town of Ludowici, Georgia. At the junction of State Highway 38 and U. S. Highway 25-301, in what passes for downtown Ludowici, an old traffic light was taken down and a new one put up.

Your own home-town paper probably wouldn't give a similar happening an inch of space, but this item rated news stories and even editorials all the way across the United States. It set the phones of businessmen and motel keepers up and down southeastern seaboard highways jangling joyously as the word was passed along that the Ludowici light had at last failed. And, most of all, it brought forth howls of vengeful delight from the thousands of motorists who, over the past thirteen trying years, have been trapped at the tricky light with the same cold-blooded calculation a professional trapper uses to take a fox.

In the barely legal form of highway robbery that was carried out at the light, motorists were forced to leave behind either a fifteen-dollar "bond" or pay a fifteen-dollar cash fine as their tribute to the Magic Lantern of Ludowici. Exactly what took place at the light will be explained later.

About the only organization that didn't react violently to the news that the light was replaced was the American Automobile Association, which had been fighting the light and the people behind it for the past ten years. With their more experienced view of the fight against highway injustice, they recognized the triumph at Ludowici as just one more victory (albeit a spectacular one) in the never-ending battle against speed and traffic traps on our nation's roads.

Right now, the AAA's hardest task is to make the public believe that speed traps still exist—and in real numbers—despite the recent success in wiping out some of the most notorious. A nation-wide survey conducted by ARGOSY, with the co-operation of national and local AAA clubs and other organizations interested in highway safety, reveals that, while there are fewer traps than before, those that have survived or have sprung up recently are just as lively, and in many cases certainly

as vicious as any of their parasitic ancestors ever were.

The survey also tended to show that, to most people, the word speed trap conjures up the picture of a tough cop hiding behind a billboard, who, when the desire seizes him, swoops down, siren screaming, to soak the weak, the wrong and the unwary. This breed still abounds among us, but today's successful traps are likely to be more subtle.

The AAA states it this way: "Wherever arrests are made for any other reason than to improve and secure highway safety, a speed trap is in operation."

So clever are some of today's traps that most drivers never know they have driven into an organized, contrived speed trap. And many motorists, far from being angry, wind up feeling ashamed and guilty. Most of these traps involve the placing of unrealistic speed limits or unneeded warning signs along stretches of open highway. When the motorist pulls over, he is given a very "sincere" lecture about endangering the lives of the village's kiddies. He leaves feeling chastened—and anywhere from ten to forty dollars poorer.

One of the ways contrived to uncover the new-type traps is the AAA's bail-bond cards. These identification cards, provided to AAA members, can also serve as a \$100 bail-bond guarantee in the event a member is arrested. Every time one of these bonds is used, the fact is recorded at a central area. When, in the course of a week, five, ten or twenty bonds are posted in one town or area, the AAA has more than just a suspicion that America is witnessing the ugly birth of a new highway speed trap. They realize that if ten of their members were taken, possibly fifty non-members were nailed during the same time in the same area.

The local club sends an investigator to the area or town. When he finds out what kind of trap is being run, often by being hooked himself, the club tries to persuade the authorities to shut the trap. If they prove unco-operative, the club then tries pressure through publicity and alerting public opinion. If *that* doesn't work, the local club notifies the national organization to "red-line" the place on AAA touring maps. This means that all the AAA's 6,000,000 members are warned that a

TRAPS, 1960

BY ROBERT CRICHTON



UPI

SPEED TRAPS, 1960

CONTINUED

trap is being run and are advised to steer clear of the area. Naturally, this can be a big blow to local businesses.

The most spectacular recent case of red-lining occurred on U.S. 301 in Georgia (the same 301 to which Ludowici is anchored). An entire stretch, running from Claxton in the north all the way down to Folkston on the Florida end, was declared a speed-trap menace. In fact, for students of the art of how to run a speed trap, U.S. 301 has been a veritable treasure trove of valuable information.

Not all speed traps are alike. Most of them are not speed traps at all, in the sense that excessive speeding is involved. Even when speeding *is* charged, the arresting officers are merely taking advantage of outmoded, unrealistic limits.

Most sensibly managed towns have established their speed laws along what is called the "fried-egg" pattern. Picture an egg in a large pan. In the far reaches of the pan, population is sparse. As you near the white of the egg, population is heavier and, in the yolk, it is fairly dense. This is the pattern of most towns, and realistic speed limits are adjusted to fit it. In the far reaches, speeds might go anywhere from fifty-five to seventy; in the white, thirty-five to sixty, and in the heart, at the yolk, from twenty to fifty, depending on the comparative density of population and the condition of the roads.

In speed-trap towns, the fried-egg pattern is rarely followed. That faded, beat-up sign you see downtown that reads SPEED 15 can legally apply to the highway all the way to the town's outer limits, miles out in the lonely bush. Whenever a town is saddled with unrealistic or antiquated speed laws, the field is fertile for a trap.

The files of the AAA, both national and local, are literally crammed with complaints of outraged motorists who have been arrested for speeding out on open highways going anywhere from thirty-five to fifty-five, often in states that have unlimited speed allowances. I read the record of one man who was taken on a four-lane highway in Florida for going twenty-eight miles an hour in a fifteen-mile-an-hour school zone.

All right, you say, he deserved it. Legally, he did. But he was arrested at two-thirty a.m., in the deep blackness of night. He left behind \$17.50 for his recklessness.

Recently strong efforts have been made by state highway commissions and outfits like the Committee on Uniform Traffic Laws to get towns to reappraise outmoded laws. But the truth is that many towns want these ridiculous laws on the books. They may not always enforce them, but they like to know that any time they want to arrest someone, they can find a convenient reason. I

Youthful, sport-shirted Marshal Mitchell Brown of Lawtey, Florida, goes into action. Until a few months ago, his town featured a trap consisting of an almost invisible line in road. Drivers were amazed when tagged for illegal passing.

UPI

In an effort to throw off radar equipment, many motorists attach static belts to their bumpers. As police explain, process isn't quite that simple.

once lived in a town where the speed limit was eighteen miles an hour. Whenever they wanted to bring someone down to the station they arrested him for speeding. Legally, you were *always* speeding if your car was going above a dangerous crawl.

Many towns still have their own special kind of trap. In the north Florida hamlet of Lawtey, until a few months ago, it consisted of an almost invisible white line. In a wide, broad stretch of road where there was no plausible reason not to pass, tourists going by slow-moving local traffic were dumbfounded to find themselves being hailed over to the side of the road and arrested for illegal passing. The young man who made the arrest, sporting the cowboy hat, with a pistol on his hip and a tin badge dangling from his sports shirt, was none other than the celebrated Marshal Mitchell Brown.

If you acted right nice and didn't complain too much, your fine would be ten dollars, but if you had the nerve to sass back, the fine tended to go up in direct proportion to your temper.

The mysterious white line at Lawtey proved rather profitable for the town. In the slow period of last summer, for instance, Marshal Brown managed to snare enough citizens to pull in \$2,667.50 in fines. Considering that the entire population of Lawtey is listed at 576 souls this is rather remarkable.

And considering that the town's entire expenses during the same period came to \$2,725.00, it becomes clear that trapping motorists wasn't just a hobby. It paid the town's way. Thanks to the lucrative trap, real and personal taxes amounted to twenty-seven dollars for the whole town.

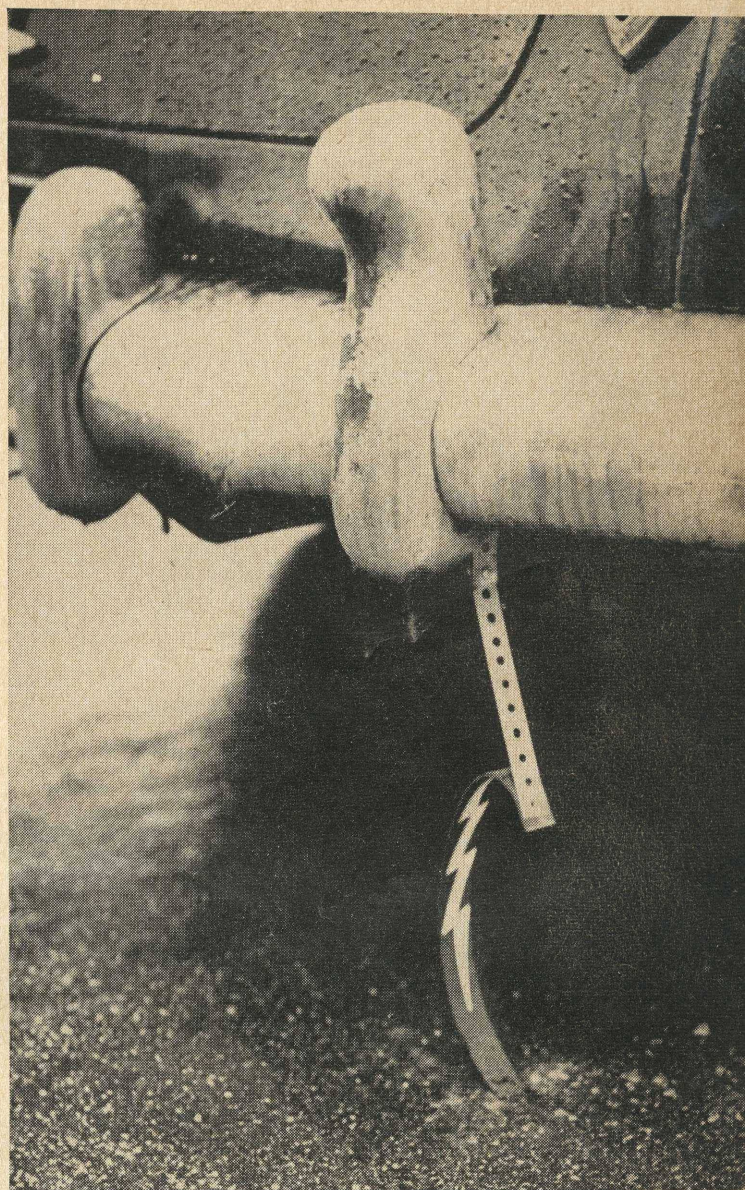
It is equally interesting to note that of the more than 900 arrests in the first nine months of last year, not only was not one single ticket issued to a Lawtey resident, but not one was issued to anyone who lived in sprawling Bradford county. I suspect you can guess who paid Marshal Brown's salary. Some of *you* did.

Happily, as of this writing, things are not as grim in Lawtey as they might seem. The white line has been repainted. A new Do-Not-Pass sign has been erected. At this writing, Marshal Brown is out on bail from the Starke, Florida, jail. The charge: Attempted murder in a gun fight.

Down in Chiefland, Florida, they have been showing a little more cleverness. There the gimmick has been a badly engineered traffic light (unauthorized by the State Road Department) which, to tourists, not only seems to have no real purpose but which, in the blinding, glaring light at certain times of day, is very nearly invisible.

Ah, but it does have a purpose. Just ask Police Chief J. C. Corbin. Twenty per cent of all Chiefland's income comes from arresting out-of-county and out-of-state drivers. Corbin arrested nearly 1,000 people last year. That is considerably more than live in Chiefland.

But perhaps we shouldn't be too hard on men like Chief Corbin. Like the rest of us, he has to eat. And



UPI

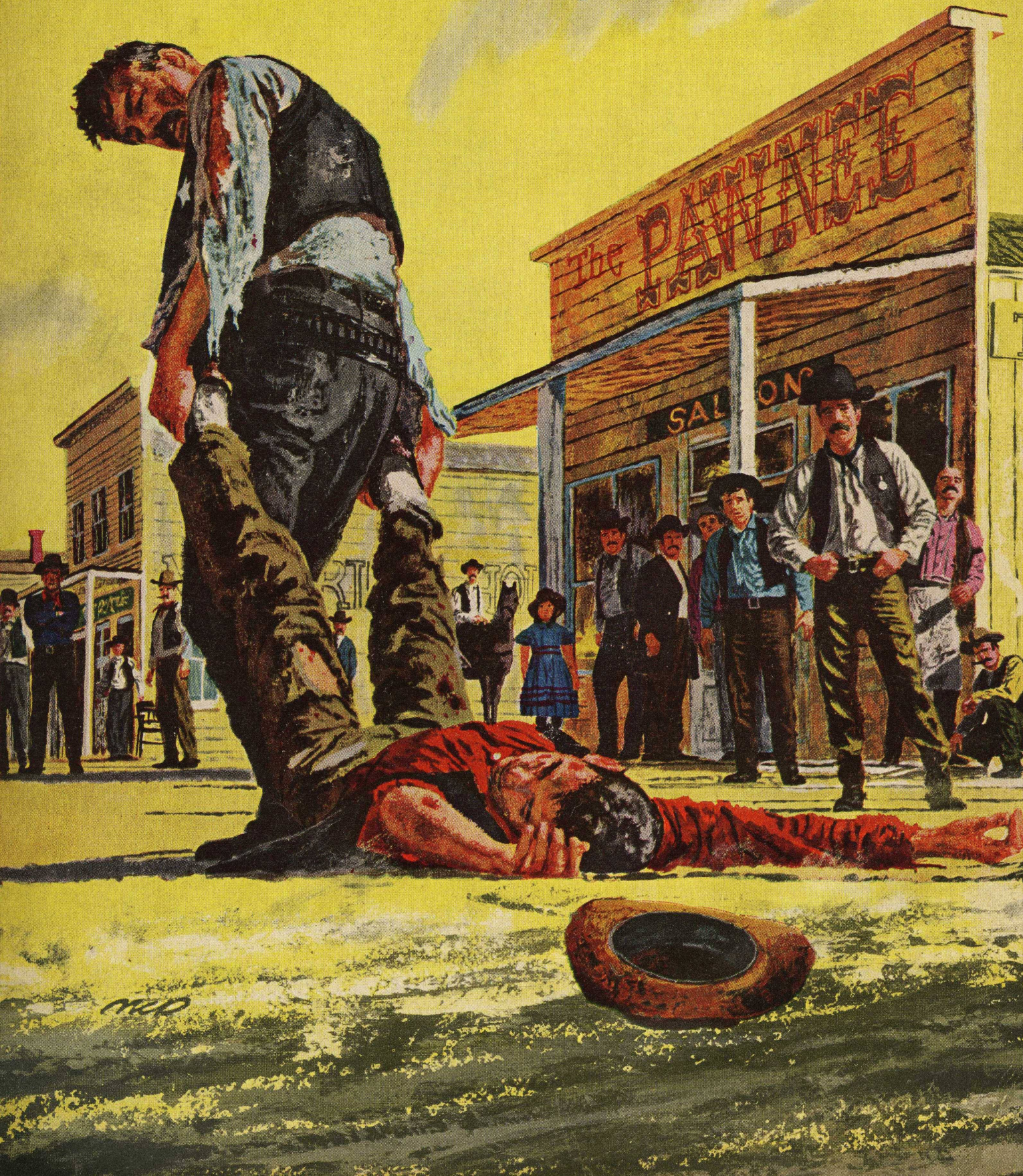
therein lies the key to much of the disreputable doings on our highways. In many states, especially in the poorer states and in rural hamlets, arresting officers are paid a fee for every arrest. Under this fee system, a man's entire yearly income might come from arresting people. If he gets tough and traps a lot of people, his children will eat well. If he arrests only those he has to arrest, his family might go hungry.

The fee system, by necessity, creates speed traps.

Take Mr. J. C. Corbin. He got a flat fee of five dollars per arrest. To earn a decent living, he was forced to arrest in the neighborhood of 1,000 motorists. Which he did.

And this brings us back to Ludowici. It is easy to see now that the monkey business at the light wasn't just a case of sadism; the traffic trap was big business.

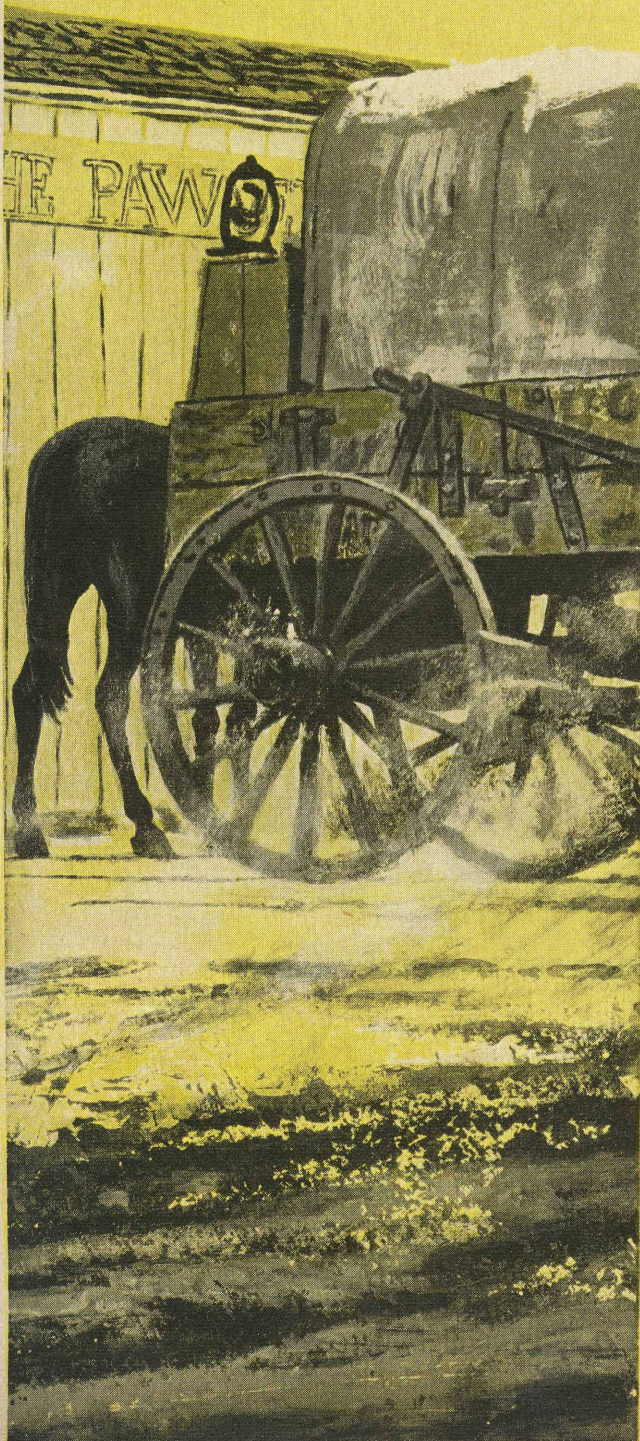
Mr. Harry Chapman and Mr. Dowse B. Smith, two members of the Ludowici Good Government League, a reform outfit in what they term the most corrupt town in America, testify that they counted thirty arrests at the light one Sunday afternoon. Since the standard fee is fifteen dollars per arrest, this adds up to a tidy sum of \$450 for a day's work. The (Continued on page 91)



A SHERIFF IS ONLY AS GOOD
AS HIS VERY LAST FIGHT.
AND DAN BASSETT HAD JUST
LOST HIS. BUT WHILE HE
YET LIVED, HE WOULD GUARD
HIS COW TOWN'S BLOOD-
SPATTERED **DEAD
LINE**

BY
**CLIFF
FARRELL**

PAINTING BY JOHN McDERMOTT



Dan Bassett realized that the day of decision had arrived for him. He looked up at his visitor and said, "Dawgone the luck, I was hoping he wouldn't come back. Well, thanks a lot, Art. It was real friendly of you to let me know."

"I might only be bayin' the moon," Art Holcomb said. "This fellow might keep goin' right on through on his way home."

"Sure," Dan said. "Maybe he will."

Neither of them believed it. Art fidgeted for a moment. He dealt in cattle and horses on commission, and had just got off the noon train after a trip to Kansas City.

"Nobody would think the less of you, Dan, if you side-stepped this hothead," he said. "Why not get your bird gun and take my red setter down to John Miller's place on the river for a few days' quail shootin'? The setter needs work. You might pick up a couple of turkeys. You can deputize Sam Clay again to look after your office."

Dan found himself tempted. That would be an easy way out. But he shook his head. "I'll have to take care of it," he said.

"Sure," Art said. "You can take care of him and a dozen like him. You've done it before. Only there's always the chance something might go wrong. But you know best."

After Art had left, Dan sat for a long time at his battered desk in the office of Northriver's little jail. Through the window, he could see up and down the short length of Pawnee Street, which was split smack down its center by the Santa Fe railroad tracks.

The street lay drowsy in the bright, early-afternoon sun of the October day. Across the tracks, the hitch rails, gnawed ragged by the teeth of horses, stood empty. On this side of the tracks, the dust-yellowed wagons of two homesteaders were halted in front of Harker's racket store.

The cattle season was over. The stock herds had passed by in midsummer, bound for northern range in the Missouri River country. The last of the beef herds, many of which had been held for weeks on the surrounding prairie, awaiting a buyer, had been shipped east. The loading (Continued on page 85)

For any man who crossed Dan Bassett's dead line into town, there was a one-way trip to jail—on his back!

A SHERIFF IS ONLY AS GOOD
AS HIS VERY LAST FIGHT.
AND DAN BASSETT HAD JUST
LOST HIS. BUT WHILE HE
YET LIVED, HE WOULD GUARD
HIS COW TOWN'S BLOOD-
SPATTERED **DEAD
LINE**

BY
**CLIFF
FARRELL**

PAINTING BY JOHN MCDERMOTT

Dan Bassett realized that the day of decision had arrived for him. He looked up at his visitor and said, "Dawgone the luck, I was hoping he wouldn't come back. Well, thanks a lot, Art. It was real friendly of you to let me know."

"I might only be bayin' the moon," Art Holcomb said. "This fellow might keep goin' right on through on his way home."

"Sure," Dan said. "Maybe he will."

Neither of them believed it. Art fidgeted for a moment. He dealt in cattle and horses on commission, and had just got off the noon train after a trip to Kansas City.

"Nobody would think the less of you, Dan, if you side-stepped this hothead," he said. "Why not get your bird gun and take my red setter down to John Miller's place on the river for a few days' quail shootin'? The setter needs work. You might pick up a couple of turkeys. You can deputize Sam Clay again to look after your office."

Dan found himself tempted. That would be an easy way out. But he shook his head. "I'll have to take care of it," he said.

"Sure," Art said. "You can take care of him and a dozen like him. You've done it before. Only there's always the chance something might go wrong. But you know best."

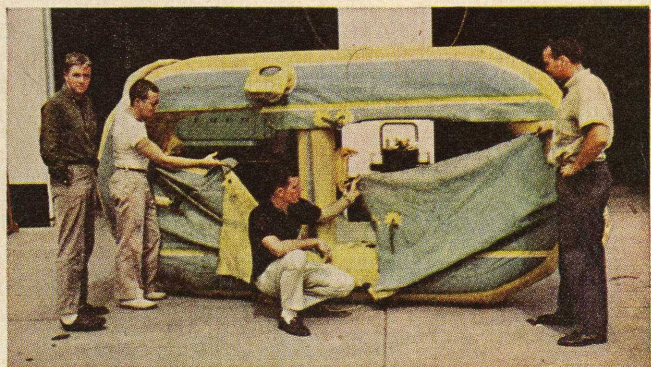
After Art had left, Dan sat for a long time at his battered desk in the office of Northriver's little jail. Through the window, he could see up and down the short length of Pawnee Street, which was split smack down its center by the Santa Fe railroad tracks.

The street lay drowsy in the bright, early-afternoon sun of the October day. Across the tracks, the hitch rails, gnawed ragged by the teeth of horses, stood empty. On this side of the tracks, the dust-yellowed wagons of two homesteaders were halted in front of Harker's racket store.

The cattle season was over. The stock herds had passed by in midsummer, bound for northern range in the Missouri River country. The last of the beef herds, many of which had been held for weeks on the surrounding prairie, awaiting a buyer, had been shipped east. The loading (Continued on page 85)

For any man who crossed Dan Bassett's dead line into town, there was a one-way trip to jail—on his back!

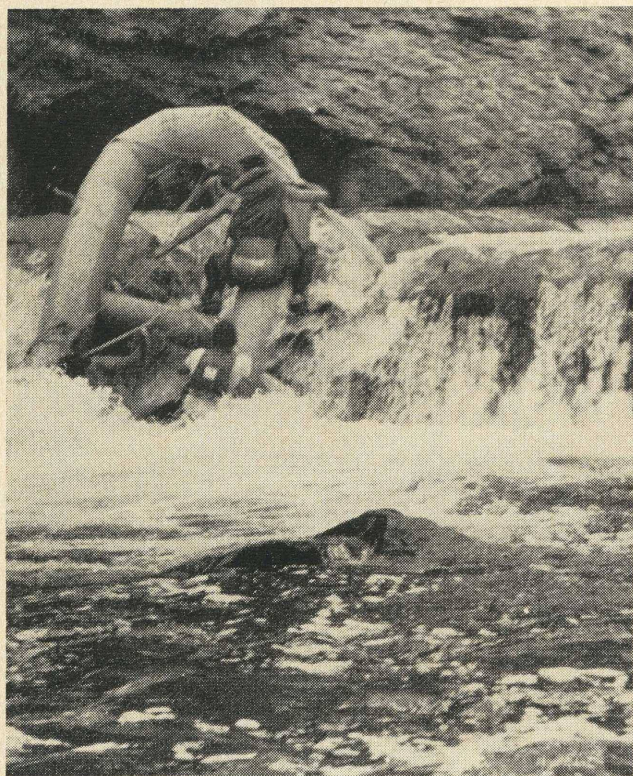




When boat's bottom ripped out, rivermen straddled sides (below).



**In its roaring rip through Royal Gorge, the
Arkansas River drops eight hundred feet! The
result is a hell which has taken the lives
of even the most experienced white-water men**



Over she goes! Falls flipped Dumbo II, nearly drowned a man.

We Ran the Royal Gorge

**by
Lee English**

photographed by
JOHN DUCKETT and JOE ABBEY

It is called the Royal Gorge, and among white-water rapids, it is the honorary granddaddy of them all. In eight boiling miles, the twisting, corkscrewing Arkansas River rips through high, rock canyon walls, dropping almost 800 feet. Brother, without a parachute, that's suicide!

We ran it—all seven of us—and what's more, we took pictures to prove it. Take a look.

Not only that, but we became the largest boat ever to navigate the Gorge. We used a surplus Air Force rubber raft, and almost broke another record by sinking a hitherto unsinkable craft.

The Royal Gorge has a miserable safety record. Two people have died in it. One was a stunt man who had gone over Niagara Falls in a barrel, but cracked up on the Gorge's deadly rocks. The other was a white-water enthusiast who drowned shooting a five-foot falls.

Our seven included John Duckett, a medical student at Johns Hopkins; Don Candler, a graduate engineer at Texas University; Joe Abbey, a law student at Southern Methodist University, and three S.M.U. business majors—Buck Lyon, Bob Parker and Ben Harmon.

For equipment, we brought along life jackets, five-foot canoe paddles, a six-foot sweep oar for the rear and a sawed-off pole for the bow. In the boat, which we dubbed *Dumbo II*, we placed two flexible sections of plywood to protect our knees from the rocks that would be slashing and ripping at the bottom.

Our first trouble came when we approached the five-foot, man-made dam that supplies water for Canyon City, Colorado. Just before going over, *Dumbo II* caught her big fat bottom on a half-submerged rock; the rubber ripped and we began to ship water.

But somehow we made it. By the time we got to home base, three miles downstream, our bottom was practically gone, and we were sitting on the sides of the raft. We'd had such a successful shoot that we took a vote and decided to run the Gorge again the next day.

To prepare for our second try, we cut out *Dumbo II's* bottom, and tied ropes across to hold onto. This time, we approached the dam with a slow, deceptively calm motion. We went over, and dropped down like a stone, smack into the maelstrom. I was driven twenty feet down before my life jacket shot me to the top like a cork.

On the surface, I looked around the frothing water. Ben Harmon was trapped under the falls, turning over like a cartwheel in the whirlpool, with only one leg protruding. The tremendous pressure of the current swept the rest of us rapidly downstream.

I made shore and scrambled back over the rocks to get to Ben. His face popped into sight, but instantly disappeared again. Then, just as the rest of us were about to dive in, some freak of current released him, and he floated serenely over to us.

By that time, we'd all had it for real. Now, back home safe and sound, we run off the movies we took on the Royal Gorge trip, and are absolutely stunned to think we ever made that damn-fool run. We talk about going back and shooting the Gorge again. But it's just talk. We'd all rather walk barefoot through hell.

Once is enough for any man. And we did it twice.

Besides, there are plenty of other white-water shoots. Let's see, now . . .

• • •

GRANT:

THE MAN NOBODY

KNEW BY EDWARD V. BURKHOLDER

painting by JACK DUMAS

They called him "murderer," "drunken

assassin," "stupid incompetent," "an ass."

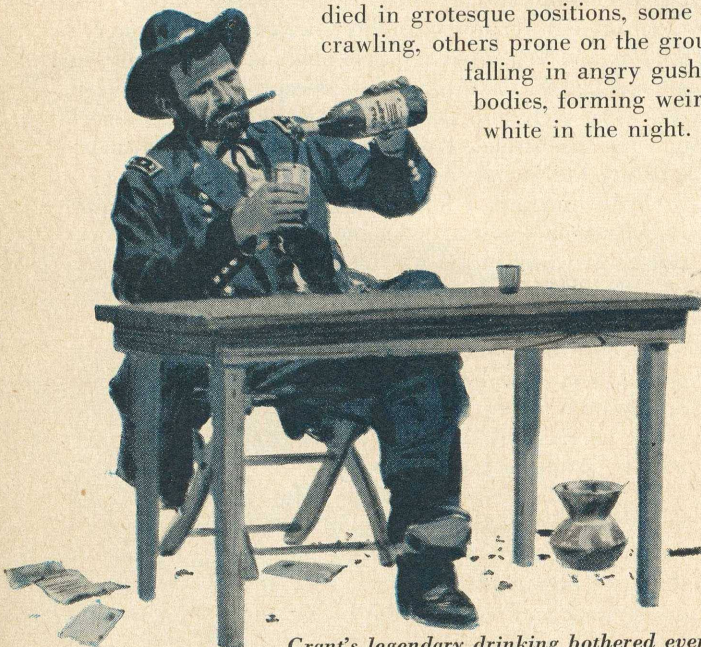
Lincoln said only: "Gentlemen, I can't

fire an officer who wins battles."

It was a night of horror and indescribable human suffering, of death in a strange and ghastly form. The date was the pre-dawn hours of February 15, 1862. Seventeen thousand Union soldiers lay in front of Fort Donelson, the Confederate stronghold on the Cumberland River in Tennessee. All the day before, these boys in blue had hurled themselves against the fort in bloody and futile attacks.

Darkness had brought a new terror. Out of a moonless sky came a raging blizzard, sending the thermometer tumbling from seventy above to twenty below. Fires were impossible in that wind. The soldiers had thin summer blankets and no overcoats. They hugged the earth, helpless against the numbness spreading over their bodies.

The dead from the battle lay among them, frozen stiff, and hundreds of the living, unable to fight against this new death, died in grotesque positions, some kneeling, some crawling, others prone on the ground. The snow, falling in angry gushes, covered the bodies, forming weird little tents of white in the night.



Grant's legendary drinking bothered everyone except his Commander-in-chief, Abe Lincoln.

The ghostly gray flood swept out of the blizzard, overran the Union trenches.





GRANT:

THE MAN NOBODY KNEW

BY EDWARD V. BURKHOLDER

painting by JACK DUMAS

They called him "murderer," "drunken

assassin," "stupid incompetent," "an ass."

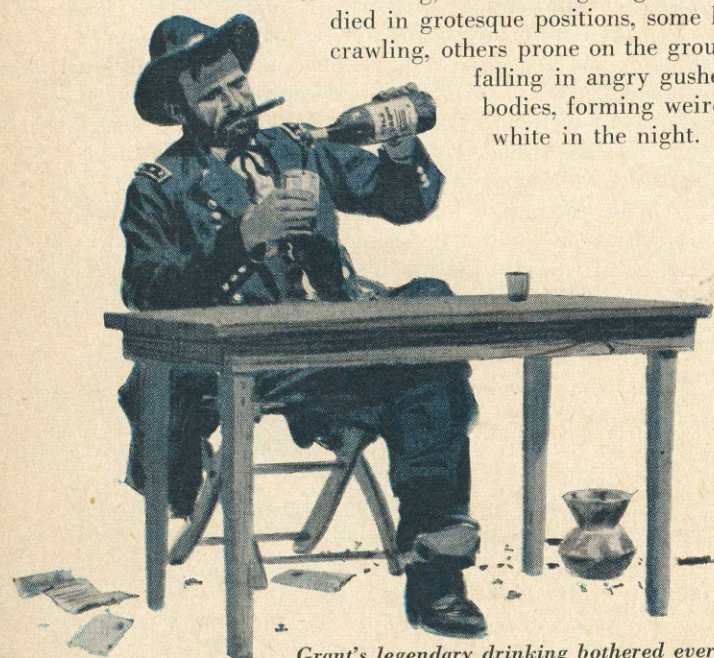
Lincoln said only: "Gentlemen, I can't

fire an officer who wins battles."

It was a night of horror and indescribable human suffering, of death in a strange and ghastly form. The date was the pre-dawn hours of February 15, 1862. Seventeen thousand Union soldiers lay in front of Fort Donelson, the Confederate stronghold on the Cumberland River in Tennessee. All the day before, these boys in blue had hurled themselves against the fort in bloody and futile attacks.

Darkness had brought a new terror. Out of a moonless sky came a raging blizzard, sending the thermometer tumbling from seventy above to twenty below. Fires were impossible in that wind. The soldiers had thin summer blankets and no overcoats. They hugged the earth, helpless against the numbness spreading over their bodies.

The dead from the battle lay among them, frozen stiff, and hundreds of the living, unable to fight against this new death, died in grotesque positions, some kneeling, some crawling, others prone on the ground. The snow, falling in angry gushes, covered the bodies, forming weird little tents of white in the night.



Grant's legendary drinking bothered everyone except his Commander-in-chief, Abe Lincoln.

The ghostly gray flood swept out of the blizzard, overran the Union trenches.



June 2, 1864. Grant (▼) held a council of war at Bethesda Church before the Battle of Cold Harbor. The Union Army had repeatedly tried to turn Lee's right flank and now its guns could be heard in Richmond, but in between, the Confederate Army still held on.



GRANT: The Man Nobody Knew

CONTINUED

And from this night of horror was to come the "miracle of the pound of bacon" that was to change the course of the Civil War for the North, and to bring to the front a strange and enigmatic military leader, a man who even today is little understood.

A mile from Fort Donelson, in the farm home of Amanda Crisp, on Hickman Creek, three officers sat huddled close to the smoking flames of the fireplace. Two of these, Colonel Charles R. Smith and Captain W. S. Hillyer, have long been forgotten by history.

The third was Ulysses S. Grant. In that year, he was nearing forty, a short and squat man with middle-age fat beginning to form around his waist. The insignia of a brigadier general were on his shoulders. He wore an enlisted man's uniform, baggy and unpressed; his jacket was unbuttoned and his pockets bulged with cigars and letters. An awkward, shuffling gait added to his slovenly appearance.

Ora Undell, correspondent for the New York *Herald*, had the job of writing thumbnail sketches of the Union generals. He described Grant as "a man nobody knows." This could be written today. After the hundreds of thousands of words published about Grant during the Civil War, and the countless volumes since, the public has only a distorted picture of this complex individual who had the military genius of a Napoleon, the ruthlessness of a Genghis Khan with his own men and the personality of a bashful girl.

Staring into that fireplace, Grant wasn't thinking much of history. He was facing a court-martial unless he could snatch victory from a disastrous defeat. Miracles and lucky breaks had never been a part of his life. Six days before, with the aid of Admiral Foote's river gunboats, Grant had attacked and captured Fort Henry on the Tennessee River. As he prepared to advance on Fort Donelson, twelve miles east, a wire from General Henry Halleck, Union commander in the West, ordered him to remain at Fort Henry.

Grant knew the cautious fear and jealousy behind that order. The capture of Fort Henry meant nothing as long as the Confederates held Fort Donelson. So Grant tossed the telegram aside, took the big gamble, ordered his army to advance on Fort Donelson, fully aware of what would happen if he failed to capture that stronghold.

Then fate turned against him. The skies opened up in torrential rains. It took Grant five days to get to Fort Donelson. The garrison had been reinforced and new cannon brought up to smash the river gunboats. Grant's attack on the morning of February fourteenth was thrown back with bloody losses, and the blizzard and freezing cold came to complete the hopeless defeat. . . .

Inside Amanda Crisp's farm home, Grant got to his feet, stood before the fireplace. His body was slumped; he looked weary and beaten. Colonel Smith and Captain Hillyer wanted to say something to ease the shock of what had happened, but that wasn't easy with a man who was always alone, even when others were talking to him.

The first rays of dawn were coming through the windows, and in this light the swirling snow became whiter. In this whiteness, a strange tableau was being enacted in front of Fort Donelson. The Union soldiers, peering into the blanket of snow, saw weird and misshapen creatures coming toward them as if floating in the air. The boys in blue blinked and wondered if they were seeing ghosts.

Wild yells brought them back to reality. These objects were Rebels with blankets around their bodies and cloths over their heads to protect them from the cold. They came like a tidal wave, in warm blankets, and the Union boys, stiff and numb from cold, fell back in disorder.

The Rebels ripped a wide breach in the Union lines. Inside the fort, Generals Pillow and Floyd saw their plan to break out turn into an amazing victory, so they issued the order to their soldiers to turn and crush Grant's army.

Grant and his officers found hopeless chaos at the battle scene. Pale and frightened officers ran around in groups, heads down against the snow and wind, beating their arms against their sides to bring warmth (*Continued on page 70*)

June 2, 1864. Grant (▼) held a council of war at Bethesda Church before the Battle of Cold Harbor. The Union Army had repeatedly tried to turn Lee's right flank and now its guns could be heard in Richmond, but in between, the Confederate Army still held on.



Timothy H. O'Sullivan—Library of Congress

GRANT: The Man Nobody Knew

CONTINUED

And from this night of horror was to come the "miracle of the pound of bacon" that was to change the course of the Civil War for the North, and to bring to the front a strange and enigmatic military leader, a man who even today is little understood.

A mile from Fort Donelson, in the farm home of Amanda Crisp, on Hickman Creek, three officers sat huddled close to the smoking flames of the fireplace. Two of these, Colonel Charles R. Smith and Captain W. S. Hillyer, have long been forgotten by history.

The third was Ulysses S. Grant. In that year, he was nearing forty, a short and squat man with middle-age fat beginning to form around his waist. The insignia of a brigadier general were on his shoulders. He wore an enlisted man's uniform, baggy and unpressed; his jacket was unbuttoned and his pockets bulged with cigars and letters. An awkward, shuffling gait added to his slovenly appearance.

Ora Undell, correspondent for the New York *Herald*, had the job of writing thumbnail sketches of the Union generals. He described Grant as "a man nobody knows." This could be written today. After the hundreds of thousands of words published about Grant during the Civil War, and the countless volumes since, the public has only a distorted picture of this complex individual who had the military genius of a Napoleon, the ruthlessness of a Genghis Khan with his own men and the personality of a bashful girl.

Staring into that fireplace, Grant wasn't thinking much of history. He was facing a court-martial unless he could snatch victory from a disastrous defeat. Miracles and lucky breaks had never been a part of his life. Six days before, with the aid of Admiral Foote's river gunboats, Grant had attacked and captured Fort Henry on the Tennessee River. As he prepared to advance on Fort Donelson, twelve miles east, a wire from General Henry Halleck, Union commander in the West, ordered him to remain at Fort Henry.

Grant knew the cautious fear and jealousy behind that order. The capture of Fort Henry meant nothing as long as the Confederates held Fort Donelson. So Grant tossed the telegram aside, took the big gamble, ordered his army to advance on Fort Donelson, fully aware of what would happen if he failed to capture that stronghold.

Then fate turned against him. The skies opened up in torrential rains. It took Grant five days to get to Fort Donelson. The garrison had been reinforced and new cannon brought up to smash the river gunboats. Grant's attack on the morning of February fourteenth was thrown back with bloody losses, and the blizzard and freezing cold came to complete the hopeless defeat. . . .

Inside Amanda Crisp's farm home, Grant got to his feet, stood before the fireplace. His body was slumped; he looked weary and beaten. Colonel Smith and Captain Hillyer wanted to say something to ease the shock of what had happened, but that wasn't easy with a man who was always alone, even when others were talking to him.

The first rays of dawn were coming through the windows, and in this light the swirling snow became whiter. In this whiteness, a strange tableau was being enacted in front of Fort Donelson. The Union soldiers, peering into the blanket of snow, saw weird and misshapen creatures coming toward them as if floating in the air. The boys in blue blinked and wondered if they were seeing ghosts.

Wild yells brought them back to reality. These objects were Rebels with blankets around their bodies and cloths over their heads to protect them from the cold. They came like a tidal wave, in warm blankets, and the Union boys, stiff and numb from cold, fell back in disorder.

The Rebels ripped a wide breach in the Union lines. Inside the fort, Generals Pillow and Floyd saw their plan to break out turn into an amazing victory, so they issued the order to their soldiers to turn and crush Grant's army.

Grant and his officers found hopeless chaos at the battle scene. Pale and frightened officers ran around in groups, heads down against the snow and wind, beating their arms against their sides to bring warmth (*Continued on page 70*)

Massachusetts

**Beaches, bass, Bach, bay scallops or beans, beans, beans
—the pleasure's there for the asking, a clam-shell's
throw away in New England's historic Bay State**

Massachusetts—and here is one case where the cliché really applies—is not just a place. It's a state of mind.

As a vacation land, at any time of the year, it has just about everything you might ask for, unless your idea of getting away from it all is a couple of weeks of concentrated alligator-hunting or learning to dance the hula.

Massachusetts has mountains for climbing and skiing; forest lands for hunting, hiking, camping and trail riding; plenty of water for boating, sailing, swimming, and fishing (there are more than 4,000 miles of rivers, 1,100 lakes and ponds, 1,800 miles of coastline). There are excellent hotels and inns, the food is first-rate, and it's easy to get around—by road, rail, or air. It has more than 300 towns, most of them neat and attractive, if not downright beautiful. And it has thirty-nine cities, one of which happens to be Boston, “Hub of the Universe”—and if you don't believe it, just ask anybody who lives there. Massachusetts also has history; you can't turn a corner without bumping into a memorial tablet or a famous landmark. As for climate, midsummer temperatures average in the seventies, and during the winter, it's just cold enough to keep the ski centers snow-covered and prosperous.

But for all these apparent riches, the visitor can never fully appreciate the Bay State's attractions until he has learned something of its inhabitants—a subject which, for several centuries, has intrigued or baffled such great intellectuals as Oliver Wendell Holmes and Ted Williams. The easy way out, of course, is to assume that there is more truth than poetry in those lines about “The home of the bean and the cod/Where the Lowells talk only to Cabots/And the Cabots talk only to God.”

Boston's reputation for conservatism bordering on stuffiness is certainly not without foundation but, like the nice old lady who likes a spot of rum in her tea, there is a certain lustiness about her. Traditionally, proper Bostonians have taken a dim view of hanky-panky. Nathaniel Hawthorne didn't have to depend entirely on his imagination for the heroine who was forced to wear on her breast a scarlet letter—“A” for Adultery—until the day she died. The incident and the person were real and the body of Elizabeth Pain lies in King's Chapel Bury Ground as an everlasting admonishment to potential sinners.

But the penalty in Massachusetts for scarlet sins isn't what it used to be. A more serious transgression, it would seem, is to withdraw more than the interest or dividends from one's investments.

Consider, for example, the story of the bankrupt young Beacon Hill widow who returned to Boston after a prolonged absence and told her friends at the Vincent Club that she was so hard up she had been driven to streetwalking. Shocked silence greeted her announcement. Then one of the ladies rallied.

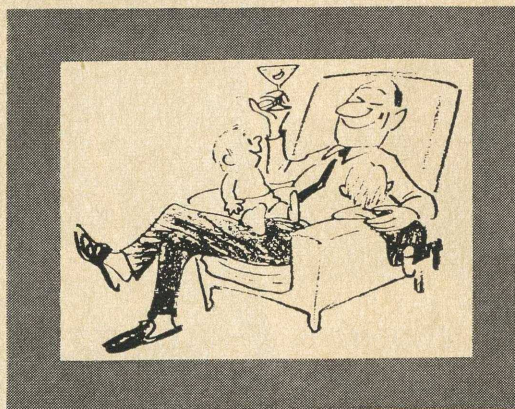
“It would seem,” said this rock-ribbed Bostonian, “that under the circumstance, you would have been justified, Mary, in dipping into principal.” (Continued on page 106)

BY L. N. R. EARLY / painting by **DONALD McDORMAN**

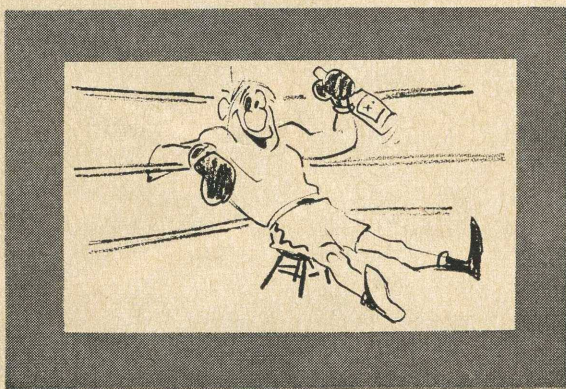


Photographs (from left) Ragsdale, UPI, Dick Hanley, Kosti Rouhomaa

Mention Father's Day



in Kansas booze ads



likewise athletic events, Santa Claus,

and even the old Twelfth National Bank,



BY JOSEPH SCHOLNICK

DRAWINGS BY HENRY SYVERSON

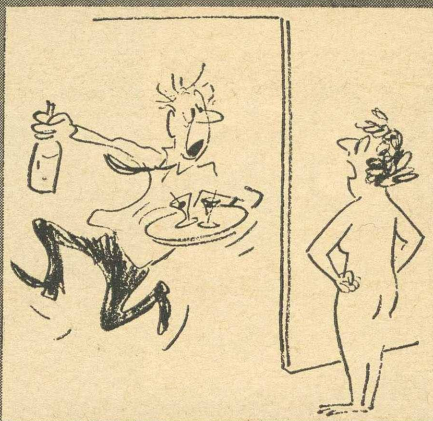
Almost 4,500 years ago, man first set down a body of laws and regulations, designed to govern human behavior. These are known today as the Hammurabi Code—282 separate laws chiseled into stone tablets, including such lasting injunctions as “an eye for an eye,” and others. The amazing fact is not that Hammurabi, living in the Mesopotamian culture of 2,300 B.C., was able to codify such regulations, but that, with almost 4,500 years of experience, man seems to have learned virtually nothing about laws except how to make them increasingly ridiculous.

Take, as a prime example, the curious set of rules, laws, regulations, prohibitions and statutes governing the production, sale and consumption of alcoholic beverages.

Back in the prehistoric days, Hammurabi realized that some measure of liquor-control legislation was necessary, and so he included in his historical code two laws which had to do with the drinking of wine in taverns. Both, incidentally, dealt with the behavior of women while drinking; even that long ago, man recognized the inherent dangers of liquor and females together.

Throughout history, man has treated potable alcohol in a peculiar manner. Perhaps only the Gaels, in their

and you're in trouble.



Nude girls are taboo,



man's best friend,



as our best legal brains come up with

OUR CRAZY LIQUOR LAWS

everlasting wisdom, really recognized the true wonder of this great discovery of alcoholic beverages; they gave them the name of "*Uisge Beatha*"—meaning "water of life." This gave us the word "whiskey." But virtually all others, right from the first, placed all sorts of fantastic limitations on the making, use and consumption of these beverages.

In one period of history, wine was treated with great reverence. Historians tell us that the making and drinking of the early wines was actually a religious ritual.

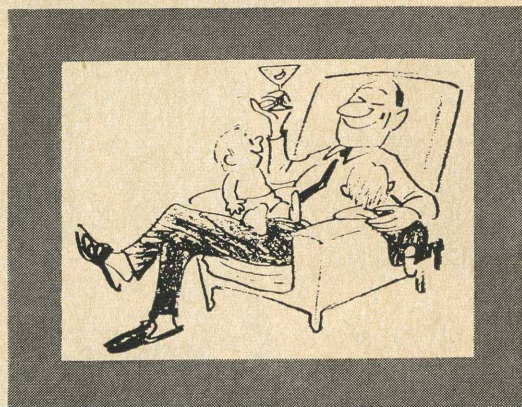
Were one to find a recipe for wine engraved upon an early stone tablet, it might read somewhat like the famous Oriental recipe for Tiger Stew ("first, find a

tiger"); first find some grapes, then find some Vestal Virgins. It was always the Vestal Virgins to whom was entrusted the job of properly squeezing the grapes; apparently, it was believed that the purity of these maidens would guarantee the sweetness of the wine.

In time, however, man learned that it wasn't really maidenly purity, but rather an unromantic one-celled creature called yeast, that was really responsible for the process of fermentation that produced alcoholic beverages. Then the making of fine wines and liquors became a technical skill rather than a religious ritual.

Curiously, however, it seems true in history that as man develops his technical (Continued on page 97)

Mention Father's Day

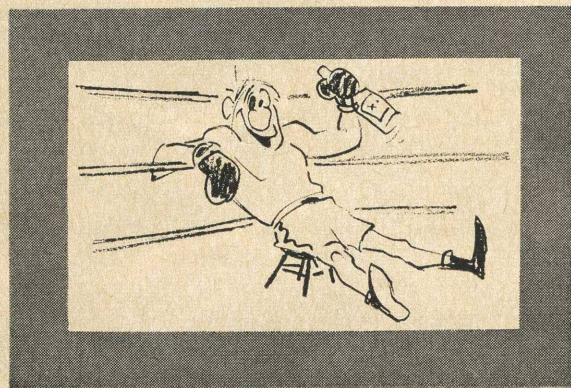


in Kansas booze ads

and you're in trouble.



Nude girls are taboo,



likewise athletic events, Santa Claus,



man's best friend,



and even the old Twelfth National Bank,



as our best legal brains come up with

OUR CRAZY LIQUOR LAWS

BY JOSEPH SCHOLNICK

DRAWINGS BY HENRY SYVERSON

Almost 4,500 years ago, man first set down a body of laws and regulations, designed to govern human behavior. These are known today as the Hammurabi Code—282 separate laws chiseled into stone tablets, including such lasting injunctions as “an eye for an eye,” and others. The amazing fact is not that Hammurabi, living in the Mesopotamian culture of 2,300 B.C., was able to codify such regulations, but that, with almost 4,500 years of experience, man seems to have learned virtually nothing about laws except how to make them increasingly ridiculous.

Take, as a prime example, the curious set of rules, laws, regulations, prohibitions and statutes governing the production, sale and consumption of alcoholic beverages.

Back in the prehistoric days, Hammurabi realized that some measure of liquor-control legislation was necessary, and so he included in his historical code two laws which had to do with the drinking of wine in taverns. Both, incidentally, dealt with the behavior of women while drinking; even that long ago, man recognized the inherent dangers of liquor and females together.

Throughout history, man has treated potable alcohol in a peculiar manner. Perhaps only the Gaels, in their

everlasting wisdom, really recognized the true wonder of this great discovery of alcoholic beverages; they gave them the name of “*Uisge Beatha*”—meaning “water of life.” This gave us the word “whiskey.” But virtually all others, right from the first, placed all sorts of fantastic limitations on the making, use and consumption of these beverages.

In one period of history, wine was treated with great reverence. Historians tell us that the making and drinking of the early wines was actually a religious ritual.

Were one to find a recipe for wine engraved upon an early stone tablet, it might read somewhat like the famous Oriental recipe for Tiger Stew (“first, find a

tiger”); first find some grapes, then find some Vestal Virgins. It was always the Vestal Virgins to whom was entrusted the job of properly squeezing the grapes; apparently, it was believed that the purity of these maidens would guarantee the sweetness of the wine.

In time, however, man learned that it wasn't really maidenly purity, but rather an unromantic one-celled creature called yeast, that was really responsible for the process of fermentation that produced alcoholic beverages. Then the making of fine wines and liquors became a technical skill rather than a religious ritual.

Curiously, however, it seems true in history that as man develops his technical (Continued on page 97)

G-STRINGS & Top Bananas

(SECOND OF TWO PARTS)

The last of the fabulous Minskys continues his walk down the runway of memory with stories of some of the denizens of that wild and wonderful world: the stripper who worked to a Wagner overture, the sexiest fourteen-year-old in the world, and the millionaire who paid a hundred bucks just to hear a girl scream!

Sometimes I wish my name were something else—Terwilliger, or Fraunfelter, or Bracegirdle, or even Smith or Jones. The trouble with having a name like Minsky is that it tags you right away. In the mind of the public, is Minsky associated with a Russian immigrant—my grandfather, Louis—who became a big department-store owner on New York's Lower East Side and later became a big real-estate dealer down there? It is not. It is not even associated with the fact that my grandfather came from Minsk. The name Minsky is associated with only one thing: burlesque. And that means that whenever I meet any man over twenty-five, and he hears my name, he gives me a leer and a wink, and (Continued on page 74)

by **HAROLD MINSKY** as told to **RICHARD GEHMAN**

Unlike cigar-chewing managers of old, Minsky rules with humor and taste.

In burley's heyday, fans roared as late Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee traded barbs in "Widow's Bit."



Vandamm

Alan Jerne—Globe



G-STRINGS & Top Bananas

(SECOND OF TWO PARTS)

The last of the fabulous Minskys continues his walk down the runway of memory with stories of some of the denizens of that wild and wonderful world: the stripper who worked to a Wagner overture, the sexiest fourteen-year-old in the world, and the millionaire who paid a hundred bucks just to hear a girl scream!

Sometimes I wish my name were something else—Terwilliger, or Fraunfelter, or Bracegirdle, or even Smith or Jones. The trouble with having a name like Minsky is that it tags you right away. In the mind of the public, is Minsky associated with a Russian immigrant—my grandfather, Louis—who became a big department-store owner on New York's Lower East Side and later became a big real-estate dealer down there? It is not. It is not even associated with the fact that my grandfather came from Minsk. The name Minsky is associated with only one thing: burlesque. And that means that whenever I meet any man over twenty-five, and he hears my name, he gives me a leer and a wink, and (Continued on page 74)

by HAROLD MINSKY as told to RICHARD GEHMAN

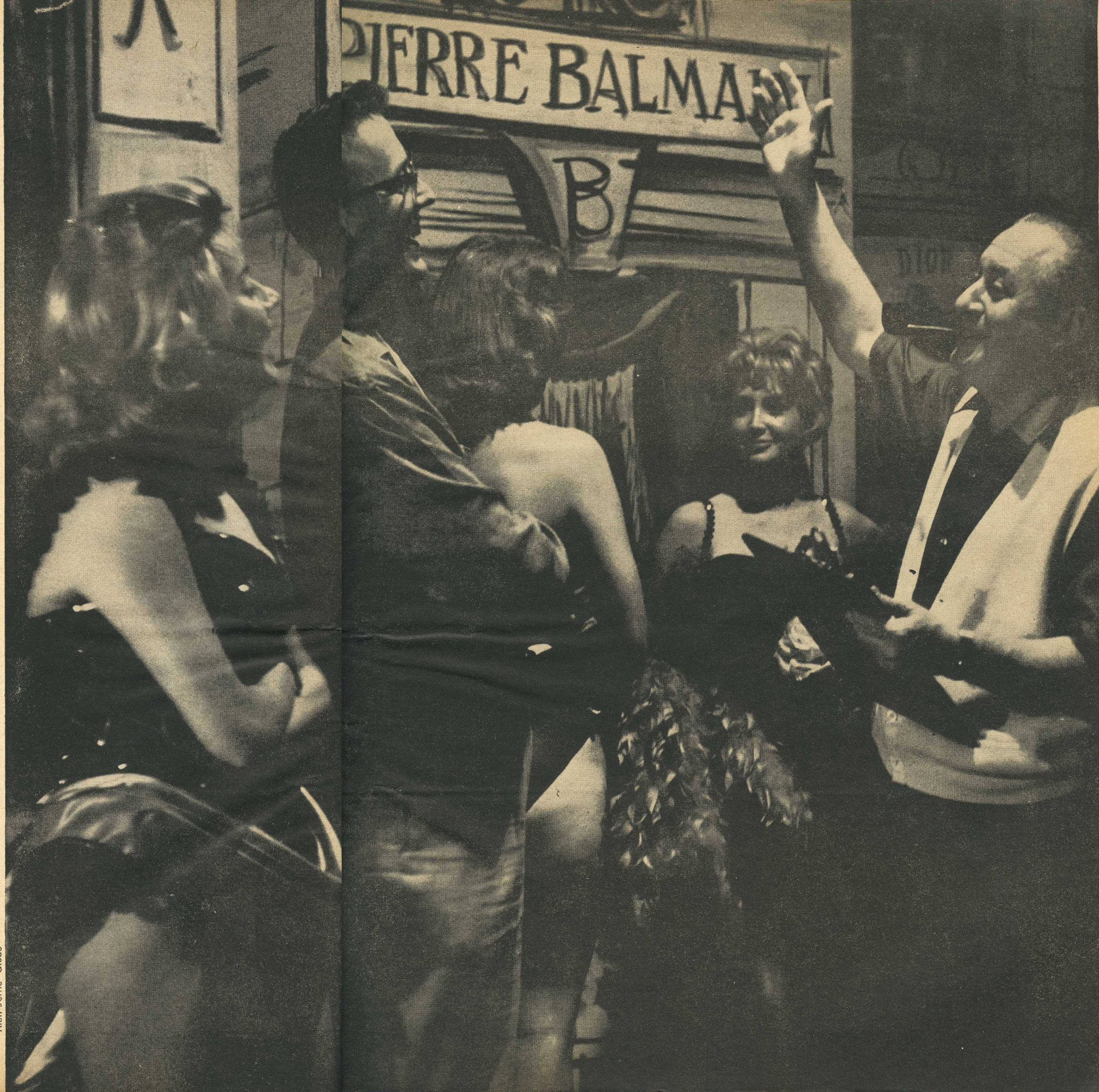
Unlike cigar-chewing managers of old, Minsky rules with humor and taste.

In burley's heyday, fans roared as late Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee traded barbs in "Widow's Bit."



Vandamm

Alan Jerne—Globe



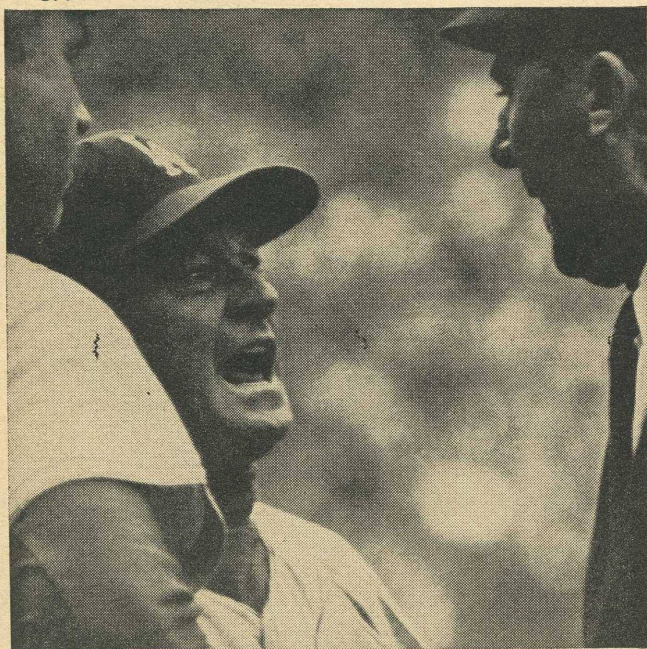
Charley Dressen comes to his new job
with an eye like a diamond drill, a
tongue like a rasp and a brilliant kind
of ego that may overflow County Stadium

The toughest guy in baseball has taken on the game's toughest job with the confidence of a bantam rooster and a build to match. Charley Dressen, a little man with a massive ego, is the new manager of the fat-cat Milwaukee Braves, who won two pennants and blew two others in the past four years. They're supposed to be the most talented club in the major leagues. They also have a reputation for being the most careless, the most contented, the most fun-loving and the least concerned with training rules.

All of which may be open to debate, but it is an undeniable fact that their failure to win the 1959 National League pennant cost Fred Haney his job as their manager. The easy-going Haney, who was inclined to let nature take its course, resigned under pressure after the highly favored Braves lost the pennant in a play-off series with the Los Angeles Dodgers. A month later, Charley Dressen became Haney's successor.

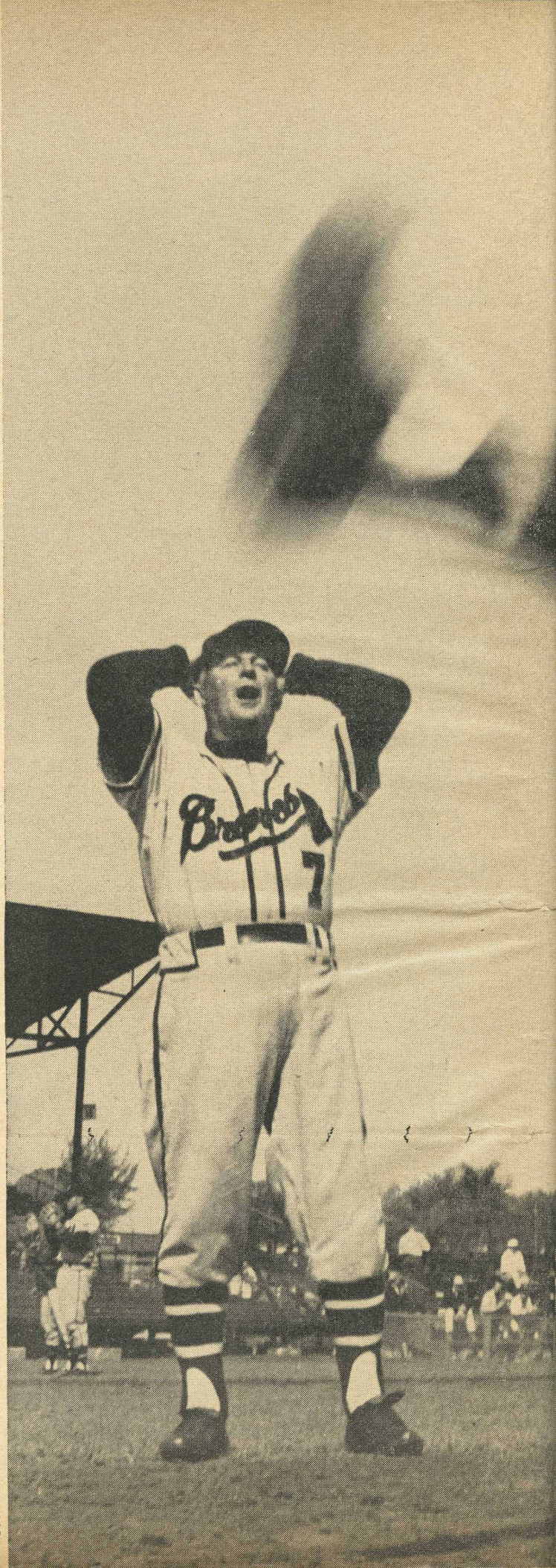
It couldn't have happened to a cockier, tougher, smarter guy. The sixty-one-year-old Dressen, gimlet-eyed and acid-tongued, is so cocky that his use of the perpendicular pronoun is legendary in baseball circles. He's so tough that he can scare men half his age and twice his strength. And he's so smart that the brightest minds in (Continued on page 94)

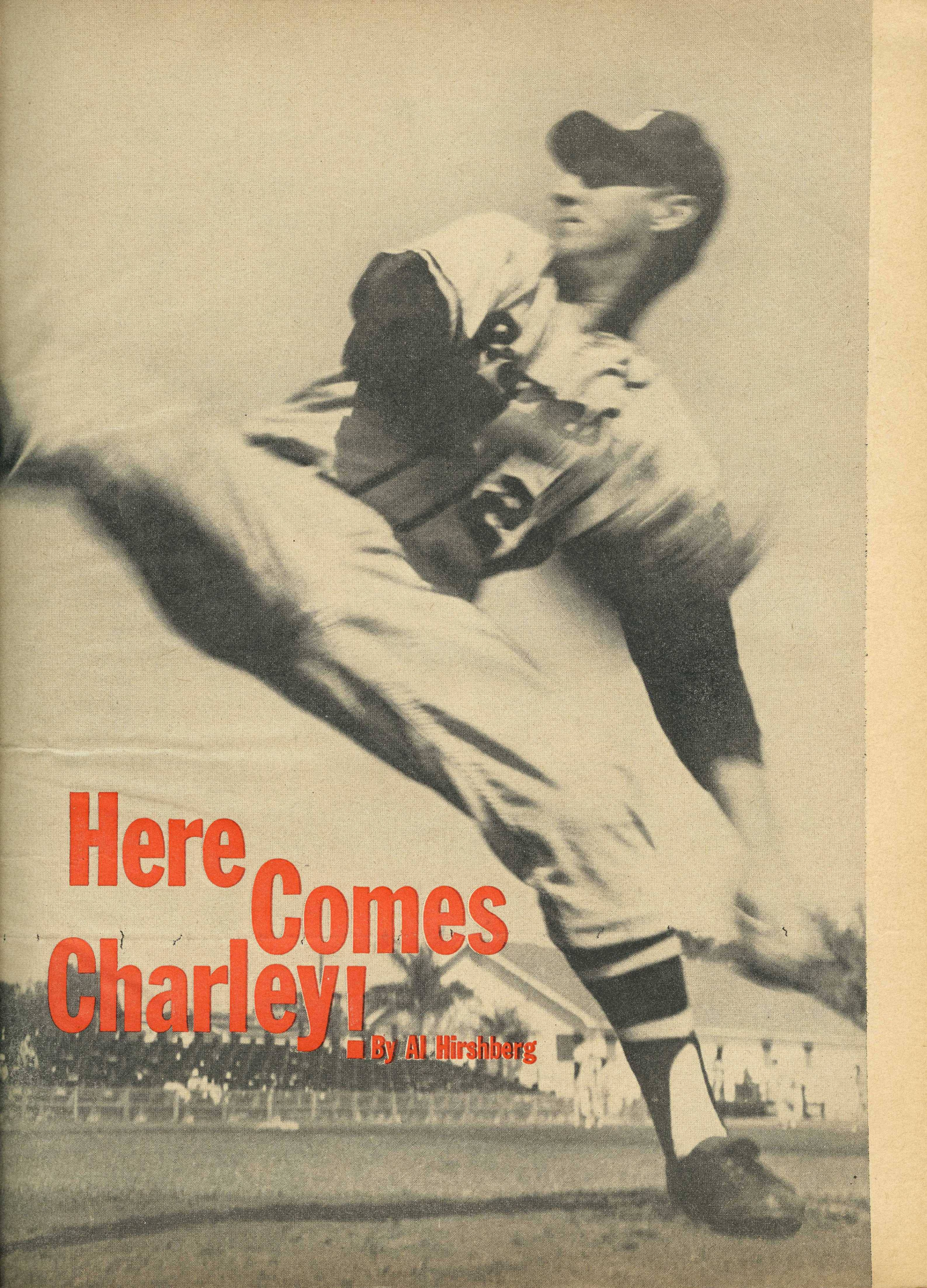
UPI



Volatile Dressen explodes at ump Ed Hurley before getting bounced from Series tilt last fall. Walt Alston listens, left.

After three years with easy-going Fred Haney, Braves found acid-tongued Chuck a boss of a different choler.





Here Comes Charley!

■ By Al Hirshberg

Charley Dressen comes to his new job

with an eye like a diamond drill, a

tongue like a rasp and a brilliant kind

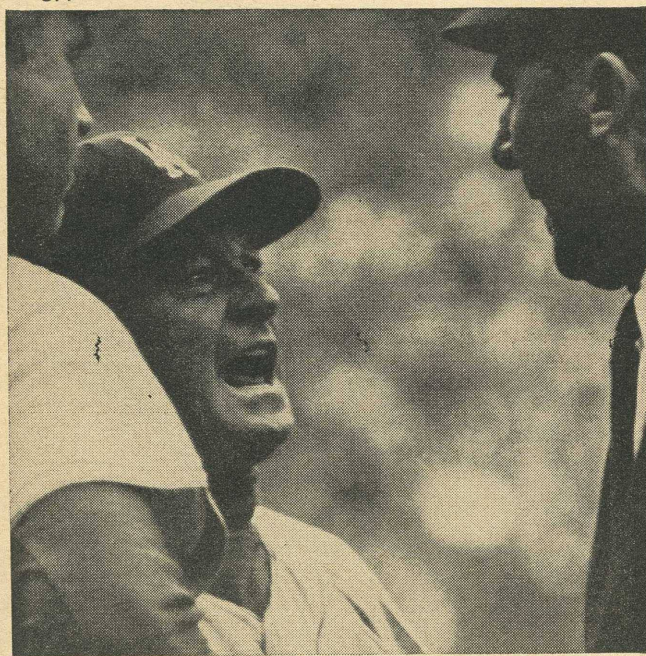
of ego that may overflow County Stadium

The toughest guy in baseball has taken on the game's toughest job with the confidence of a bantam rooster and a build to match. Charley Dressen, a little man with a massive ego, is the new manager of the fat-cat Milwaukee Braves, who won two pennants and blew two others in the past four years. They're supposed to be the most talented club in the major leagues. They also have a reputation for being the most careless, the most contented, the most fun-loving and the least concerned with training rules.

All of which may be open to debate, but it is an undeniable fact that their failure to win the 1959 National League pennant cost Fred Haney his job as their manager. The easy-going Haney, who was inclined to let nature take its course, resigned under pressure after the highly favored Braves lost the pennant in a play-off series with the Los Angeles Dodgers. A month later, Charley Dressen became Haney's successor.

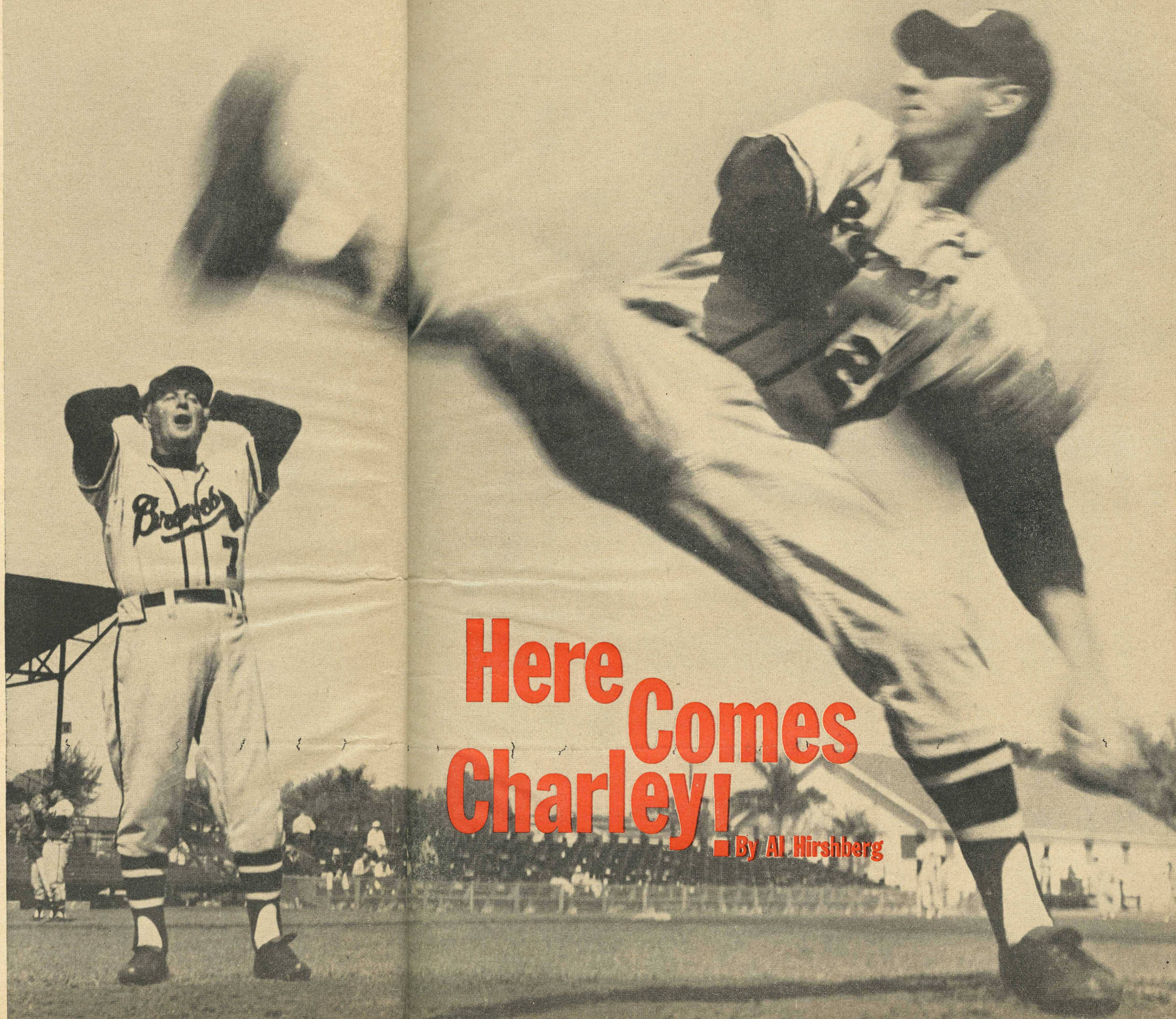
It couldn't have happened to a cockier, tougher, smarter guy. The sixty-one-year-old Dressen, gimlet-eyed and acid-tongued, is so cocky that his use of the perpendicular pronoun is legendary in baseball circles. He's so tough that he can scare men half his age and twice his strength. And he's so smart that the brightest minds in (Continued on page 94)

UPI



Volatile Dressen explodes at ump Ed Hurley before getting bounced from Series tilt last fall. Walt Alston listens, left.

After three years with easy-going Fred Haney, Braves found acid-tongued Chuck a boss of a different choler.





A new craze is sweeping the brass-rail circuit. They call it "fingerhackln," and it makes other tendon-snapping tavern sports look like child's play. Here's a man-sized sample.

See what we mean?

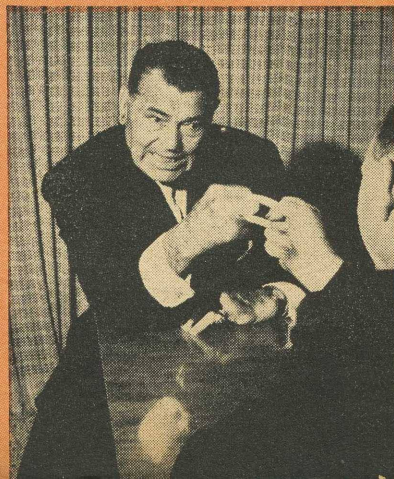
As the saying goes, when you have been "fingered," you have had it. This isn't true when it comes to *fingerhackln*. "*Hackln*" means "pulling," and is pronounced "hacklin." The fingerpuller has a fighting chance, a finger-fighting chance.

This great barroom sport is spreading fast in the United States, after almost six centuries of cult-like secrecy in Bavaria, Germany, where it originated. There's a place we know in Jersey City where it's so popular, you can finger-fight until your finger falls off. Belligerent habitués of this tavern have middle fingers like pipe-wrench handles, and the groans of the vanquished novices are pitiful to hear. (The German expression is "*Ach, mein finger!*")

Once *fingerhackln* catches on, bowling games and shuffleboard gather dust. Anybody can hackle, anybody with fingers. You can hackle skin to skin, or with a leather loop or one built up of ordinary adhesive tape, about two and a-half inches in diameter, eight thicknesses, double wrapped. Make up three or four and let your bartender keep one under the bar. In one place, *fingerhackln* boomed so high that loops had to be kept in the cash register because they would disappear at

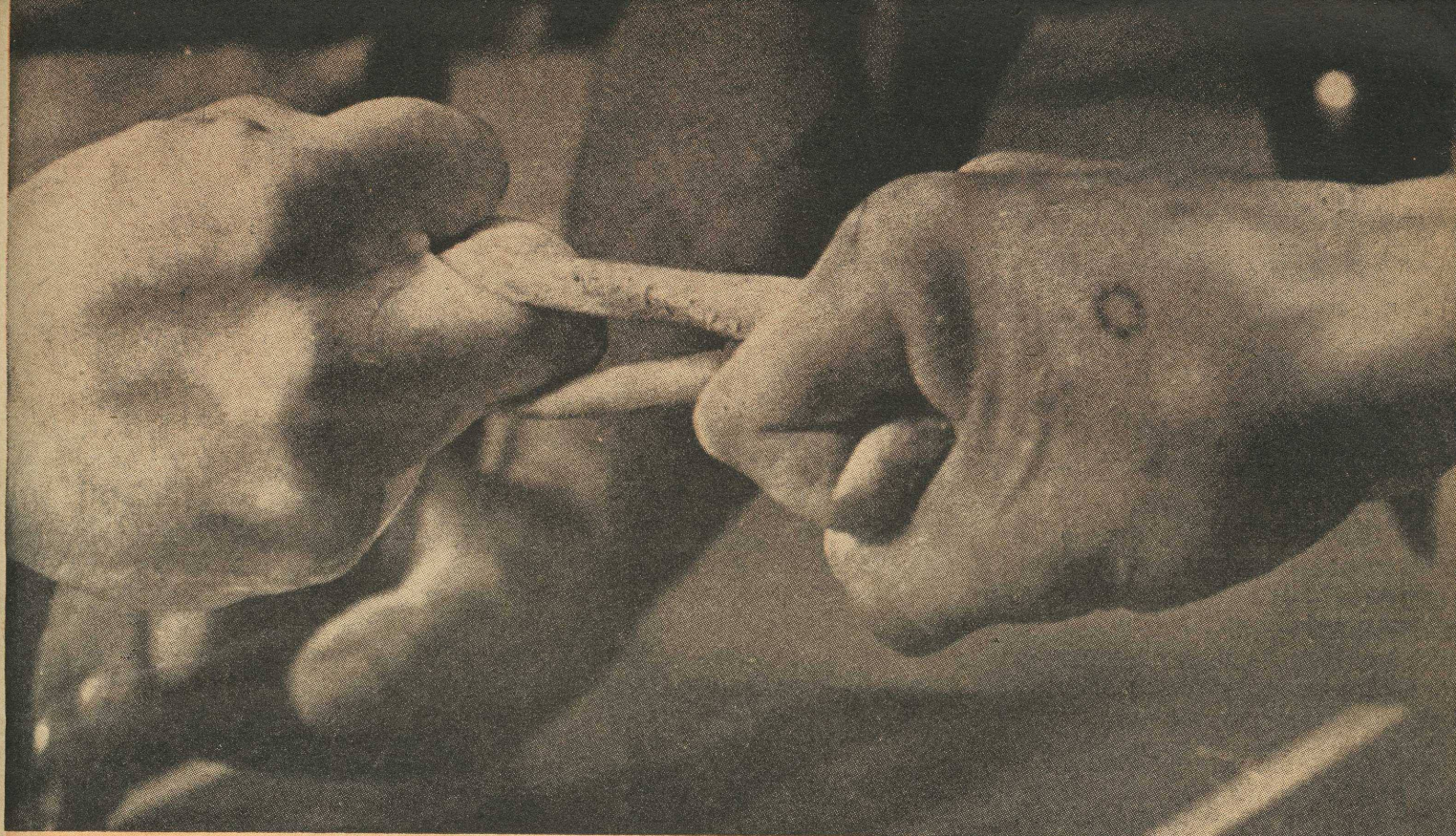
New Sport for the Barroom Athlete

Ex-boxing champ Jack Dempsey called hacklin rough test of strength.



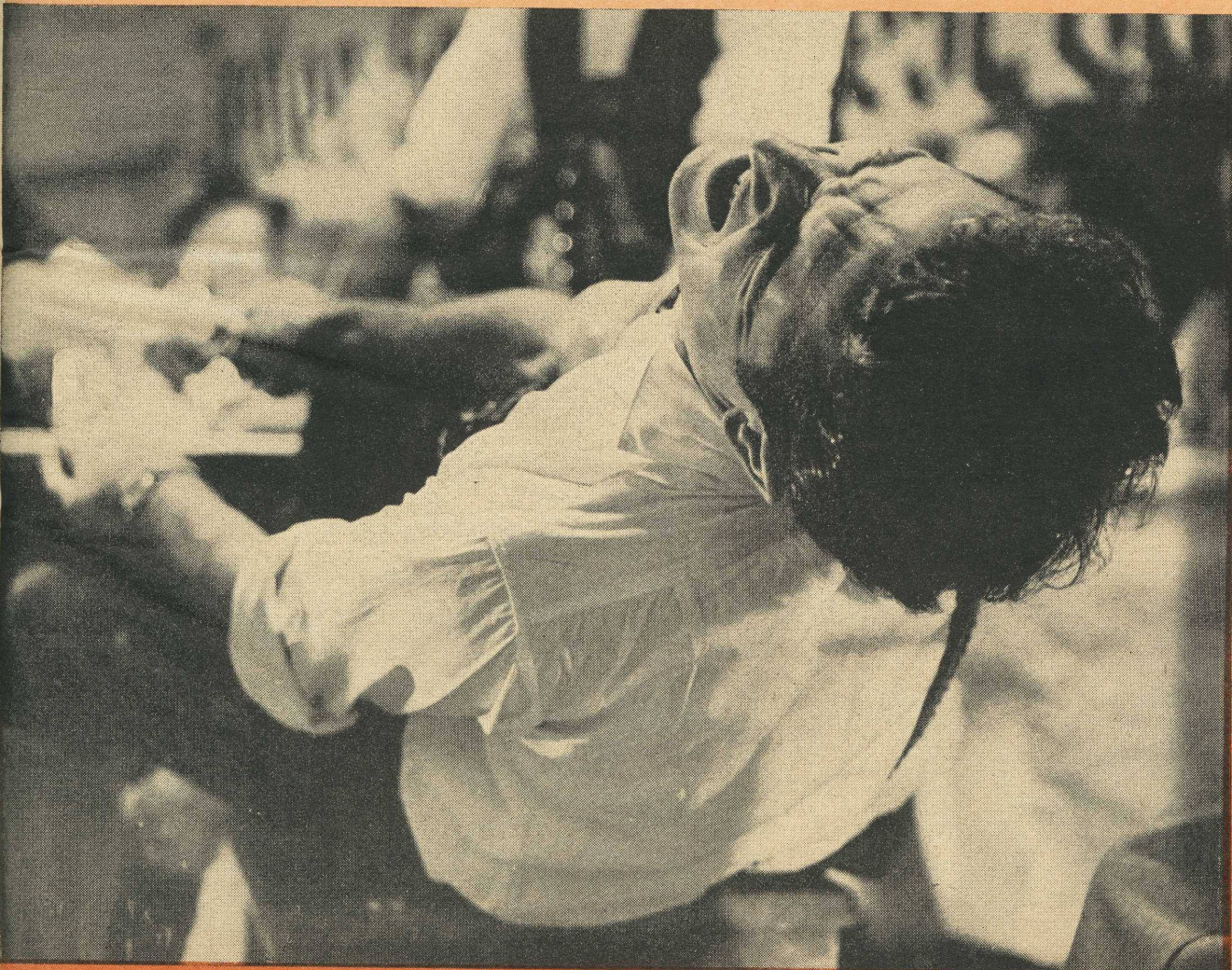
Hy Peskin





Hans Conda—Galaxy

Just a-sittin' and a-hacklin: anguish on face of this contestant may be due to a sore finger, size of side bet, or both. (He won.)



Hans Conda—Galaxy



Hans Conda—Galaxy

Just a-sittin' and a-hacklin: anguish on face of this contestant may be due to a sore finger, size of side bet, or both. (He won.)

A new craze is sweeping the brass-rail circuit. They call it "fingerhackln," and it makes other tendon-snapping tavern sports look like child's play. Here's a man-sized sample.

See what we mean?

As the saying goes, when you have been "fingered," you have had it. This isn't true when it comes to *fingerhackln*. "*Hackln*" means "pulling," and is pronounced "hacklin." The fingerpuller has a fighting chance, a finger-fighting chance.

This great barroom sport is spreading fast in the United States, after almost six centuries of cult-like secrecy in Bavaria, Germany, where it originated. There's a place we know in Jersey City where it's so popular, you can finger-fight until your finger falls off. Belligerent habitués of this tavern have middle fingers like pipe-wrench handles, and the groans of the vanquished novices are pitiful to hear. (The German expression is "*Ach, mein finger!*")

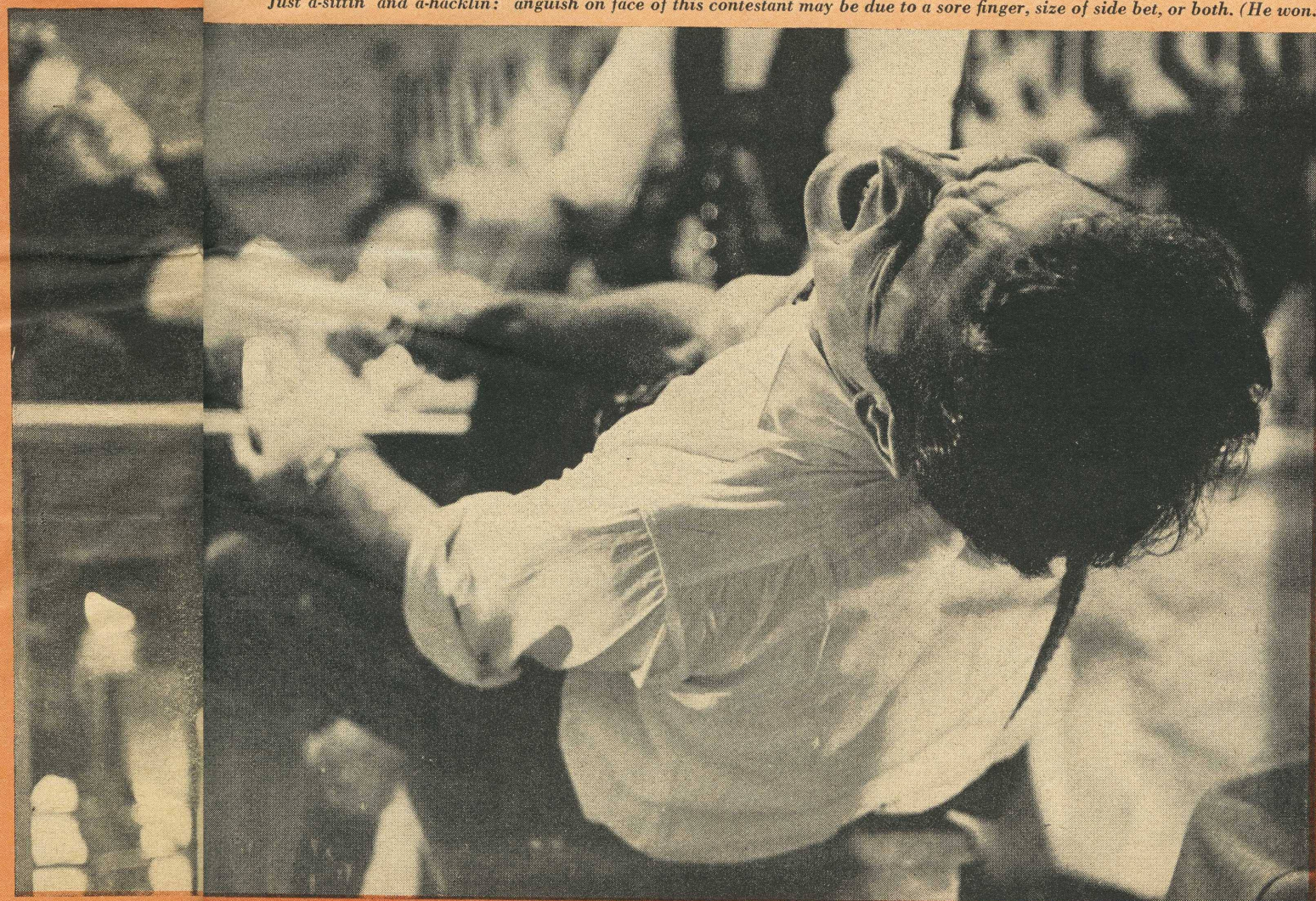
Once *fingerhackln* catches on, bowling games and shuffleboard gather dust. Anybody can hackle, anybody with fingers. You can hackle skin to skin, or with a leather loop or one built up of ordinary adhesive tape, about two and a-half inches in diameter, eight thicknesses, double wrapped. Make up three or four and let your bartender keep one under the bar. In one place, *fingerhackln* boomed so high that loops had to be kept in the cash register because they would disappear at

New Sport for the Barroom Athlete

Ex-boxing champ Jack Dempsey called hacklin rough test of strength.



Hy Peskin



Hans Conda—Galaxy

New Sport for the Barroom Athlete

CONTINUED

crucial moments. The world's most frustrated guys are a pair of fingerhacklers primed to fight, money on the table, and no loop to lock knuckles on.

Finger combat is easily organized and refereed. A small table and a couple of stiff chairs do for an arena. Mark the table with a center line and a pair of goal lines a foot to either side. With the loop dead-center, the ref yells "go" (in Bavaria he says "auf,") and you go at it until you've yanked your opponent's hand across the goal nearest you.

The wildest excitement in hacklin is a deadlock where the men brace against the table with feet and knees, straining until their joints pop. Sometimes fingers bleed and time has to be called. Finger taping is allowed.

Good matching is important, and as a rule, opponents of similar build should be within five pounds of each other up to 160 pounds, nine pounds apart up to 175 and fifteen pounds apart over 175.

Hacklin success depends on the power of the fighting digit, and a man with a finely trained finger can whip down a hackler who outweighs him by twenty pounds. Keeping your finger in shape can have a lot to do with the size of your bar bill, because loser buys the brews, buddy, loser buys! What you want in the way of a fighting finger is strong tendons and a uniformly calloused condition. This may be mighty unpleasant to the touch, but it's hard to beat.

Back in Bavaria, champion heavyweight hacklers like Willi Lehner (230 pounds) take loving care of the second finger, right hand. Finger training has given Lehner tremendous pulling power. He can hang endlessly by one finger. He can pull five railway cars up an incline and lift tremendous weights off the ground one-fingeredly. Lehner's fighting finger has become so enlarged and powerful he is known also as the "man with three thumbs, or *der Mann wer drei Daumen hast.*"

When Willi Lehner isn't training or garnering helpful callouses as a stonemason, he's competing. Before long, he had his hook on the heavyweight prize in his native village of Unterpeissenberg. That enabled him to enter the Bavarian championships recently in Rosenheim (tantamount to world championships) where he defeated 240-pound Blasius Glatz of Garmisch, a hackler with a finger like a shipping hook.

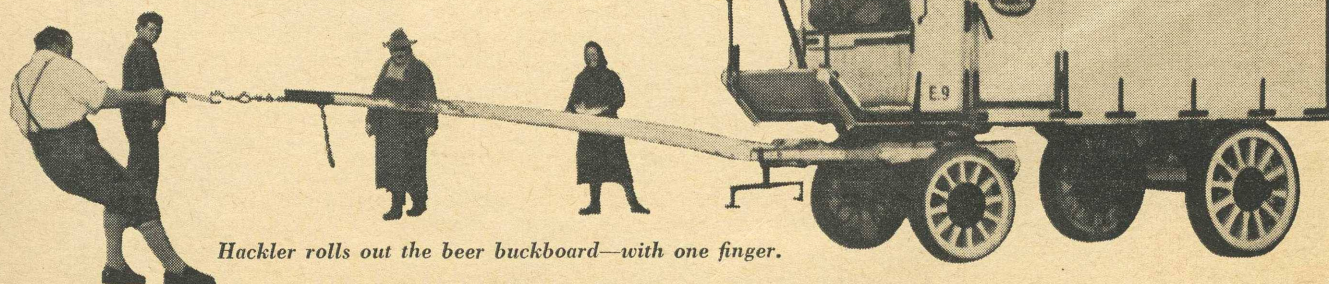
So far, there are no serious American contenders for



Hacklers develop such digital strength, they are apt to take too much for granite.



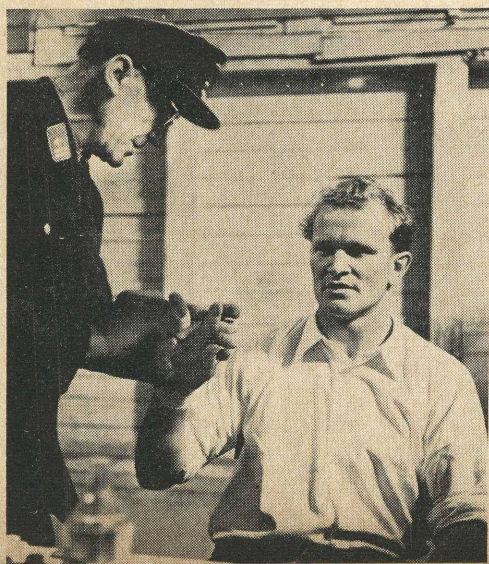
Photographs by
Hans Conda—Galaxy



Hackler rolls out the beer buckboard—with one finger.



Hacklers sometimes fall off chair, slip out of finger skin, or faint. More than one has died of heart attack.



World heavyweight king, Willi Lehner, man with three thumbs, takes time out for tape.

Lehner's crown, but there are a few here whose fingers show promise. If this hacklin sport spreads much further here, you'll soon be listening to a juke-box version of the Bavarian official *hackln* song:

"Yes, I'm doing *fingerhackln*
For the courage that it takes,
For the knuckles that it breaks,
For the pleasure that it makes.
But please learn *fingerhackln* well
Otherwise you go to hell."

Maybe a better last line would be, "Otherwise you pay the bill." • •



Everybody's going down to the sea in ships these days. But like any other sport, you've got to know what you're doing. So follow these

Tips on Family Cruising

BY ERIC NYBORG

photographed at Silver Springs, Florida

Hanging on the wall over my desk is my favorite boating photograph of all time. It shows a tall, lanky cowboy, complete with high-heeled boots, levis, Pendleton shirt and Stetson. Astride his faithful cow pony? No, sir! He is firmly planted in the stern of a small cabin cruiser, happily fishing an irrigation canal.

Incongruous, yes. But also it is indicative of the tremendous and growing popularity of boating. Everywhere you go people are talking boats. You can't escape it—which isn't hard to understand when you consider that there are between seven and eight million boat owners in this country.

Sooner or later, after listening to all this talk, you are likely to get bitten by the bug yourself. You decide to find out what it is all about, and start making the rounds of the local dealers. Right away, you're in trouble.

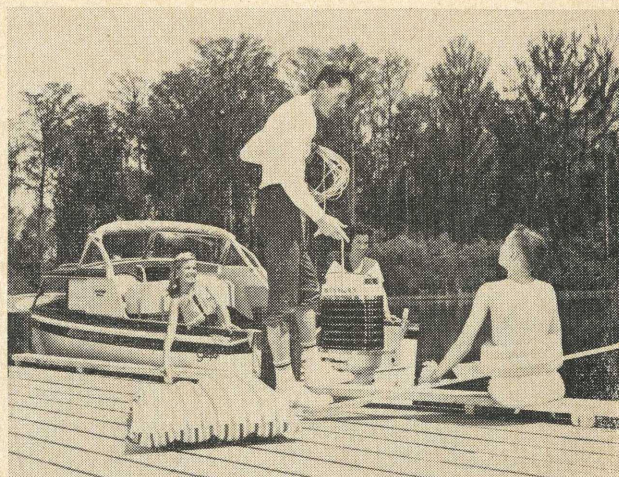
There are boats of all sizes and shapes, and they seem to be made out of every material you've ever heard of and a lot that are strange to you. All the dealers are enthusiastic and try to be as helpful as possible. But they speak some foreign language. By the time you get home, your head is ringing with such strange terms as "bilge keels," "transverse bulkheads" and "glass-fiber, reinforced, epoxy resin."

But don't give up yet. Maybe we can make some sense out of all the gibberish. Let's say you want a small outboard cruiser—something that you and your wife, plus the kids, can spend a week on without getting cabin fever. The first considerations are length and materials. You'll want enough room so you don't have to hurdle one of the kids every time you reach for a beer, and you'll also want a boat that doesn't require constant painting and maintenance. Of the many materials available, fiberglass is one of the most popular. There are no seams in this type of construction, and consequently no leaks, and the color is permanent so you can forget the paintbrush.

The small fiberglass cruisers range in length from six-

teen to about twenty-five feet, and about the only limit on the size boat you buy is your budget.

Start your shopping by canvassing the local dealers, and try to con a boating friend into going with you. But remember one thing. Nobody can pick out your boat for you. It is much too personal an object. Get as much advice as you can, but make the final decision yourself. And never buy a boat without trying it out. Get the whole family together and take the craft out on a trial run. Put your imagination to work. Pretend you have the anchor down and it is time to turn in. Where is each person going to sleep? Is there enough storage space to stow away all the clothing and gear you'll need for a week's trip? Is there enough room in the cockpit so that everybody can sit down? How about provisions for cooking and storing food? You probably won't have to think much about that one; your wife will undoubtedly come in loud and clear on the subject. Wives usually do.



Give water-skiing lessons at the dock—not on the water, where the skier has to stay afloat, hang onto his skis and listen to you.

◀ *Launching is considerably easier if you have another trailer-hitch on the front bumper, so you can see.*

Tips on Family Cruising

CONTINUED

After a day or so of shopping around, you should have a pretty good idea of the going prices. The variations may not be as great as they look at first glance, because the price, in some cases, may include a certain amount of necessary equipment, while in others it applies only to the bare boat. Decide what equipment you want and get a price for the boat, delivered to you with that gear on board.

If you decide to do some comparison shopping by mail, don't get trapped by those tricky little letters, f.o.b., after the price. You may find you can buy the boat you want on the East Coast for \$500 less than the comparable craft in your area, but that is the price at the factory. By the time you get it shipped to California, it has cost you another \$800 in transportation. This is the same problem Detroit had to face—and solved by setting up local assembly plants. One or two of the big boating companies, such as Glasspar, have done the same thing. This means you can get one of their boats for about the same price, regardless of where you live.

When it comes to paying for a boat, you'll find that the banks are actually eager to loan you money. The reason is that they have discovered that boating loans have the

lowest casualty rate of any type of loan they write. When the time comes to pay the bills, the first thing that gets paid is the installment on the boat, and the devil with the wife's washing machine. So they'll be happy to give you the money for your boat and equipment—all within reason, of course—if you pay one third down.

Be careful when you start buying equipment; it's easy to go hog-wild, and the next thing you know your boat looks like a marine dealer's showroom. Start out with just the bare essentials. The Coast Guard requires that you have life preservers for everybody aboard, a fire extinguisher, lights and certain other safety gear. (They will give you a list if you ask for it.) And they get real unpleasant if they catch you without these items. Up to fifty dollars per item unpleasant!

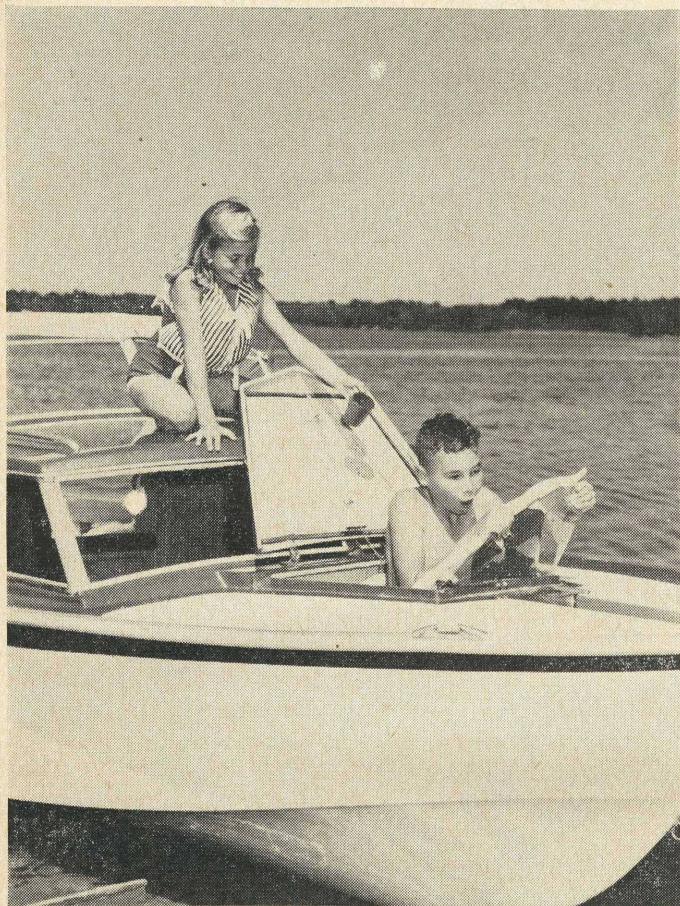
You'll want a good first-aid kit. What might only be a minor problem ashore can be a real emergency when you're on the water far from help. In making up the kit, be sure you have lots of sunburn lotion, ointment for cuts and bruises, a pair of pliers capable of cutting through a fishhook, and some single-edge razor blades or a scalpel you can use to cut out the hook. You might also include a copy of the first-aid handbook, and be sure that some other member of the family besides yourself is familiar with it. This applies to handling the boat, too. It just might be that *you* are the one who'll have the accident.

When an accident does occur, you'll probably want

Most states now require a minimum of two people in a towboat when pulling a water-skier—one to steer, the other to watch the skier.



A small cruiser offers pretty cramped quarters for energetic kids. Unless you want open rebellion, plan short runs, with side trips and diversions to keep your young crew entertained.



help, so have some sort of signaling device on board. If you don't want to shell out for a radio phone, you might settle for a set of flares or a powerful horn. And don't be proud. Use any method you can think of to get attention. Tie your pants on the end of an oar and wave them in the air. One enterprising gentleman waved his wife's unmentionables tied to the end of a boathook. It's amazing how fast he got help, and how much of it.

If the water is calm enough, you can fill a coffee can with oily rags and float it off the stern on a seat cushion. Drop a match in it and the resultant cloud of black smoke can be seen a long way off.

Planning a cruise can be as much fun as taking it and the whole family should take part. Spread maps and charts out on the living-room floor and arm yourself with a pilot book, such as the "Coast Pilot" or "The Inland Waterways Guide." There are pilot books covering every bit of navigable water in the country. And they are invaluable aids. Not only do they give information for the navigator, but they also list the facilities in every port and frequently the points of interest, as well. The state tourist bureaus will be glad to supply you with free pamphlets describing local attractions you can cover on side trips. And don't neglect these side trips in your

planning. Just because you are taking a family cruise doesn't mean you have to spend twenty-four hours a day on the boat. As a matter of fact, you'll probably find that about three to four hours of actual underway time per day is more than enough, especially with kids aboard. On a boat, you will be confining them to an area not much more than twice the size of a normal double bed. Much smaller than the space they have to play in at home on a rainy day. And you know what happens then!

You'll probably be able to cruise at around fifteen to twenty miles per hour, so in three or four hours you should cover something like fifty miles, which should be enough of a change in scene. You can, of course make long hops, but whatever you do, plan your day so you're in port with the anchor down by four o'clock in the afternoon. That will give you time to clean up the boat, do some shopping and sight-seeing ashore, and get supper cooked and the dishes done before dark. There is nothing worse than stumbling around a boat in the dark trying to cook a meal, and at the same time bed down a couple of tired, cranky kids.

The last step in planning a cruise is to assign specific duties to each crew member. Housekeeping and tidiness are a pain in the neck at best, but on a boat they are an absolute necessity; you just can't have things strewn around in the tiny confines of a small boat. You can lighten the job of keeping things ship-shape, by having each member of the crew responsible for certain chores. Piloting, navigation, and keeping the log will fall to you, as skipper. And that log is very important, as a permanent record of courses and speeds and general information that you can use if you travel the same way again, or if you want to figure out fuel consumption and costs. Also, if properly kept and signed by the person making the entries, it can be admitted as legal evidence in court.

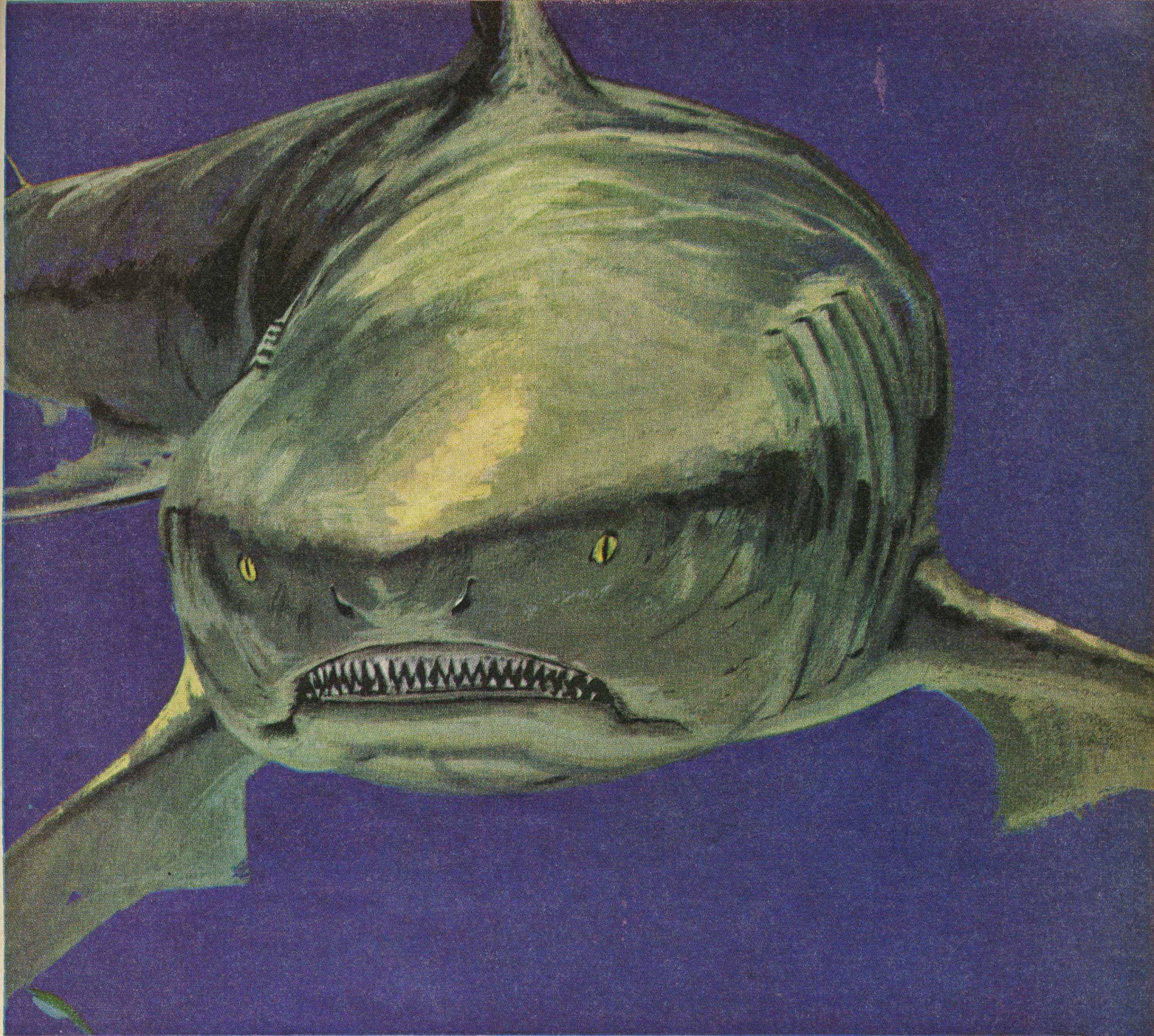
Speaking of courts, you have certain legal responsibilities as skipper. You must at all times operate your boat in a safe manner and according to the dictates of good judgment. The court, not you, will decide whether your judgment was good or not, so it behooves you to learn what you're doing where navigation and operation are concerned. The book, "Piloting, Seamanship, and Small-Boat Handling," is a big help along these lines.

After you have mastered that, the next thing to do is to grow four more sets of eyes, so you can see in all directions at once, especially if you have guests aboard. You will eventually get your family trained, but guests are another matter. They'll come aboard in high heels and then blame you because they can't keep their footing when the boat rocks. They'll open a can of beer and then leave the church key, pointed side up, on the transom seat where somebody will sit on it. They'll put the empty beer can down on the deck and it'll roll under their feet so that when they stand up, they trip over it and sprain an ankle. And it is all your fault. Everything that goes wrong is your fault, since you are in command. And there will be numerous times when you will have to point out to them gently but firmly that you are in command!

(Continued on page 90)



"Sharks don't have brains — only
stomachs," Sam Ferris said. Until
he went out to match human cunning
against the **MONSTER
OF THE
MADREPORE**



They didn't have a chance. You can't fight a twelve-foot shark with a popgun!

The station wagon with the numerous smiles in its fenders and doors rattled belligerently through a brilliant green breadfruit grove toward the sequestered Hang Bay. The car lumbered to the left to miss a pothole, like an old lady lifting her skirts to dodge a mud puddle, and charged at a long, sunbaked rut. The whole car jumped violently as though it had slammed into a curb, and the jumble of skin-diving equipment in the back clattered and slewed about.

Sam Ferris muttered "Damn," and took a new grip on the wheel. The grove parted, the road widened, and the car crunched onto a broad gravel drive. He footed the brakes and jarred to a halt. The door he opened bore the paint-chipped legend:

UNDERWATER PHOTOC. INC. . . . S. FERRIS—
W. KNOWLAND

Sam stood for a moment staring up at the block

of a building hopefully named Hang Bay Hotel. The cove's peculiar charm was due not so much to this two-hundred-year-old limestone antiquity as to its lush surroundings. It was quiet, lonely, almost somnolent, with the palm-fringed coast throwing a wavering barricade before the ultramarine sea. In the distance, Jamaica's proud Blue Mountain jutted into the turquoise sky.

But the land meant very little to Sam. His kingdom was in the sea. He made his living out of lagoons, wrecks, fish, and he was a man with his eye on the next dollar.

Sam wasn't too impressed with the scenery or the aged Hang Bay Hotel. Against such palatial resorts

BY ROBERT EDMOND ALTER
PAINTING BY JACK HEARNE



"Sharks don't have brains — only
stomachs," Sam Ferris said. Until
he went out to match human cunning
against the **MONSTER
OF THE
MADREPORE**

They didn't have a chance. You can't fight a twelve-foot shark with a popgun!

The station wagon with the numerous smiles in its fenders and doors rattled belligerently through a brilliant green breadfruit grove toward the sequestered Hang Bay. The car lumbered to the left to miss a pothole, like an old lady lifting her skirts to dodge a mud puddle, and charged at a long, sunbaked rut. The whole car jumped violently as though it had slammed into a curb, and the jumble of skin-diving equipment in the back clattered and slewed about.

Sam Ferris muttered "Damn," and took a new grip on the wheel. The grove parted, the road widened, and the car crunched onto a broad gravel drive. He footed the brakes and jarred to a halt. The door he opened bore the paint-chipped legend:

UNDERWATER PHOTOG. INC. . . . S. FERRIS—
W. KNOWLAND

Sam stood for a moment staring up at the block

of a building hopefully named Hang Bay Hotel. The cove's peculiar charm was due not so much to this two-hundred-year-old limestone antiquity as to its lush surroundings. It was quiet, lonely, almost somnolent, with the palm-fringed coast throwing a wavering barricade before the ultramarine sea. In the distance, Jamaica's proud Blue Mountain jutted into the turquoise sky.

But the land meant very little to Sam. His kingdom was in the sea. He made his living out of lagoons, wrecks, fish, and he was a man with his eye on the next dollar.

Sam wasn't too impressed with the scenery or the aged Hang Bay Hotel. Against such palatial resorts

BY ROBERT EDMOND ALTER
PAINTING BY JACK HEARNE

MONSTER OF THE MADREPORE

CONTINUED

as the Tower Isle and Shaw Park, Hang Bay was negative in competition.

He knew something of the hotel: Harold Smiley—the name amused him—a widower, owned and operated the ramshackle resort with his daughter Toni, who was twentyish. Rumor had it that the place was on the rocks, and Sam, looking at it with a speculative eye, could believe it. So why had Mr. Smiley sent for him in a professional capacity?

The screen door swung open suddenly with a squeak of complaint, and a slim, tanned girl in rolled-up dungarees, man's sport shirt and sandals, stood in the doorway, smiling at him.

"Mr. Ferris?" she asked. "Mr. Knowland?"

"Ferris," he said. "My partner's in Kingston trying to get a contract. What is it you and your father have that's so important?"

The smile hesitated on her young face, then waned. She looked at him peculiarly and said, "You had better talk to my father about that."

He realized he'd offended her with his abrupt manner, but he didn't really care; she was just another girl. He wanted to get this nonsense over with and get back to Kingston.

"Well, where is he?" he asked.

As if in answer to his question a tall, stalwart, middle-aged man appeared behind the girl's shoulder. Sam shuttled his eyes over Mr. Smiley, recognizing that tragic look of the trained athlete gone soft or sick, and he vaguely remembered having heard that Smiley had once been an Olympic swimming champion.

"I'm Harold Smiley, Mr. Ferris. Won't you step in?"

"I don't have a lot of time, Mr. Smiley," Sam said. "What was it you wanted to see me about?"

The girl's gray eyes narrowed. She shot a fleeting glance at her father, then walked casually over to the veranda rail and stared at Hang Bay as if she were alone. She was pretty, Sam decided, following her with his eyes, but in a tomboyish way. He wasn't sure whether he liked that or not.

There was an awkwardness about Mr. Smiley's large body when he moved toward the railing. He seemed a little confused by Sam's abruptness. "I'm having shark trouble, Mr. Ferris," he said. "Two of my guests were out boating this morning. One of them went in for a dip, and as he was climbing back over the stern a shark came for him. Almost took his leg."

"Have you tried to do anything about the shark?"

"My daughter and I tried twice to hook him. We went out in the outboard, dragging raw meat on a line. Both times the shark took the meat and missed the hook." He smiled. "I'm afraid that shark has advanced intelligence," he said.

Sam grunted. "Sharks don't have brains—just stomachs. All right, so you want to hire me to catch him for you—is that it?"

Mr. Smiley nodded. "You realize, of course, if the word gets around that I keep a pet shark in my bay, my business will . . ." He shrugged.

"Yeah," Sam said dryly, glancing again at the quiet old building. "it would be terrible on your business."

The girl flared up instantly. "Our business may not be as impressive as *yours*, Mr. Ferris," she said warmly, and shot a meaningful look at his dented car, "but it's ours and we mean to keep it!"

"Toni . . ." Mr. Smiley murmured.

But Toni shook an ash-blond wave back from her face as though tossing a chip of wood over her shoulder, and said, "We're prepared to pay you three hundred dollars for your services."

Sam lowered his head, pulling a wry smile. "I don't think you mean to keep your place as much as you claim, if that's all you're willing to pay." He glanced at the bay reflectively. "Normally, I'd charge a thousand for a job like this." He looked at the girl and grinned. "But I'll let you have me for six."

Mr. Smiley shook his head slowly. "No. I'm sorry, but . . ."

Two little pinpoints of red sparked in the gray pupils of Toni's eyes. "We can't afford that!" she snapped. "You know it."

"Look," Sam said, his bantering mood gone, "you're asking me to go out and fight a man-eater."

Mr. Smiley shook his head again, his tanned features suddenly soft and tinged with a grayish color. "No, I'm sorry," he murmured. "But thank you for at least coming to see us." He turned and walked, tall and erect, back into the building.

Sam stared after him silently. He felt uneasy.

Toni came down two steps and leaned her face toward him. "Do you have any idea what it means to a man like my father to have to ask someone to do something physical and dangerous for him?" she asked, and, looking at her eyes, Sam realized she was near tears.

"Ten years ago," she said, "he would've gone out there alone . . ." She hesitated, touched the tip of her tongue to her lower lip, and looked away. "But his heart . . ."

Her voice vanished. They stood silently before the old limestone building, listening absently to the distant murmur of the outer reef. Sam rubbed at the back of his neck and frowned.

"Well," he said grudgingly, "you fix me up with a room for the night, and tomorrow morning I'll go out and take a look."

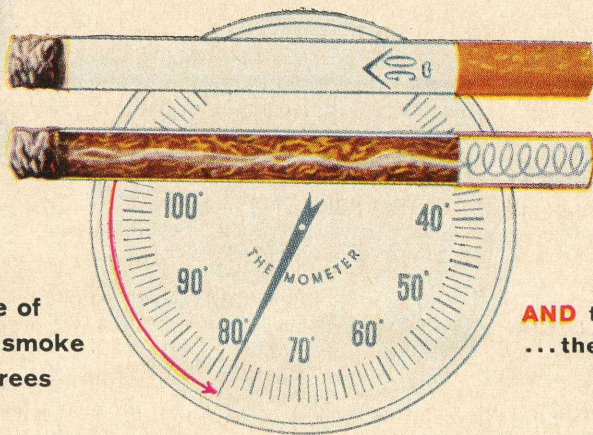
"We can't pay six—"

"I said I'd take a look," he snapped. "If I catch your shark, you owe me three hundred; if I don't, you owe me nothing."

He wasn't giving her a chance to thank him. He spun on his heel and tramped back to the car for his gear. He'd decided that he didn't like the girl, after all. She somehow had a way of making a man feel like a heel, and he didn't like that one little bit. . . .

In the bright, still morning, Sam and the girl stood knee-deep in the amber (Continued on page 66)

Old Gold Spin Filter spins and cools the smoke



Average temperature of
Old Gold Spin Filter smoke
is a pleasant 78 degrees

AND the cooler the smoke
... the better the taste!



© 1960, P. LORILLARD CO.

...the best taste yet in a filter cigarette

FIRST WITH THE FINEST CIGARETTES—THROUGH LORILLARD RESEARCH

1760 *P. Lorillard 200th Anniversary* 1960

TWO HUNDRED YEARS OF TOBACCO EXPERIENCE

"only he ain't gonna be around long enough to get to know it."

Bumbo is sitting on the floor, banging with his big tail, and I guess he's looking up at me through the wool over his eyes. It gives you a kind of spooky feeling because you can't tell who this Bumbo is looking at.

"Al says we'll split the reward," Mabel tells me, "whatever it is."

"Reward," I say. "For cryin' out loud! Somebody likely paid to get rid o' this elephant."

"It won't hurt to keep him for a few days," Mabel says. "The children like him, and we've never had a dog in the house."

"An' after we get rid o' this one," I tell her, "we'll never have another."

I have to step around this Bumbo to get to the kitchen table, and as I go by, he bumps his tail even more.

Joey says, "He likes you, Pop."

"I don't like him," I say. "That brother of mine is crazy as a loon, bringin' home an animal like this."

Joey says, "Bumbo already et, Pop, so he won't be eatin' with us."

"That's nice," I say. "That's real nice."

We just think Bumbo is not eating with us. No sooner does Mabel get the food set out, that Bumbo is up and he's got both feet on the table, and he stands higher than me sitting down.

I say to Joey, "Get this bum outa here. Who says he et?"

"He had a big bowlful of dog food,"

Mabel tells me. She pushes Bumbo down, so he sits next to me, and all through the meal, he's watching every mouthful. After awhile, I don't even know what I'm eating. You ever have somebody watch you eat like this, kind of peeking out around the wool over his eyes?

I notice the kids don't eat too much this meal, either, because they're both saving scraps for Bumbo, who likely ate twice as much as they did, already. So I put a stop to this right away.

"Any food ain't et at this table," I say, "goes in the garbage pail. We ain't givin' this flea bag any two-course dinners around here. He looks like he should be on a diet, anyway."

This much I'll say about Bumbo, though. He's a very friendly dog. After supper, he's rolling on the floor like a big horse, playing with the kids, and they're having a wild time with him.

I go into the front room and sit down in the easy chair and pick up the newspaper, and right away this Bumbo walks over and puts his head on my knee.

"Don't tell me he wants to read, too?"

I say. "For cryin' out loud!"

"He likes you, Pop," Joey says.

Mabel grins and says, "I think he has to go out, Manny, dear."

"Out?" I say. "So let him go out."

"I mean he has to be walked," Mabel explains. "Dogs have to be taken out, you know, after they eat."

"So let Joey take him out," I say. I

don't like the idea of walking this big brute up and down the block with all the neighbors looking on, and saying to themselves, how crazy can a guy get?

"I'm afraid he might knock Joey down," Mabel says. "He's pretty big, Manny."

"This is swell," I say. "A man works all day in the shop, an' then he has to come home an' walk a dog. All day I'm on my feet, while this bum is likely layin' down."

Mabel hands me the leash and I walk out into the street with Bumbo, and the kids watching from the window. Bumbo walks on ahead of me like he owns the whole block.

As I pass Joe Armbruster's stoop, he's sitting there reading a paper, and he looks up and he says, "For cryin' out loud! What have you got there, Manny?"

"Whatever it is," I tell him, "it won't be around too long."

Then I tell him how brother Al brought Bumbo to the house, and we're now waiting for the reward.

Joe nods like he knows all about dogs—which he don't, never having had one. He says, "You never can tell, Manny, boy. A dog like that could be worth a lot of money. I mean, with that wool over his eyes, an' all. Maybe he got away from some big estate somewheres, an' some old lady with a million bucks in the bank is cryin' her eyes out."

"Where is there a big estate in Brooklyn?" I ask.

Joe says, "You never can tell how far these dogs travel."

"This one," I say, "can start travelin' now, for all I care."

This is when brother Al zooms around the corner in his cab, whipping in toward the curb and nearly taking my elbow off. He pokes his head out the window, and he says, "How do you like him?"

"Like him?" I say. "I got to like him, too? Ain't it enough I'm takin' care of him for you, Al?"

Al gets out of the cab. He's a little, dumpy guy who used to be a welterweight boxer. He wears a leather cap on his head, which is getting pretty bald, and his shirt is open, showing plenty of hair.

"That could be a good dog, Manny," he tells me seriously.

"So what's he doin', walkin' around Brooklyn?" I ask him. "Don't tell me somebody left him in the back of your cab."

"Saw him on the street down near the hack garage," Al tells me. "No collar, no leash. Right away, I seen that wool over the eyes an' figure this dog's got somethin'. You know?"

"Yeah," I say. "Wool over his eyes."

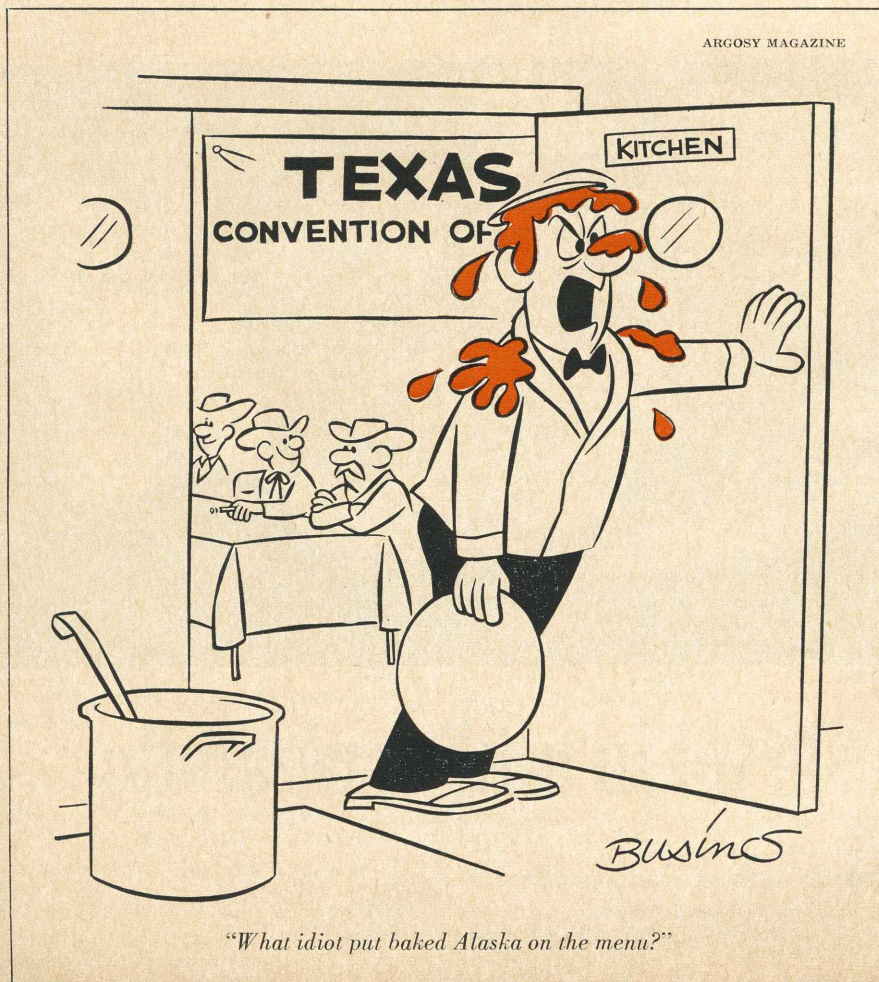
"Every cent we make," Al says, "we split it down the middle, Manny, boy. I'm watchin' the papers every day, an' when somethin' turns up, I'll let you know."

"In the meanwhile," I say, "this flea bag is eatin' us outa house an' home. He must of put away at least ten pounds o' dog feed tonight."

"It's a good deed," Joe Armbruster says.

"Okay," I tell him, "if it's a good deed, how's about you takin' this Bumbo?"

"I don't want to cut you out," Joe says right away, and then changes the subject. "I hope Johnny Cannon don't see him some



night when he's got a few under his belt. He'll think he's gettin' the d.t.s for sure."

So I walk this dog up to a vacant lot, and after awhile, I walk him back again, and he turns in at our house just like he's lived there all of his life.

"He's well trained," Mabel says when I bring him into the house.

"If he's so well trained," I say, "how did the big bum get lost in the first place? Maybe he's so smart, he's goin' around lookin' for a better home than the one he had."

My little Ruthie says she's going to bed, "I want Bumbo to go to bed with me."

"No dogs in bed," I say. "They're lucky they kin sleep on floors in this house."

So about three o'clock that morning, my legs are paralyzed as I'm laying in bed. I try to move and I can't move, so I figure right away, I got a stroke.

I shake Mabel and I say, "Baby, call a doctor. Get an ambulance. I can't move my legs. They feel dead."

When she puts on the light, we see this big Bumbo sleeping across my legs. How long he's been there is anybody's guess, but it's about a half-hour before I get any feeling back in my legs.

"Out he goes in the morning," I say. "Reward or no reward."

"He didn't know," Mabel explains. "Now he knows better. I don't think he'll do it again, Manny."

That morning, I go to work with Dave Rosenthal like I usually do, and he says to me on the bus, "I hear you got a valuable dog at your place, Manny. Somebody says he's worth maybe a thousand or so."

"Somebody's crazy," I tell him. "This mongrel Al picked up on the street, an' bein' punch-drunk like he is, he figures there'll be a reward for him. Nobody else would figure that way, but then nobody took as many right-hand punches as him."

"You could be lucky," Dave says.

That night, when Al drops in for supper like he does sometimes, I say to him, "Okay, where's the reward money?"

"Don't be crazy, Manny," he says. "This might take a little time."

"This Bumbo nearly give me a stroke last night," I say. "How much time you figure you need?"

"Maybe the people lost him don't know they lost him," Al says, which is the nuttiest thing he's said in maybe forty-eight hours. Anybody don't know when a dog this size is gone is blind as a bat.

"Just a few more days, Manny," Al grins. Then he scratches Bumbo's head. "Soon as I saw him," he goes on, "I wanted to cut you in on this, Manny."

"You kill me," I tell him sourly. "You kill me dead, kiddo."

It's not enough this big Bumbo lives at my house and eats more food than anybody else, and watches me eat, also, which makes me so nervous I don't enjoy my meals any more. Now this flea bag has to get us into trouble, yet, with the neighbors.

We got this new guy moved in, name of Meyerhoff, and he's got a big, fat hulk of a son, Joey's age, but about twice as heavy as Joey. The old man is built like a beer barrel with a head on it, bald on top, with a black mustache, and the kind of face you want to stick an apple in his mouth. You know what I mean?

So this Meyerhoff kid, who goes by the

HUNTER'S TRANSPORTATION

By E. M. MARSHALL

PLENTY of fine hunting grounds are difficult to reach, and you cannot depend solely upon your legs to get you there. But be sure to make certain your method of transportation doesn't carry a fine, because some states legislate against not only your carrier, but also how you treat it.

If you hunt ducks from an airplane, give Colorado a wide berth, because the law forbids this. In Wyoming, it is unlawful to use a plane when hunting wild horses unless you first obtain a special license.

There are penalties attached to the use of horses and mules. If you are going to be out after midnight in Pennsylvania, ride or drive a mule, because here they insist that horses must be in before twelve p.m. To ride your horse in the waters of Chesapeake Bay, within the city limits of Norfolk, Virginia, is forbidden by law. And make sure you hold onto the reins when you are driving in Kansas, because if you don't, you'll be fined.

Don't put a cowbell on your mount while in Tahoe City, California, and don't lead, ride or drive the beast along any street in Columbia, Missouri, unless you want to pay for the privilege.

To tie your broomtail to a fireplug in Helena, Montana, or to drive it into a tavern anywhere in California are two more taboos of the legislatures of those states.

Although mules may be sure-footed enough for the worst trails, to use them can subject you to fines. You mustn't hunt ducks on mule back when you're in Kansas. Mules are often ornery, yet don't let anyone see you kick yours while you're in Arizona, because here such treatment is forbidden, just as the Texans forbid you to set a fire under a mule.

If you own a hippopotamus, leave it behind if you go to California, for Los Angeles forbids you to have one in your possession.

Using a motorboat in order to bang away at rabbits will make you easy prey for the Kansas police.

Don't put roller skates on your tired feet when in Quincy, Massachusetts, because that makes you a lawbreaker.

And if you drink too much liquor while waiting for game, remember that the only vehicle Kansas law permits you to operate on the public highway when you're tight is—you'll never guess—the lowly wheelbarrow!



name of Hans, is playing with our kids in the yard and Bumbo is there, so all of a sudden, the kid claims he's been bit and he goes running home, yelling blue murder.

Joey says they were rolling around on the ground with Bumbo in among them like the big oaf he is, and this Hans must have cut his hand on a piece of glass or a tin can or something. This I'll go along with, myself, because Bumbo, no matter what you might say about him, is not a biting dog. He is so friendly, I notice even other dogs don't seem to bother much with him.

That night, when I come into the house, Mabel says right off, "Mr. Meyerhoff was up here, Manny, and he wants to know are we going to pay for the visit to the doctor.

It cost five dollars to have the boy's hand cleaned and bandaged."

"Five bucks!" I yell.

"Bumbo didn't bite him," Joey says. "Hans rolled on a piece of glass, an' he thought it was Bumbo."

"That's not all," Mabel tells me. "The doctor has to find out now whether Bumbo has the rabies, so you have to bring him down to the vet tonight."

So what with one thing and another, it looks like this big Bumbo is going to cost me about nine times more than I'll ever get from him as a reward.

I pay Meyerhoff the five bucks, and it costs me more dough to have Bumbo checked for rabies, which he don't have. Even if he has them, he's not the kind of

dog would pass them on. He is much too good-natured.

I get brother Al to take Bumbo down to the vet in the back of the cab that night, and on the way, he says to me, "No luck yet, Manny. I been watching the ads in all the papers."

"The only luck we'll ever have," I say, "is if this Bumbo takes it into his head to run away again. An' it can't be too soon for me."

"This thing should break any day," Al assures me. "I got a friend o' mine askin' around. It's that wool over the eyes. This dog could be worth a fortune, Manny, boy."

"Maybe he just needs a haircut," I say.

So I got this fat Meyerhoff going around the block telling everybody my dog chewed up his poor little kid, and how maybe I ought to be put behind bars—this even after I give him the five bucks to shut him up.

"I'm goin' down there some night," I tell Mabel, "an' punch that dumb kraut right in the nose."

"Don't get yourself excited," Mabel tells me. "It's not worth it."

"Excited?" I say. "Who's gettin' excited? I'm just payin' out the dough, an' happy to do it 'cause I got so much."

We're sitting in the front room, and Bumbo is on the floor between us, his head between his paws, and I guess listening in on the conversation.

"He's really a nice dog," Mabel says. "It's just too bad, Manny, that we can't find his owner."

"We don't find his owner by tomorrow," I say, "he goes to the pound."

"There can't be many like him," Mabel says, "and he's really a nice dog."

"If he was payin' board," I tell her, "instead of just eatin', I might like him, too."

"He likes you," Mabel smiles. "Haven't you noticed it, Manny?"

I notice it the next night, for sure. I come home from work, and this big, over-stuffed elephant comes charging down the hallway to meet me when I step inside the house. He's so happy to see me he jumps up on my chest and nearly knocks me down the cellar steps.

"He's tryin' to get rid of me now," I tell Mabel. "He wants to be the boss."

In a way, he is like one of the family. Every night when we sit down to supper, he sits down, too, and puts his feet up on the table.

"Off with the feet," I tell him, so he sits next to me and watches me eat, every mouthful, as if I were taking it out of his plate. A dog like this could drive you to the nut house quick enough.

I say to Mabel, "He's got the evil eye on me. He keeps this up 'an I'll be squirrel bait. You know that?"

Mabel laughs. "It's your imagination, Manny. Bumbo is really a harmless dog."

When she says this Bumbo starts banging his tail on the floor again just like he understood every word—and likely he does. This animal is a panhandler if ever I've seen one.

So a week goes by, and then another week, and still no owner turns up with the thousand dollars reward for Bumbo.

Al keeps saying that any day we'll hit it; that his friend, Moe Aaronson, has been asking around wherever he can, and Moe has a way about him.

"Anybody finds out who owns this dog, it'll be Moe," Al says, grinning.

"So what's Moe doin' it for?" I ask. "He's a dog lover?"

"Moe gets ten per cent of our take," Al explains. "Ten per cent o' mine an' ten per cent o' yours."

"Ten per cent o' mine!" I yell. "For

cryin' out loud, I didn't ask no Moe Aaronson to help me find the owner."

"You want that reward," Al points out, "Moe is the boy will get it for you."

So now we got this Bumbo split three ways just like a prize fighter, and we still don't know whether he's worth a plugged nickel or not. It's like we got our money on Bumbo and he's coming into the home-stretch, and we wonder how much he's going to pay off.

Every night I come home, he nearly pushes me down the cellar stairs, he's so happy to see me. He don't put his feet up on the table no more like he used to, and Mabel says he's getting trained, which is very good. People shouldn't put their feet up on tables, any way you look at it.

This Moe Aaronson has been on the case four-five days and he hasn't turned anything up, and I'm beginning to think that brother Al has been mistaken about Moe being a hawk-eye, and then one night, Al drives up in the hack. He comes into the house with a kind of scared, funny smile on his face.

Mabel puts out a cup of coffee for him, and apple pie, because he says he's already et. I say, "What's the good news, Al? You find out Bumbo belongs to the Vanderbilts or the Rockefellers?"

"Neither one," Al says. "He belongs to Louie Klipholtz."

"Louie Klipholtz?" I say. That don't sound like no millionaire.

"How much is Louie payin' for this hound?" I ask Al.

"He ain't payin' nothin'," Al says. "It looks like he don't even want him any more. Manny. Louie runs the junk yard a block or two from our garage, an' he says this big hound, name of Andy, has been ruinin' off so much, to hell with him. Anybody wants him can have him."

I look at Al. "It's the same dog?" I ask. "What about this wool over the eyes, an' all that stuff?"

"It's the same dog," Al says glumly. "Moe Aaronson don't make no mistakes."

I say to this big Bumbo lying on the floor, "Andy?"

He lifts his head right off, so I know there's no mistake.

"I'm out five bucks to this Kraut, Meyerhoff an' his blubberhead son," I tell Al. "I paid another five bucks to the vet to see about the rabies, an' I been feedin' him like a prince for pretty near three weeks. So, okay, that's it. Tomorrow, you take him to the pound, Al."

That's when my little Ruthie lets out a wail and runs away from the table like somebody was sticking her with pins.

I look at Joey. "Eat your supper."

"I ain't hungry," Joey says.

"So eat it anyway," I tell him. "Stuff it down. This is only a dog."

I notice Joey don't eat much more, and even Mabel doesn't have much of an appetite tonight.

"For cryin' out loud, you'd think we're losin' our best friend," I say.

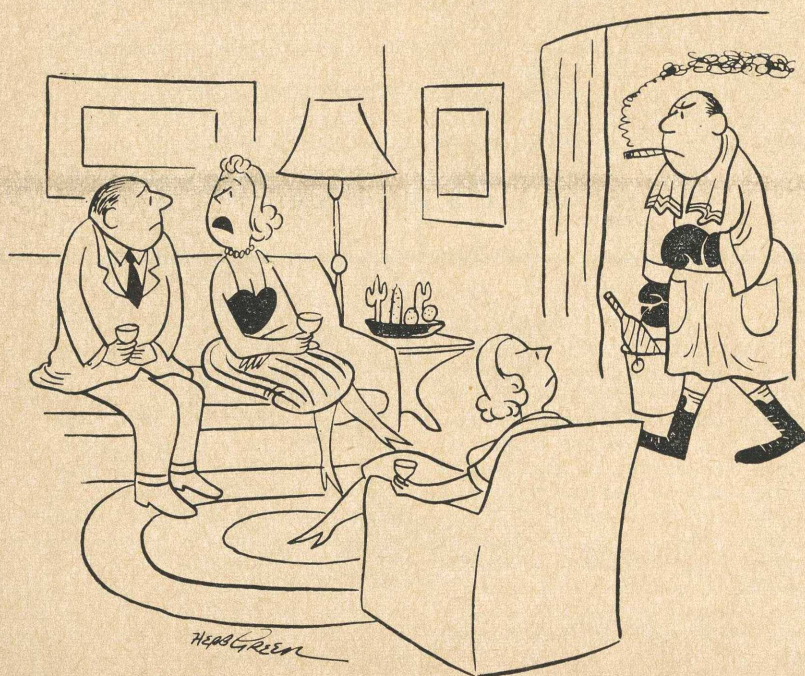
"Maybe we are," Mabel says, and then she goes in to see Ruthie.

"He ain't a bad dog," Al says.

"You," I say, "you brung him. It was your crazy idea. You pick up a dog on the streets of Brooklyn an' you figure he's worth a million bucks."

"It was that wool over the eyes," Al

ARGOSY MAGAZINE



"I thought you two were having a friendly argument."

mutter. "That's what got me, Manny. The wool over the eyes."

"He pulled the wool over everybody's eyes," I say. "That dog's smarter than a human bein'."

"You can say that again," Al agrees.

So he has his orders to stop by sometime tomorrow and pick up Bumbo and take him to the pound.

At the breakfast table the next morning, nobody talks to me. The only friend I got in this house is Bumbo. He puts his feet up on the table and he looks in my face.

"He likes you, Pop," Joey says.

"Get down, you bum," I tell him.

Little Ruthie won't talk to me.

Mabel says, "You don't have to go about this like you're selling a bag of potatoes."

"So how should I go about it?" I ask her.

"Where else could this animal go but the pound. Louis Klipholtz don't want him; Al can't keep him, an' we don't want him."

"All right," she says. "All right."

"We don't want him, do we?" I ask.

"All right," she says grimly. Which is what kind of an answer?

So I go to work with Dave Rosenthal, and on the way I say to him, "Today, the monster goes."

"So he wasn't worth no hundred thousand dollars," Dave says. "So easy come, easy go. You didn't have it, and now you're going to lose it easy, Manny."

"It's not as easy as that," I say. "Them kids of mine are crazy about that fleabag, an' Mabel likes him, too. We get rid o' the dog today, an' I go in the doghouse tonight."

So all day I'm working in the shop. I feel lousy. It looks like this Bumbo has fouled up my whole life. Jake Garfinkle, who works on the loading platform, says to me, "So where's the laughs, Keefe? Where's the jokes?"

"What am I, a clown?" I ask him. "Can it, Garfinkle."

I'm thinking about this Bumbo, too, how every night I come home and he's bounding down the hall and pretty near knocking me down the cellar stairs, he's so happy to see me. Who has ever been that happy to see me before? And he always sits by my chair at the table. Not Ruthie's, not Joey's. Mine! And I don't like the bum.

You kind of remember, too, how he walks along when you take him out on the leash, not pulling like crazy, like some dogs you see, but walking along nice and easy, like a gentleman, like he knew where he was going.

So about noon, I'm feeling pretty blue about the whole crazy business. This Bumbo, you understand, is a panhandler. He likely talked brother Al into picking him up because he was tired of living in a junk yard and wanted to live with respectable, high-toned people.

Garfinkle says, "Let's see that old smile, Keefe. Don't be a sourpuss. Show them big, white teeth."

"Shaddup, you bum," I tell him.

I go home that night and I'm nearly knocked down the stairs again by Bumbo, who is so glad to see me he could drop dead. I go into the kitchen and I find the family getting ready to eat. The kids are pretty quiet. They're just looking at me, and they look at Bumbo when he takes his place next to my chair in order that he can watch every single mouthful that I eat.

STIMULATING!

that's the word for

PINAUD LILAC VEGETAL

After Shave Lotion

the famous skin bracer with the
wonderful "wake-up" tingle

STIMULATING! That's Pinaud Lilac Vegetal... the exhilarating
after shave lotion! Treat yourself to its refreshing
"wake-up" tingle every morning. Pinaud soothes, cools,
refreshes—heals tiny razor nicks fast! And—
its satisfying he-man scent will please you (and her).

Use Pinaud, too, as an invigorating body rub
after showering. A wonderful way to start the day!

75¢ and \$1.00 plus tax



PINAUD

PARIS • NEW YORK • TORONTO



"Al didn't come," Mabel says. "He must have gotten tied up somewhere."

"Likely somebody wanted to go up to Yonkers," I say, "an' Al got lost. You take that guy outa Brooklyn an' he's a real dead duck."

I look at Bumbo and he starts to put one foot up on the table, and then he looks at me through the wool over his eyes, and he takes the foot down again.

"So nobody's hungry tonight?" I ask. "I work all day like a dog to provide food for my family, an' nobody eats it."

"Leave them alone," Mabel says.

So all of a sudden we got a divided family on account of this Bumbo.

"I guess," Mabel says, "Al can take Bumbo to the pound tomorrow."

So little Ruthie lets out a wail and starts to get up from the chair. "Siddown," I say.

She sits down, but she wails some more, and then I see this big tear rolling down Joey's cheek. He's not eating, neither. The only one at this table who looks like he can eat is Bumbo, and he's already had his supper, about ten pounds of dog food.

"What a family," I say.

"All right," Mabel snaps.

"You want to keep this dog?" I ask her, and it's the first time I really put it to her point-blank.

She looks at Bumbo, and she says rather slow-like, "The children do like him, Manny, and he's been no bother at all. Even the food. I buy that dried dog food by the bag, and it doesn't cost much. He's very gentle with the children, too, big as he is."

"Pop," Joey says.

"Whadda you want?" I ask.

"Let's keep him, Pop," Joey says. "He's a good dog."

I look at Ruthie and I look at Joey and I look at Mabel, and then I say, "Well, I don't wanna be the only killjoy around this place. If everybody wants him here, we'll keep him."

"We can keep him!" Ruthie squeals, and then she's hugging me, and Joey is grinning, and even Mabel says, "He's a good dog, Manny."

So after supper, the kids go tearing into the front room with Bumbo, and they're rolling on the floor, and Mabel says to me, "Have some more coffee, Manny, and there's more pie."

"Why not?" I say.

"Maybe you'd better call Al," she says, "and tell him he won't have to come tomorrow, after all."

"I don't have to call him," I say, "I called that guy about noon today. He didn't have no fare goin' to Yonkers. I just told him not to come around."

She's staring at me now. "Manny, you like him!" she says. "You like Bumbo, too!"

"Don't be crazy," I say.

Then this Bumbo comes out and he puts his head on my knee, and I say to him, "Take a walk, you bum."

He looks up at me through that wool over his eyes, and you can swear this dog is smiling!

"Manny, you're a dear," Mabel says softly. "You really are."

So now we got a dog in the family. He ain't a prize dog, even if he's got this wool over his eyes. He's just a dog, name of Bumbo, a kind of family dog. You know what I mean?

water of the bay, loading his gear into a rowboat—fins, weight belt, knife, peripheral-vision mask, and two, two-tank-block lungs. Sam hefted a shiny CO₂ gun and smiled confidently.

"If your friend's still out there," he said, "he won't be for long. Not after papa Sam hits him with junior here."

"Sure of yourself, aren't you?" Toni said caustically.

Sam shrugged. "Sure enough. Hop in. I'll row."

But she hesitated. "Sam, let me go down with you," she said. "As a pro, you should know it isn't safe for one man to dive alone."

"I also know—as a pro—that it isn't safe to take a silly college girl along with me. You'll stay in the boat. And you can do us both a big favor by keeping your mouth shut; otherwise, you'll probably scare the shark off before I can get a shot at him."

The red pinpoints were back in her eyes again. "You're not the only skin diver in the sea, Sam Ferris," she snapped. "I've been under before. I have equipment—"

"Where have you been under? Here in the shallows with a snorkel?"

"I've—"

"All right, all right, save it. I've got a shark to chase."

The boat knifed out into the center of the placid little bay and scuttled crabwise as Sam slewed it about to peer over the gunwale. The reaching coral walls formed large, vivid rooms in this courtyard of Neptune, and they flickered with fans, sea whips, staghorn and purplish clumps of madrepore. The depth, he judged, wasn't much—five or six fathoms.

Ready, the face mask up on his forehead and the lung-mouthpiece bobbing on its hoses before his chin, he grinned at Toni.

"A buck says it's nothing more than a six-foot blue with a curiosity."

He let go from the stern, dropped two fathoms, then leveled off and began finning across a wide belt of lush weed. He made the mental transition from the above-water world to the underwater world almost instantly and settled into secondary normalcy.

He slowed his pace, moving leisurely over a petrified forest of lemon-yellow staghorn, peering ahead into the blue-green vista of the opaque distance. Girls, he decided, were whacky creatures—angry enough to slap you one moment, frightened witless for you the next.

Something wavered on his starboard. He rolled his head and looked. A fat parrot fish wobbled away from him. Chances were that Smiley's frightened guest had seen nothing more than a nosey bass, he thought. People had funny ideas when they were in water, saw things in their minds and they exaggerated.

The bottom of Hang Bay was one of the most attractive settings he had ever seen. It would be a good place to shoot a film in—calm, shallow, good lighting. Perhaps if he and Bill Knowland landed the Starmark Incorporated contract . . . He grimaced. It was all right to put on a front for outsiders, but he couldn't kid himself; he and Bill needed that contract. Things had been slow. . . .

A fat-bodied, crimson goatfish crossed his line of vision. He forgot about the contract and finned after the fish. The goatfish moved away suspiciously, edging toward a maze of coral niggerheads. Sam went off at an angle, cut back. The goatfish stalled, watching the diver with round, glassy pop-eyes. Sam slipped in closer and the fish started to move out.

Twam! The bright harpoon quivered

into the water, brittle and deadly, and went through the fish like an arrow through cardboard. A thin stream of purple-colored fluid hazed the turquoise water. It was what Sam wanted. He retrieved the harpoon, reloaded the gun, hooked the dead fish on the swivel barb and started finning again. He trailed the gun, letting the blood from the fish form a dark wake behind him, looking back from time to time to see if he'd picked up any scavengers. Nothing.

He glanced at his wrist watch. Eight thirty-five. He'd been slogging around for half an hour. This was like a holiday—and that's all it would be if he didn't find Joe Shark. An unpaid holiday.

A high, corrugated parapet rose before him like the side of an ancient fortress. He angled upward, coming to a halt just above the rim of the rotten wall. A great, open room, vivid and mysterious, alive with opaque shafts of filtered light, spread beneath him. He looked intently at the shadows, at the movement of weed. Far in the distance, a wide V-breach appeared in the wall of the color bowl. A long, slim silhouette was hanging in the very apex of the slot. The distance was too great; he couldn't tell what it was. It could be . . . it looked as if it could be . . .

He fin-kicked and started forward. The spear gun clunked, scraped across the coral rim. He raised it without looking, humped over and darted downward.

He skirted along the sandy floor, touching from time to time with his free hand to check his progress. The elongated silhouette was in shadow. It was impossible to determine what it was. He cut in closer, swinging the gun around in his hand. He glanced at the tip. The dead goatfish was missing. All right, it wasn't important; he'd brushed it off when he scraped the gun over the coral lip.

He came in obliquely, aiming the gun—then stopped. The silhouette was a large fan-shaped madrepore, or coral, growing out of the sea's bottom.

Sam stared at it for a long moment, feeling slightly foolish. He didn't usually let coral play tricks on him like that. Well, he told himself, *don't hang here like an idiot—go after the shark*. He turned and flipped back across the submerged room to the high coral wall.

He came up at nine-five, and Toni rowed over and helped him aboard. He sat for a moment in glistening silence, looking at the quivering surface of the bay, then peeled off his equipment.

"Did you see him?" she asked finally.

"No." He stripped the fins from his feet and threw them into the bottom of the boat. "Hand me my shirt. I have some smokes in it." He paused, then added, "Please."

He lighted a cigarette and they stared at each other. He noticed, for the first time, a fine spray of freckles across her nose. But why should he care?

"No, I didn't see him, but the darn thing stole my fish," he said suddenly. Then he explained how he had been dragging the goatfish around hoping the blood would bring out the shark.

"Are you sure it was the shark, Sam?"



"And now our guest speaker, whose subject will be 'How to Conduct a Profitable Business in Your Own Home.'"

"What else could it be? The only fish I saw down there were all little guys. I don't understand why I didn't see him." He checked himself as an unpleasant thought pushed through his anger. *The shark must have been tailing you all the time, somewhere back in the shadows.*

He looked at Toni. "What did you say about skin-diving gear?"

"Dad keeps some for the guests. I use it every so often. Of course, none of it's as elaborate as *your* outfit." She hesitated, seeming to understand that he wasn't in a bantering mood. "We have three half-hour lungs, all full; none of the guests have used them."

Sam glanced shoreward at the old building. "How many guests do you have?"

She looked at the water, stroked an oar idly. "Five, right now."

"Five," he repeated.

She came back on the defensive. "Well, we'll have more. A club has rented the hotel for a convention for all of next week. That's why it's so important for Dad that we get rid of the shark be—"

That struck him wrong. "Look," he snapped, "I'm doing my best. I can't help it if . . ." He let his voice trail off. She was just sitting there watching him with a funny expression. He turned away, looked at the bay again. What was wrong with him? What was he so het up about? It was only a fool shark.

"I didn't mean to be rude," he said quietly. "I'm a little on edge. It's just that I don't like the idea of that damn fish tailing me without my knowledge. We'll bring your gear along next time. This may take longer than I expected."

"How about some lunch?" she said.

"Okay," he muttered.

But once they were in the hotel, sitting at the lunch counter, he found he had no interest in food. He didn't like the pussy-foot manner of the Smileys; he felt that they were coddling him. He couldn't even get an argument out of the girl—and that was a switch. Finally he pushed his sandwich aside and settled for three angry cigarettes instead.

No," he said to Toni, when they were sitting once again in the boat. "You're not coming with me. I only brought your equipment along in case I use up my air. I don't want to run back to town this afternoon to refill my cylinders."

"But, Sam—" there was urgency in her voice—"I could cover your wake. Please, Sam. I don't feel right about this shark."

"Listen," he said sharply, "this is my job. It's what I'm being paid for. I'm not an amateur, you know. I'll get him this time. So stop worrying about it. It's only a shark, for heaven's sake."

He glanced at his watch, then back at her. He didn't like the way she sat there watching him with those big, gray eyes, the spray of freckles standing out in a more defined profusion across her nose.

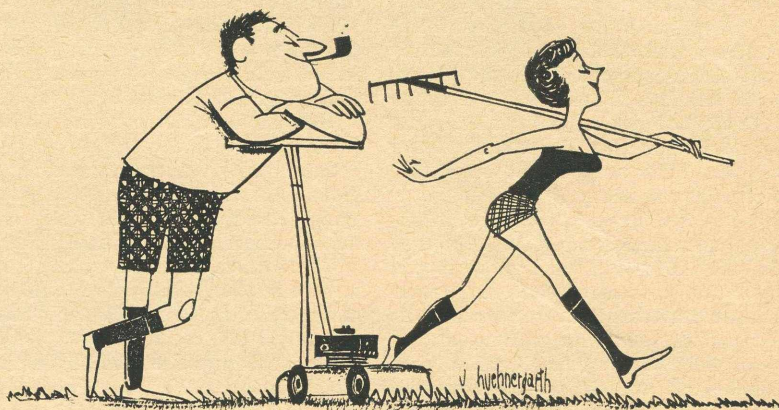
"I'll use up this lung at about twelve-ten," he told her. "Then I'll surface and take one of your tanks."

He lowered himself over the stern and looked at her. "Stop sitting there like a frightened spook," he said harshly. "There's nothing to worry about." He took the mouthpiece and let go.

Fool girl, Sam thought. *She acts as if I was a kid taking his first jump into the*

CLOTHES TALK

BY GERALD McCANN



Shorts make sense in summer. That's the reason they are getting more popular every year. So much so that even senior citizens who have developed a paunch are no longer self-conscious when they wear them to mow the lawn, putter around the garden, play golf, sail a boat or drive down to the supermarket.

We've come a long way since Don Budge refused to wear tennis shorts because he didn't like the looks of his hairy legs, though he admitted that his flannels stuck to his knees and collected four pounds of sweat during a match. But it seems to me that a lot of men could pay more attention to the fit of their shorts—and if some of them could see themselves from the back, they probably would.

It's not unusual for a man to ask a salesman for his waist size and have the shorts wrapped up without even trying them on. He wouldn't do this if he were buying a pair of slacks; he'd have the bottoms turned up to the right length, and the back seam taken in or let out, if necessary. Since few men past their twenties have the kind of build they once had—or would like to have—and since shorts tend to expose this fact, a little effort as to fit seems worth the trouble.

I'm glad to say we've got away from the English idea of walking shorts so wide that "you stand in the middle of them." There's no question that these are cool, because they allow free circulation of air, but they make most men's legs look spindly. The best of our current shorts are moderately tapered, though not tight, and look better with the short socks that we prefer to knee-length stockings because they're cooler.

As to lengths, two are very popular: the "Bermuda," which stops just above the kneecap, and the "Jamaica" which is about an inch shorter. The first usually looks well on men of more or less regular proportions, and the latter is recommended for men whose legs are on the short side. Shorter shorts (except those used for swimming or tennis) are apt to look too much like underwear.

When you're standing straight, the bottoms should be level with the ground, not hiked up at the sides or in the middle. A bulging belly or a fat behind can throw the bottoms out of line. So if your spouse offers to hem them for you, make her use a yardstick and measure from the floor.

As to fabrics, chino, in tan, charcoal and olive, is well thought of. So is Indian madras. Striped cotton seersucker is a runner-up. Linen isn't much in demand because it wrinkles quickly, but dacron-and-cotton is very good because it resists wrinkles, stays crisp, is wash-and-wear and comes in good plain colors.

Since walking shorts are no longer a novelty, the fashion fanatics have laid off and no longer try to promote them for city wear, where they are impractical. What's the percentage in cooling your knees when you're wearing a jacket, a tie, a hat, and long stockings? Let's try to forget about the freaks that wore shorts with dinner jackets.

This summer, you don't see as many men wearing shorts at suburban cocktail parties. When they want to dress up a little, they pull on a pair of slacks. During the day, lightweight, short-sleeved, open-necked sport shirts (woven or knitted), or T shirts are functional because your purpose is to keep cool.

Now for footwear. Neat nylon socks and city shoes look lousy, make ankles look like pipe stems. Bulky, athletic socks help to balance the bulk above and, furthermore, absorb sweat. Loafers are fine when you're not very active, but sneakers make you more sure-footed when you're working on a boat or jockeying a power mower.

If you want any information about men's clothes, just write to me here at ARGOSY, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York.

YOUR CLOTHES ARE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT YOU!

deep end of the pool. He sank heavily, jackknifed, and angled down near the bottom, looking. *All right, you sneaky, shopping-basket of a fish, show yourself!*

He skirted the staghorn forest. It was sparkling vividly in the jutting streaks of sunlight. Nothing there of interest, only small, colorful reef fish disporting themselves like a flock of tropical birds flitting over an Amazon jungle. He had to laugh when he thought of Toni again. She had even brought along an antiquated spear gun in the hope that he would let her follow him. This was his business. He knew what he was doing.

He skimmed across a weed bed, undulating with the casual grace of a hula dancer, arched over a coral rampart and dropped into a sunken courtyard, rock-ribbed and sand carpeted. He touched the marled bottom from time to time—an underwater habit, giving him contact with the earth—and started when a squirrel fish, chattering in fright, cut in front of him. He swore soundlessly.

What's your beef? Calm down. It's only a little squirrel fish.

Suddenly he was aware of a subtle premonition, a mysterious force warning him of a new presence. His blood chilled. The sensation was as intangible as will-o'-the-wisp. He looked down, seeing his own grotesque shadow on the gray-green sand. There was another shadow, too, far-cast and obscuring a part of his.

Sam rolled frantically, dragging up the CO₂ gun, back-finning.

A tall spray of thick, gnarled madrepore spread above him, throwing fantastic designs against the distant silver whorl of the sun-struck surface. And there was nothing else.

He couldn't believe it. He finned up-

ward, cleared the crown of the madrepore and looked right and left suspiciously. A wall of coral ran off at crazy angles into the blue gloom and he followed it to a deep, India-ink gorge. Something could have fled along that obscure avenue, something fast, sleek and silent.

For a moment, he had the absurd feeling that he was fey. He turned, hitch-kicking indecisively along a new course, his eyes sharp and wary behind the oval lens.

Was he tailing the shark, or was the shark tailing him?

Sam broke the surface cleanly, like a gloved fist cracking through a thin pane of glass, settled back in the water, spat out the mouthpiece and called, "Toni!"

The girl scuttled the rowboat to him and he grasped the gunwale with his free hand and hung there, taking natural air in full gasps.

"Ran out of air," he said, finally, his tone almost apologetic.

Toni said nothing—just gave him a hand.

He sat for a moment panting, staring at the floorboard, then motioned toward his shirt. She fumbled in his pocket, found a match and cigarette, lighted it and handed it to him. Then she coughed.

She laughed nervously. "I don't smoke."

Sam dragged deep on the cigarette, staring at her. She was sitting very stiff and still on the hard thwart, staring back at him. He scowled and turned away.

"I didn't find him," he said finally. "But he's down there—I'm sure—dogging me."

"Sam . . ." but she stopped as his eyes cut at her sharply.

He looked her over carefully, studying for the first time the two-piece bathing suit of a tropical print, greatly faded and much used, but nicely filled.

"No, Toni," he said quietly. "I'm not

taking you with me." What was it about the freckles on her nose? Were they growing more vivid, or was her face losing its tan? "I'm on to him now," he said, his tone and the set of his face almost suggesting an appeal. "I know how to handle him now."

She waited a moment, not looking at him, then nodded. "All right, Sam. You know best."

The water seemed colder to him the third time. Perhaps it wasn't the water but something in his back—a sensation like an unseen shadow. He shivered. *Now don't go off the deep end over this thing, he warned himself. You're bound to find him this time. You know he's here. But where? Where is the damn . . .*

All right, he'd get to work now. He'd fool the sly old dad yet. If the shark liked bleeding fish, Sam would see that it got some. He'd pick off a couple of reef fish, plant them in a coral arena and stake out somewhere behind the madrepore and wait. Yeah, that was the ticket. But the monitor of his mind was unhappy. *What if it doesn't work? What if the fathead doesn't come?*

He'll come. He's got to. Smiley and Toni depend on his coming.

He tailed a scoop-jawed porgy across a wide expanse of flat, pitted coral, the gasp and gurgle of his exhaust valve sounding a muted, weird note in his ears; and he paused suddenly, feeling for the corrugated bottom with his free hand.

A shadow moved in the distance, vague but visible. Weed? Light reflection? Fish? A small hump of coral rose out of the pitted floor and Sam flattened himself behind it, then raised his head slowly to look again.

A quick, snakelike motion whipped in the corner of his vision. He gasped, tried to roll clear—too late. A conger eel, knifing out of a coral hole, snapped its teeth-studded jaws into his left wrist.

Sam dropped the CO₂ gun—heard it clunk and clatter quietly away—and grabbed for his sheath knife. Again too late. The conger, its starboard eye bright with mad ferocity, withdrew into its black hole, dragging Sam's arm flush against the coral floor.

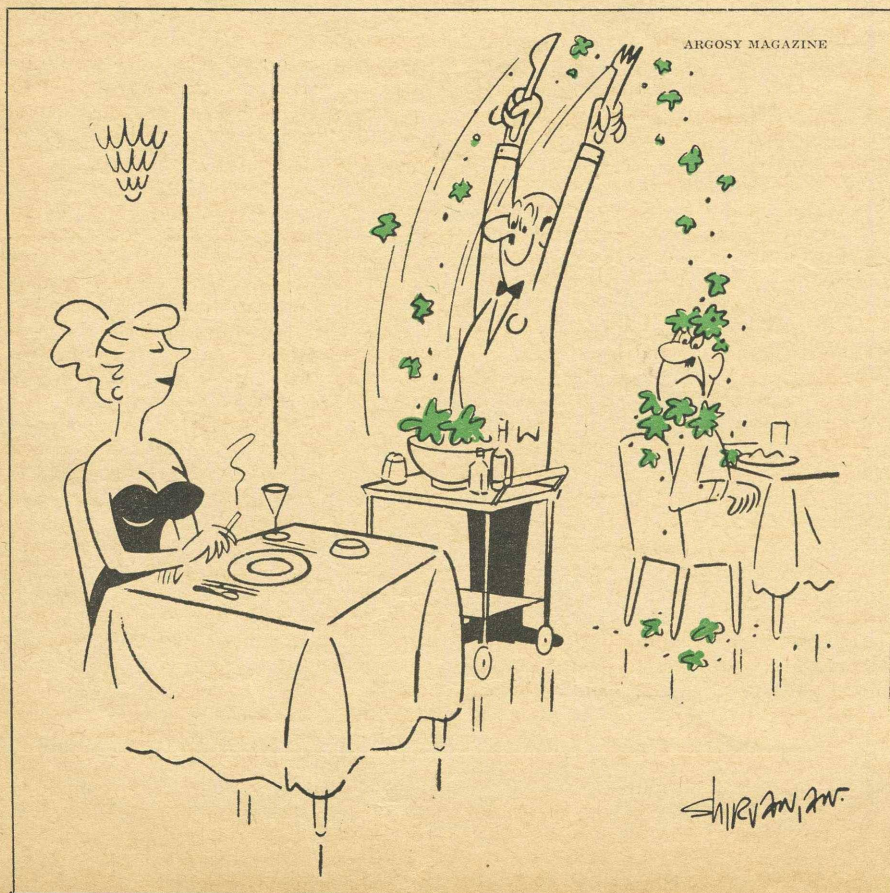
For a wild second he pressed the panic button and tried to wrench himself loose. The wrist wouldn't budge. Chained. He relaxed, knowing it was futile. Ten strong men couldn't free a conger from its hole. He could cut the eel's jaws out of its head, later pry the jaws from his wrist. But it would take time and he didn't have much of that.

He pulled back and looked at the eel's eyes again, hating it. Then he relaxed and waited, trying to forget about the shark and about the air he was using up, concentrating on the feel of the conger's jaw. The eel was like a bulldog; it would try at the opportune moment to dart forward for a better hold.

He looked up again . . . and for a moment forgot to breathe.

It wasn't just a six-foot blue with a curiosity. It was a twelve-foot white with a mean, hungry eye.

This time, it wasn't just the suspicion of a dread idea or the passing of an intangible shadow. It was all shark, hanging sleek-bodied and swollen in the silent water,



pectorals extended, watching him with a round, glassy eye.

For a moment, Sam couldn't believe it, didn't want to accept fact. He tugged at his wrist. He looked frantically about for his gun. It had slid barb-first down the far side of the coral rise. He could see the butt sticking up five feet away. He set the knife aside and finned cautiously forward to the end of his leash, straining. His stretched fingers fell short of the gun-butt by four inches.

The shark's graceful tail fanned the water sullenly and it glided forward, canting down at a slight angle. Everything in Sam stalled. The shark's pectorals spread and it drifted to a complete stop. It hung there, three yards above Sam's head, glassy-eyed, its dark back alive with dapplings of light-pools.

You're out of it, Sam told himself. He's going to whack you in two.

But the white shark flipped its tail and began turning in a slow, tight circle, as though sizing up the situation. Sam panned his head.

Maybe he'll go away. Maybe he's gutless. No, the sonofabitch isn't gutless. I couldn't get a break like that.

At the approach of the shark, Sam felt an almost imperceptible movement in the conger's jaws, an almost infinitesimal change in pressure, possibly due to the eel's wariness of the white above. He jerked his arm violently inward, feeling the snag, tear and grab of the sharp teeth.

He shoved upward as the conger snapped fruitlessly in the water at the hand that was no longer there.

Sam was free . . . but the wrist was bleeding and the water around him was staining a deep purple.

He looked up. The shark still glided about circling gracefully. *Get the gun before the big bastard hits you.*

He finned desperately over the coral rise and was confronted with a dark honeycomb of crevices and pits. So where was the furshlugginer CO₂ gun? Nosing face-down over the rotting coral, the white hanging over him like a cloud, he peered into the small fissures and spotted something that gleamed dully.

He reached in and kept reaching—past wrist, elbow, still more—and then touched the butt. He leaned in to his armpit, walking his fingers down the butt, trying to get a grip.

The blood from his wrist was everywhere in the water.

Sam's fingers tried for the gun butt; the fingers felt as if they were made of wood. *You're out of it, he said helplessly. He's going to whack you in two.*

The white settled down over him slowly.

Then something was coming at them, finning obliquely down through the bay's blue filter, cutting the pale spectrum. Sam looked and began shouting distorted sounds into his mouthpiece.

It was Toni, that fool girl! She was coming in at the shark with her spear gun. It was a gimmick of stainless-steel tubing and surgical rubber—dandy for hunting bass, but not worth a damned hoot against a white shark.

Don't do it, Toni. My God, don't do it!

He heard the *twooom* of propulsion, saw the bright steel dart into the water, and then the shark's underslung mouth popped



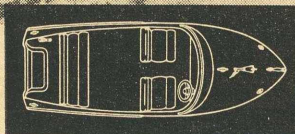
**FAST... SAFE,
INEXPENSIVE**

NO MAINTENANCE

*the
Fairchild
Flyer*

F-150-D

Family Cruiser



SPECIFICATIONS: Fairchild Flyer

... F-150-D; LOA 15' 2" —Beam 66"

—Depth 34" —Weight 420 lbs. Flo-

tation: Total, Foam—9½ cu. ft.—

Max. HP: 50. Windshield, steering

(wheel cables, pulleys, guides in-

stalled), bow and stern lights, vinyl

covered front and rear seats, bat-

tery rack, self-bailer, stern cleats,

bow cleat, bow chocks, bow handle,

bow eye, flag and staff included.

FAIRCHILD FLYERS *aero-dynamically designed*
BUILT BY FAIRCHILD

Speed of a ski boat, yet comfort for the whole family. Fairchild's new process produces hull designs never before possible—these boats of seaplane proved aluminum alloys stronger than steel. Total foam flotation, completely equipped, the F-150-D is so light two men can lift it. Mass produced on the aircraft assembly lines at Fairchild, the F-150 series only \$625 to \$884 . . . at your boat dealers. Guaranteed 5 years!

open and its muscled body humped into a giant C, twisted, shot down, barely missing him, and skimmed off, bucking from side to side.

"Hide!" he shouted ineffectively. "Get behind the madrepore!"

Toni looked at him blankly and pointed at the crevice that had swallowed his arm. He caught her by the hand, pulling her down, and glanced over his shoulder. The white shark was clearing a weed bed, riffling its surface with its mad thrashing.

He's going to come back, Sam said, madder than a wet hornet because she pinpricked him. All right, you gutless wonder, so he'll come. What are you going to do about it? He tried for the gun again, straining until the coral razored his armpit.

Toni touched his shoulder, then pointed. Sam looked up. The shark was gliding back, coming as relentlessly as death, the small harpoon jutting from its starboard flank. Sam stood on his head, pressing his body down as he fin-kicked, and his fingers worked around the gun butt.

He snatched the gun up, wobbling into a half-crouching position on the bottom, holding Toni behind his tank with his left hand. The shark's mouth was a great, tilted V, inset with hundreds of bright, jagged dentures, and it came at them like a wind tunnel, trailing out a hazy band of blood. Its eyes had the insane look of an eagle swooping on its prey.

Sam leveled the CO₂, leaned back, and said, "Here goes everything."

He let the shark have it just below the tip of the blunt snout. It was the best shot he'd ever made.

They went up together, hand in hand.

And when Sam looked down again, he saw the great white shark twisting helplessly through long, ragged streaks of dark rust. Hang Bay's curse was gone forever.

He might have told her that she had nearly gotten both of them killed by hitting the shark with the toothpick gun, but he didn't. He put a cigarette in his mouth and wrapped his shirt around his wrist.

"Thought I told you to stay up here," he said. "Why did you come after me?"

Toni's eyes lowered and she shrugged her wet shoulders. "I don't know, really. A feeling I had about you. You were too cocksure when you first went down, too angry the second time, and"—she looked at him—"the last time you seemed downright desperate. When you left the boat, I suddenly knew you were going to get in trouble." Her eyes lifted to meet his.

He nodded, then lighted the cigarette. Nothing had ever tasted better. She was right; he had approached the situation in three wrong frames of mind. Failure had been inevitable.

He smiled. "Well, you and your dad don't owe me a cent. I never charge people when they try to save my life." He looked across the quiet bay to the old, stained hotel. "If we land that contract I was telling you about, I think I can fix it for us to film the underwater shots here in your bay. It would swing a lot of business toward your father."

He looked at her, studying the faint line of freckles on her nose. "Think I might be able to keep my old room?" he asked her, still staring at those freckles.

Toni smiled, reaching for the oars. "Yes, Sam, I think that can be arranged." • •

to numbed bodies. The on-rushing Rebels, stumbling in the half light over the little white tents of the dead, knocked the bodies out in the open, and they lay there, arms and legs twisted and stiff, unseeing eyes staring at the carnage of death around them.

Captain Hillyer had three prisoners of war. He showed Grant a knapsack with the remark, "These Rebs sure eat well."

Grant opened the knapsack and saw a pound of cooked bacon and hardtack.

"Have Colonel Smith attack on the right of the fortification," he told Captain Hillyer. "These are rations for an army on the march. The fools started a break-out and changed their plans. All their troops are on the right side of the fort."

Colonel Smith attacked. Only a skeleton company was defending the right of the fort, and the Union men got inside. Grant, gathering what men he could, closed the break in the Union lines.

The Confederates were in a trap. General Floyd and Pillow fled, leaving General Simon Bruckner in command.

Bruckner had no choice but to ask General Grant for terms.

"No terms except unconditional surrender," was Grant's reply.

The next morning, 17,000 Rebels marched out of Fort Donelson to lay down their arms in surrender.

That pound of bacon in the Confederate soldier's knapsack gave the North its first clear-cut victory and made the unknown Grant a national hero. His name was on everybody's lips, but nobody seemed to know anything about him. Even President Lincoln had to make inquiries of the War Department concerning him.

Congress voted Grant a major-generalship. Newspaper men worked overtime, writing features about this amazing general who, in one day, had captured an entire Confederate Army.

But Grant was to learn that fame can be an unhappy asset in the Army, without friends in the high military oligarchy. While shouts of praise for Grant resounded throughout the North, General Halleck sat in his headquarters in Cairo, Illinois, nursing humiliation and bitter anger. His hatred of Grant had the sullen fury of a woman scorned. Halleck was a little man with an oversized head, an officer of the old school, arrogant and conceited. To his prim military mind, the dress and bearing of an officer was far more important than winning a battle. Grant, with his sloppy enlisted man's uniform, his unbuttoned jacket, his awkward, shuffling walk was a danger to everything Halleck stood for.

Halleck had had a sinister motive in agreeing that Grant could make a limited offensive against Fort Henry and Fort Donelson. There was no doubt whatever in his mind that an officer like Grant could never win a battle, and a blundering defeat would give Halleck a chance to get rid of this undesirable.

News of the victory at Fort Henry left Halleck stunned and bewildered. It was incredible, utterly impossible, but Halleck was taking no chances on Grant's covering himself with more glory, so he sent the order to remain at Fort Henry. Grant's answer was the capture of Fort Donelson.

Halleck sputtered and screamed, but his hands were tied. Taking action against a hero because he had disobeyed an order and won a great victory required more courage than Halleck possessed.

But there were other ways to get rid of Grant. Grant went to Nashville, which was in his department. That is, it was until Halleck heard about the trip. A few strokes of Halleck's pen and Nashville was no longer in Grant's area. Halleck wired General McClellan, Union Commander in Chief, that Grant had disappeared and was probably drunk. McClellan, steeped in the West Point tradition, answered, "Generals must observe orders as well as private soldiers. Do not hesitate to take action against Grant, if the good of the service requires it."

Grant was at Fort Henry when he got the wire relieving him. He wept as he read it. Grant was a man who wept easily. This was one of the contradictions of his complex personality. Under a rough and sloppy masculinity was a broad feminine streak. This showed itself in his shyness and his modesty. During the war when officers and men bathed as best they could, in the open and in groups, Grant would retire to his tent, fasten the flaps and bathe alone. An obscene word or an off-color story, would cause him to hurry away. He was never heard to use profanity.

A psychiatrist would probably find plenty in his childhood to account for these peculiarities. Grant's mother was a religious fanatic, who never spoke ten words to him as a child. When neighbors rushed in with the news that her two-year-old baby was under a horse's hoofs, she continued her washing, showing no concern. Grant lived in fear of an overbearing father. His playmates taunted him because he looked like a girl and laughed at his tears. They nicknamed him "Useless." Adults looked on him as not too bright.

It was only natural this lonely child would develop a zoophile complex, the inordinate love of animals over humans. Horace Porter, who was on Grant's staff in the Battle of the Wilderness, told how Grant saw a sergeant beating a horse and had him punished with twenty lashes. The next day, Grant lost 30,000 men at Cold Harbor. He showed less concern for this than he did for the ill-treated horse.

Yet Grant was not unkind to those around him, and if anybody showed him friendship, he clung to that person with a childlike intensity. Colonel George Bolton was an ineffectual little man whom everybody ignored, but he liked the lonely Grant. When Bolton was thrown from a horse and killed, Grant was inconsolable.

Grant's father got him appointed to West Point. At the Academy, Grant excelled in horsemanship. He didn't do as well with his studies, graduating near the bottom of his class. He served without distinction as a quartermaster lieutenant during the Mexican War. After the war, Grant married Julia Dent, daughter of Colonel Frederick Dent, a southern gentleman in St. Louis who looked on his son-in-law with much the same scorn as General Halleck did.

Grant was assigned to duty at frontier

posts of the Northwest. He spent eight years there while his wife and children lived in St. Louis. Grant lacked the sophistication to adjust to the grim boredom of those posts. He drank heavily, as did all officers. In 1854, at Fort Humboldt in California, Colonel Buchanan, a stickler for the niceties expected of an officer, asked Grant to resign.

Grant found civilian life rough going. He failed as a farmer and in everything he tried. His father, angry because he had left the Army, refused to help until Grant was practically a bum on the streets of St. Louis. Then the elder Grant sent him to Galena, Illinois, where two other sons operated his leather store.

Grant's wife and four children lived on his brothers' sufferance. They let Grant fend for himself. To hide his humiliation, he started drinking, begging nickels and dimes to buy whiskey. He became a town character, the butt of cruel jokes, and his childhood nickname, "Useless," was revived.

Then came the firing on Fort Sumter. Galena raised a company of volunteers, the Jo Daviess Guards. As Grant was the only man in town with any military knowledge, he was allowed to drill the company, but nobody thought of making the town drunkard an officer.

April 25, 1861, was a day of glory for Galena. The Jo Daviess Guards were marching to entrain for Springfield and the war. Flags were waving, bands were playing, women were weeping. In the rear of the Jo Daviess Guards came Grant, carrying a dirty carpetbag, wearing a patched suit and a battered hat. He shuffled along, eyes on the ground. A town wit saw him and yelled, "Hey, Useless, you going to war, too?" The crowd laughed. Grant never lifted his eyes as he shuffled toward the setting sun and into one of the strangest and most enigmatic military careers in our history.

In Springfield, nobody was interested in his services. He went from office to office, always turned away with few apologies. Finally, Governor Yates gave him a job marking lines on sheets used for payrolls. Grant decided to return to Galena. Then the accident happened that was to change his life. Colonel John Goode, commander of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers, broke his leg in a fall from his horse. His regiment was made up of incorrigible farm youths. No officer wanted to command it. Governor Yates remembered the man called Grant, who was a graduate of West Point. He offered him the regiment and Grant accepted.

Using regular army tactics, Grant whipped those youngsters into well trained recruits. He and his regiment were sent to Missouri, where Grant would have spent the war years had not Congressman Elihu S. Washburne wanted some brigadier generals from his district. Through a mistake, his clerk put Grant's name on the list for promotion. So Grant became a brigadier general and was sent to Cairo, Halleck, and Fort Donelson.

Grant, a confused and bewildered man without friends, stood on the bank of the river at Fort Henry to watch his army

march south. He didn't know that he had one friend—President Lincoln. Lincoln cared nothing about the dress of an officer. His only yardstick was whether the man could win a battle. When the report of Grant's relief reached Lincoln's desk, he sent an order to Halleck to put Grant back in command. This sent Halleck into another screaming scene. (He always screamed when he couldn't have his way.) He waited ten days before wiring Grant to resume command of the Army of Tennessee at Pittsburg Landing, a hundred miles south of Fort Henry.

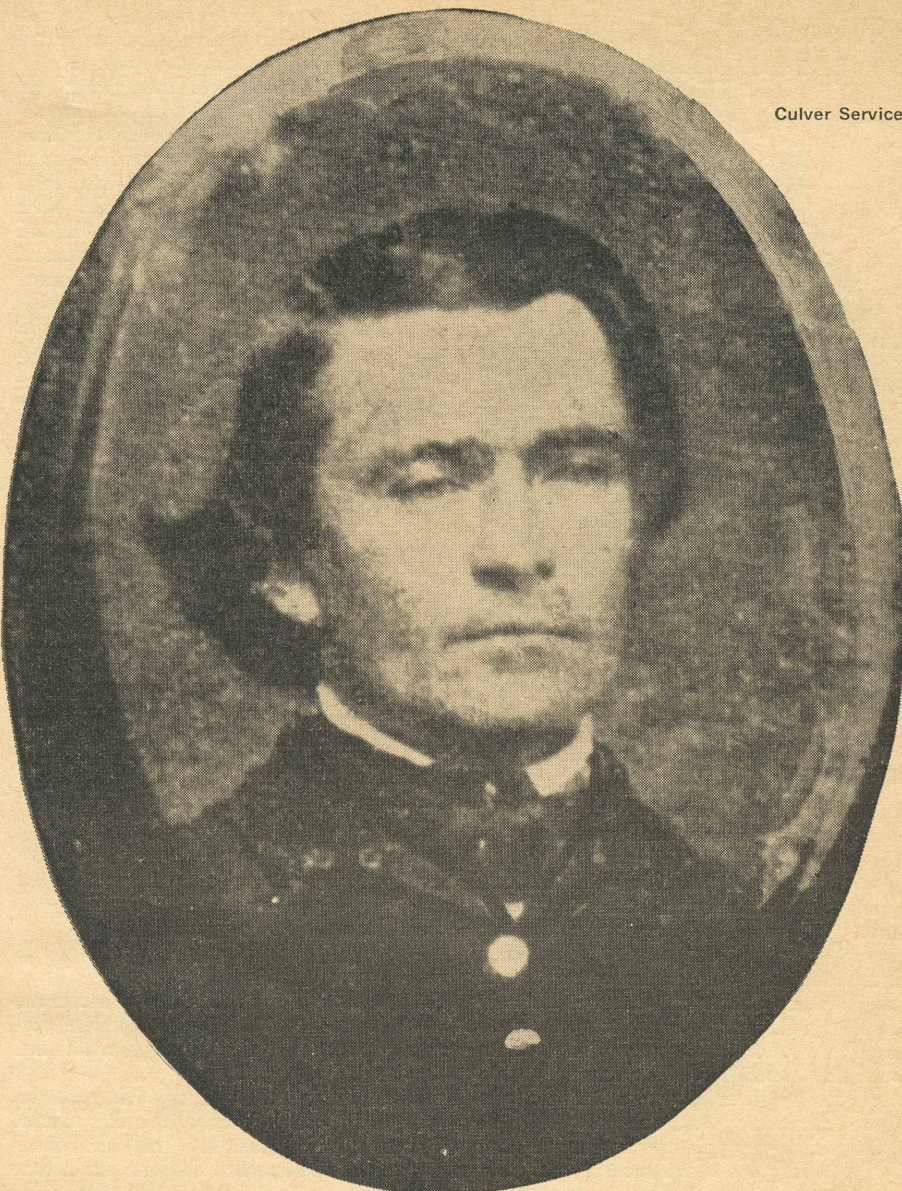
The day Grant joined his command, the newspaper stories, formerly complimentary, suddenly changed. Veiled hints crept in. Was Grant drunk at Fort Donelson? Was the legend of the pound of bacon pure myth? The source of this change could be found in the messages Halleck sent to McClellan after Grant had been reinstated. The first wire claimed that he (Halleck) had it on good authority (the authority not given) that Grant was drunk on the morning the Confederates attacked at Fort Donelson. Other charges followed. Halleck made no attempt to keep the contents of the wires from the newspapermen.

These innuendoes simmered until the Battle of Shiloh. This was the spark that set off the vilification campaign against Grant, which for sheer viciousness and fury had few counterparts in our history. The echoes have come down through the years to form the popular opinion of Grant as a stodgy and slovenly little man, not too smart, a confirmed drunkard, a general who won battles only because he had overwhelming forces, a military leader who, compared to Lee, was a fourth-rater.

The Battle of Shiloh was a confusion of blunders, heroics and bitter accusations. Grant had 38,000 troops at Pittsburg Landing. General Albert Johnson, the Southern general, was at Corinth, twenty-one miles below Pittsburg Landing, with 41,000 men. Halleck vetoed any attack on Corinth, and Grant soon learned that Halleck had done a good job of tying his hands. The colonels and majors assigned to the army were loyal to Halleck and took orders only from him. The intelligence men also reported only to him.

On April 5, 1862, a horse stumbled and fell on Grant's leg. His ankle was sprained, and he crossed the river to Savannah for treatment. As twilight fell over the Union lines, a strange phenomenon took place; out of the woods came thousands of rabbits, small deer and other wild animals. The cause of this—a body of men moving through the woods—was obvious to everybody but Halleck and his army intelligence. No extra sentries were posted and no precautions were taken for an attack.

The next morning, Grant sat at breakfast in a Savannah hotel, his sprained ankle resting on a chair. He knew nothing about the flight of the wild animals out of the woods. A low, rumbling sound floated across the river, like the roar of faint thunder, increasing into a din of booming cannon and musketry. Grant was out of the chair, hobbling painfully with the aid of a crutch. He got across the river to find the chaos of his troops worse than at Fort Donelson. Soldiers were in wild retreat. Young farm boys, throwing guns and knapsacks away, their frightened faces streaked



Culver Service

As young officer, Grant was shy, girlish, embarrassed by rough language. CO at first permanent base in Fort Humboldt, California, demanded resignation for heavy drinking, sloppy conduct.

with dust and gunpowder, were fleeing for the river.

Grant hobbled to one officer after another, getting the story of the attack by the Rebels at dawn. The regiments in the rear, not caught unawares, were fighting back, but there was little they could do to stem the Rebel attack. General Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," arrived from Grump's Landing with 5,000 troops.

Grant threw them into the battle. They were too few to make much difference, and by nightfall, Grant's army was facing complete collapse. Officers pleaded with Grant to retreat.

"I never retreat," he answered. "We attack at dawn."

All through the night, Grant moved around on crutches, directing officers to form as many companies as possible from the stragglers. Word reached the Union lines that General Albert Johnson was dead from a gunshot wound. General Peter Beauregard took over the command of the Rebels. A desk general, he was cautious and afraid of action. He countermanded Johnson's order to attack at dawn.

General Don Carlos Buell arrived on the

scene with 5,000 troops, the vanguard of his army. Even with these, Grant had a sorry-looking group of men to throw against 40,000 rebels, but he had one advantage: Beauregard and the Rebels would never dream anybody would be foolish enough to attack with such troops.

Dawn broke and with it came the charge of Grant's men. They caught the Rebels by surprise, drove a wedge through their lines, then turned to smash each half of the divided army. By noon, Beauregard ordered a retreat to Corinth.

"GLORIOUS VICTORY AT SHILOH," said the headlines in the Northern papers on April eighth. Grant was again a hero. The newspapers praised him as a "courageous, silent man . . . a brilliant leader . . . our great hero." On April twelfth, more information came in about the battle. The tone of the newspaper stories changed. Horace Greeley thundered in his New York *Tribune*, "Let us have the facts. . . . A shameful retreat. . . . Why does General Grant not tell us the truth?"

John C. Ropes, the noted military expert, wrote, "Grant was no use whatever in the battle." As a military authority,

Ropes was a god to the other newspapermen, who followed his lead. He was a close friend of Halleck, and became the evil genius behind the campaign against Grant. Within a few weeks, Ulysses S. Grant, the hero of Fort Donelson, became, in the public's mind, a shambling incompetent. Republican politicians rushed to Washington to plead with Lincoln to get Grant out of the Army. Lincoln was adamant. He said, "Gentlemen, I can't fire an officer who wins battles."

Halleck had expected Lincoln's decision and had prepared a master plan to get rid of Grant. With Ropes beating the publicity guns, Halleck announced he would personally take command of the Army of Tennessee. In the field, Halleck was a comic-opera general. His troops moved at a snail's pace, advancing one or two miles, and then stopping to throw up fortifications. They would remain behind the breastworks for several days and then advance another two miles. It took Halleck six weeks to cover the twenty-one miles to Corinth. When he got there, he learned that Beauregard and his army had left a month before.

After this demonstration in the field, Lincoln kicked Halleck upstairs by calling him to Washington to become a military adviser, and then, to the mortification of Halleck and the high brass, and to the furious indignation of Northern newspaper editors, he appointed Grant commander of the Union forces in the West.

A clue to Grant's peculiar military genius can be found in his mental processes. His thoughts always ran outward toward the material he could see and understand; never inward to the abstract. Faced with this, he was slow and heavy, often sluggish, but against the background of physical forces, his personality underwent a Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde transformation. He became dynamic, sure of himself, with flashes of startling brilliance.

He lacked the personal magnetism of a Lee or a Napoleon. He moved among his men, an unromantic and unimpressive figure. Many of his men didn't know him, and to those who did, it seemed incredible that the little man with the unbuttoned jacket could be a great military leader.

Grant saw clearly the military aspects of the Civil War. His plan of crushing the South was simple: Forget about Virginia until control of the Mississippi Valley had been assured and Atlanta captured. This would cut the South in two, outflank Lee and Virginia. While Grant was at Springfield, he wrote this plan in a letter and sent it to Washington. A clerk pigeonholed it and nobody ever read it.

The key to the control of the Mississippi was the town of Vicksburg. It sat atop a 200-foot bluff. In front of it, the Mississippi made a hairpin turn, forming two wide channels. To the north and south of the town, the yellow, muddy waters overflowed into deep and impassable swamps and morasses. Behind the high bluff, nature had formed a perfect Maginot Line of deep ravines, caves and steep cliffs.

In 1861, Vicksburg was an impregnable fortress. All military experts agreed any attack on it was foolhardy and suicidal. Grant moved his headquarters to Memphis and began to lay plans to capture this fortress, but as he studied the defenses,

the picture was black enough to have discouraged any other general who might have found himself in a similar position.

Grant was fortunate in the generals he had on his staff. There were the unpredictable Sherman, the hysterical Sheridan, the dour McPherson, the profane Logan and another officer, the dark-eyed and belligerent John A. Rawlins, Grant's chief aide, a former lawyer in Galena, who had a weird influence over Grant. More normal generals would have balked at the insane idea of attacking Vicksburg.

The newspaper campaign against Grant went on unabated, guided by the skillful hands of Ropes and abetted by Halleck's fury. Grant's drinking became the main

Through the crowded jet airliner rang the words that lie at the core of every pilot's most hideous nightmare—

BOMB ABOARD!

Don't miss this exciting, suspenseful story of a potential airline disaster by ARGOSY's most popular aviation-fiction writer, Frank Harvey . . .

in a coming ARGOSY

target. If he had consumed one-tenth the whiskey credited to him, he would certainly have been in a state of continuous intoxication.

Charles Halpine, correspondent for the New York *Herald*, concocted a story about Grant's drinking that has long been a favorite with drunkards. Halpine wrote that a committee of clergymen called on Lincoln to demand Grant be discharged from the Army because of his drinking. Lincoln is quoted as telling the clergymen that if they could find the brand of whiskey Grant drank, he would order a barrel of it for each of his generals. Lincoln denied that any such interview took place, but it was too good a story to die, even if it was pure, unadulterated fiction.

Drinking in both armies was a scandal that never reached the public. Officers went into action soaked with whiskey, and after a battle, the troops would lie in a drunken stupor for days. The drinking orgies in the camps and the antics of the officers were historic. General Logan, when in his cups, would parade around stark naked, except for a high hat perched on his head.

Grant drank, but there is no record that it ever interfered with his duties. He always drank alone, in the solitude in which he seemed to live. He would go to his tent, drain glass after glass, and, as he got drunk, he would start sobbing. Nobody ever went near him during these awful crying jags.

Chickawaw Falls, north of Vicksburg, was the only spot where an army could come out of the swamps on solid ground. Grant sent Sherman there with 32,000 men, to engage the enemy while Grant

marched overland to the rear of Vicksburg. The two armies were too far apart for quick communication. Sherman attacked too soon and his men were thrown back with heavy losses.

Grant saw the folly of any overland attack. His army became canal diggers, bridge builders, wood cutters. They worked waist deep in mud and water, called themselves "the Beavers," and boasted that they soon would grow tails. Plan after plan to get within striking distance of Vicksburg failed. Grant conceived the wild and fantastic idea of changing the course of the Mississippi. This might have been accomplished had not flood waters swept away the painstaking work of the engineers.

The flood played havoc with the camps and supplies, leaving a thick layer of stinking mud over everything. Cholera and smallpox broke out. The condition of Grant's men was deplorable.

The fury of the newspapers in the North rose to a new height. Grant was called such names as "murderer," "drunken assassin," and "stupid incompetent." Murat Halstead wrote in his Cincinnati *Gazette*, "Our noble Army of the Mississippi is being wasted by the foolish, drunken, stupid Grant. . . . He is an ass. . . . There is not among the whole list of retired major generals a man who is not his superior."

Ropes pulled no stops in his build-up against Grant. Letters from enlisted men filled the newspapers. How many were legitimate is a question. This one from John Philips, Twenty-first Ohio Volunteers, is a sample: "The soldiers laugh at the little man who looks like a bum and is drunk all the time; it is terrible that such a man holds so many lives in his stupid hands. . . . We wonder when another drunken mistake will cost the lives of thousands."

President Lincoln sent Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, to Grant's headquarters to report back on what was really happening. Dana spent a month with Grant's army. His report not only gave Grant a clean bill, but he became the first member of the administration to be won over to the importance of the Mississippi Valley in winning the war.

Spring of 1863 arrived. Grant was still on the west bank of the Mississippi. He stood on the heights behind his headquarters at Millikin's Bend and looked across. For two miles along the east bank, Confederate cannon covered every inch of the river. The Confederates had additional protection; barrels of tar were at the water's edge to be lighted if the Union armies made any night attempt to cross the river.

A plan formed in Grant's mind. It was so daring that Sherman was shocked and protested vehemently against it. McPherson called it pure suicide. The profane General Logan termed it "God-damned insanity."

On the night of April sixteenth, the darkness hung heavy over the black waters of the Mississippi. A mass of black objects detached themselves from the riverbank and moved out into the current like huge water bugs. When they got near the middle of the river, a lone Confederate cannon belched a flash of orange red, and before

the roar of the explosion died out, hundreds of cannon were exploding. The barrels of tar were aflame and buildings were set on fire on the Confederate side.

The night was bright with a yellow glow that made the black objects on the water visible for miles. Ahead of them were seven squat, ironclad turtle gunboats. Behind came river barges, with twenty feet of cotton bales on their deck, and hugging close to these barges, hidden by the bales of cotton, were river steamers with Grant's men crammed below deck like sardines. One cannonball will sink a steamer and kill hundreds. The soldiers lay on their bellies, afraid to breathe, wondering when death would strike. The leading gunboat, *Benton*, was hit. It exploded in a deafening roar and disappeared.

The night became a ghastly inferno. The earth vibrated from the thunder of 200 cannon. Barges were hit and the splinters spread over the waters. Cotton bales floated everywhere. Human bodies appeared in the water. Some were struggling, but most were dead. The flotilla of death nosed closer to the east bank. Soldiers leaped from the steamer and ran ashore.

When dawn broke, the surface of the river was a mass of debris. But Grant had won his desperate gamble. Twenty thousand troops were on the solid ground south of Vicksburg. True, their position was as precarious as it had been on the steamers; they had only three days' rations, no artillery or cavalry; to their left, in Vicksburg, was General John Pemberton with 60,000 Rebels, and to their right, General Albert Johnson, with 20,000 men, was speeding from Jackson to attack Grant's rear. But they were *there*.

Within two hours, Grant's men had captured the shore batteries, thus making it possible to bring supplies across the river.

General Pemberton, old and cautious, waited two days before coming out from behind the fortifications of Vicksburg, and when he did, he brought only 30,000 soldiers. Before he knew what was happening, Grant attacked his flank, tearing the Rebel army in two. Then Grant whirled around, and attacked General Johnson's army of 20,000 troops, sending them reeling back. In five battles, Grant captured 6,000 prisoners, 100 cannon and a large amount of supplies.

Pemberton fled behind the fortifications of Vicksburg, and Grant clamped a ring of steel around the fortress. It held out until July first. Then Pemberton hoisted the white flag.

Grant had accomplished the impossible. He had captured the impregnable fortress of Vicksburg.

This victory raised Grant to a high plateau of fame where the buffeting winds of vilification barely touched him.

He was called to Washington. In that city of military pomp, Grant was a ludicrous figure in his enlisted man's uniform and his unbuttoned jacket. Yet Lincoln invited him to the White House, and when he left, he had been recommended for Lieutenant General and was Commander in Chief of the Union Armies.

On May 4, 1864, Grant crossed the Rapidan with an army of 150,000 to meet the indomitable Robert E. Lee on Virginia soil. Lee was a gallant soldier, a

relic of the old days of chivalry, a romantic figure whose heroic sentimentalism caught the imagination of the world and still holds it. In limited engagements, Lee had the genius of a successful college football coach, but his military strategy seldom went beyond this. His one attempt to invade the North ended in disaster at Gettysburg, a battle many military experts now contend Grant would never have lost.

Lee had run roughshod over such Union generals as McClellan, Hooker and Burnside. His tactics had been simple. Across the Rapidan was an area called "The Wilderness," a rough, hilly country without roads and where cavalry and artillery could not maneuver. Lee would let the Union generals cross the Rapidan, and then his men would attack the Union flank and send the army reeling back across the river.

These were Lee's tactics against Grant. He attacked on the second day, and with the advantage of the rough terrain, left Grant's army hopelessly defeated at nightfall. Then he retired, certain that Grant would retreat back to Union soil.

Grant didn't retreat. He gathered the remnants of his army and moved south, going around Lee's right flank.

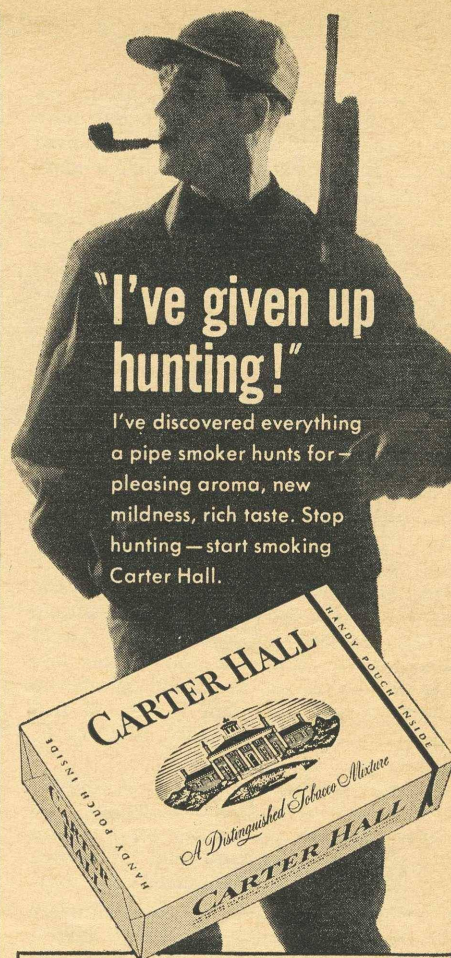
Lee caught up with him at Spottsylvania. Again the two armies crashed head on. Grant had the worse of the encounter, but that night, his army moved south again, around Lee's flank. This was to become known as Grant's "sidling" tactics. Day after day, the two armies met, but always at night, Grant moved a few miles closer to the outer fortifications of Richmond.

The losses on both sides were heavy, but those for Grant's army became appalling. When the news of these reached the North, the public was stunned. The newspapers took up their cry against Grant, calling him "the mad butcher." Grant pushed on with a bull-dog tenacity, getting closer and closer to Richmond. He reached the outer defenses on June second. The death knell had sounded for the South. Grant's advance to Richmond was only one prong of his offensive; he was carrying out the plan he had written back in Springfield and which nobody read. Sherman was in front of Atlanta and the South was cut in two.

Lee saw the handwriting on the wall, begged Jeff Davis to move the capital of the Confederacy farther south. This was heresy to Davis, and Lee had to accept his refusal. Defeat for the South was on the horizon. It came in April 9, 1865, in the McCain home at Appomattox, Virginia. The proud and aristocratic Lee surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant, the man who only a few years before had been the town character of Galena, a down-and-out, begging dimes for whiskey.

A few years after Appomattox, Lee wrote about Grant, "He possessed that mentality that makes great generals. . . . When the bitter jealousies of the war shall have been forgotten, history will have to accord him his proper place as one of the great military leaders of the country."

In recent years, many authorities have come to recognize the genius of Grant as a military man, but history has done little to correct in the public mind the picture painted by the hatred of Halleck, which has come down through the years. ● ●



"I've given up hunting!"

I've discovered everything a pipe smoker hunts for—pleasing aroma, new mildness, rich taste. Stop hunting—start smoking Carter Hall.

CARTER HALL
A Distinguished Tobacco Mixture
HANDY FOIL POUCH INSIDE

HANDY FOIL POUCH INSIDE

ACCOUNTANT
BECOME AN EXPERT
SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE LESSON

Executive Accountants and CPAs earn \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year and up. Thousands needed. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for CPA examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of CPAs and Expert Accountants. Write for free book, "Opportunities in Accounting" and sample lesson.

LASALLE Extension University, 417 So. Dearborn St.
A Correspondence Institution, Dept. 7320H, Chicago 5, Ill.

MASS PRODUCTION
MAKES THESE PRICES POSSIBLE
EASY TERMS
SEND FOR FREE COLOR CATALOG
TAFT MARINE WOODCRAFT
Dept. A-760, 636 39th Ave. N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minn.

16 FT. RUNABOUT KIT



Complete with accessory package, low as \$17.57 per mo.

TOES ITCH?

DANGER!

Sign of **ATHLETE'S FOOT**

Warns Dr. Scholl



Don't delay a single day. Itching, red, raw, peeling or cracked skin between toes—these are Nature's warnings of dreaded Athlete's Foot. Don't experiment—the danger of it spreading is too great. Use wonder-working Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. This famous relief stops intense itching . . . Kills the fungi on contact . . . Promotes rapid healing. Insist on Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX—Liquid, Ointment or Powder. At Drug, Shoe and Department Stores.

sometimes an appraising look, as though he's wondering how a man could have had all those available, willing girls around him all those years and still have managed to survive.

It's true that from about the time I got out of high school until the present, which is a span of more than thirty years, I've been surrounded by girls, girls, girls. My father, Abe Minsky, and his brothers made Minsky burlesque an institution in the United States, and I more or less grew up backstage in the Minsky burlesque houses. Later, I had a number of burlesque places of my own, and just recently, I've been producing Minsky-type burlesque shows in Las Vegas, Nevada, in a club called The Dunes. It's not bragging, or extraordinary, that I can honestly say that the sight of a naked body, or the sight of a whole crowd of naked bodies, all female and luscious, doesn't give me any special charge. I imagine the same thing would happen to a glutton if you turned him loose in The Colony Restaurant kitchen in New York and told him it was all free and he could have as much of it as he wanted.

Don't misunderstand, please. I still admire the sight of a beautiful woman, and if she's got next to nothing on, I admire her perhaps a little more than I do when she's dressed to go to Gimbel's. My wife, Darcy, is one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen in my life, and I believe she knows I believe that. But those guys who give me the winks and leers and nudges also give me a pain in that part of the anatomy which is the last the audience sees when a stripper finishes her act and heads for the wings.

For me, the girls in Minsky shows often meant nothing but headaches. And fights to settle. And temperament. And ambitious mothers trying to push their daughters forward into the limelight. And flirta-

tious advances from girls who were trying to get ahead and who thought maybe a tumble with the boss' son might give them a special spot in the chorus line. And—well, headaches.

Old-time burlesque buffs like to contend that the girls were the secondary attraction this type of entertainment offered. They give the impression that the audiences were more interested in the humor and the sketches, or bits. But as one old comedian once said to me, "Whenever I heard a guy say, 'I only go into a burlesque house to watch the bits,' I would say to him, 'Sure you do, Charlie. The only thing is, you're spellin' the word wrong.' It was the girls, always the girls, that got them into Minsky's and other burlesque houses." He was right. Red-heads, blondes, fatties, skinnies, small girls and big ones—they loved 'em all.

We had some Amazons in the old Minsky's. Two, Hinda Wassau and Lois DeFee, were among the biggest girls I ever saw in my life. They were both well over six feet, even without high heels. They were talented, but, as a general rule, their main contribution to the shows was their spectacular size. The smaller girls were the ones the customers came to see—that is, usually, but not always. For some reason, small men seemed to go for the biggest girls. I remember one time when a man who was almost a midget, not much over four feet tall, fell in love with one of the big, six-foot strippers. The funny part was, she fell in love with him, too. After they'd been going together a long time, they started to have fights every once in a while. Whenever they had a shouting match, he would have to stand up on a chair so he could yell in her face. One night, she got so mad at him, she picked him up and rolled him out of the room, like a bowling ball.

Another night, this stripper decided

that one of the comedians had insulted her. There was a sketch in which she was supposed to walk across the stage while two bananas were talking, and they were supposed to make some crack that would get a laugh. This was an old trick used in many of the sketches. Some comedians could draw a laugh just by looking at a girl. Others did it by leaning forward at a forty-five-degree angle and watching her go by. Others had trick hats that flew off their heads, or collars that suddenly came unhooked. The more obvious ones made dog or wolf noises. The comedians were always experimenting with lines to use as the girls went by.

On this night, this huge stripper walked by the comedian one time and got the usual look. Then she walked by again. This time, he stepped forward and said to the audience, in an incredulous tone of voice, "Did you see what I just saw? Personally, I like distortion, but that was ridiculous!"

It brought down the house. The stripper, in the wings, thought she'd got the laugh. Then she began to think about the word. She didn't know what "distortion" meant, so she asked somebody. She was told that it meant "freakish," "grotesque." She went back to the wings and waited for the comedian to finish his routine. When he came offstage, he paused a second, waiting to go back and take his bow. He never got the chance. "Call me a 'distortion,' will you?" the stripper said—and with one roundhouse punch to the jaw, she knocked him cold.

For some reason, I've never been able to figure out to my satisfaction, burlesque girls were usually more sensitive and quick to take offense than girls who worked in other choruses. Maybe it was because they felt that taking off their clothes cheapened them, somehow. Time and again, after a girl had left the Minsky chorus to work in a Broadway show, she would say, when she came back to visit her old friends at Minsky's, "If you see the manager of my show, please don't tell him I worked for you." But when the Broadway show closed, this type of girl was usually among the first to come back to Minsky's to get a job. The work was steady, and the pay was good. A girl averaged around sixty-five dollars a week with us—and whatever she could pick up in the way of presents from the customers, who were always hanging around the stage doors waiting for dates.

Some of the girls, however, were not sensitive. They made themselves feel better by pretending that stripping was a great art—which, of course, it was, and is. They were always trying to pretend they were meant for higher, loftier things. They were *artistes*. My friend Joey Faye, the comedian, told me not long ago that a stripper he was going around with decided she wanted some really high-class music for her dance.

"What for?" he said.

"I'm tired of that old bump-and-grind jazz," she said. "It's not dignified."

"Since when do you want to be dignified? Do you want to go broke?"

The stripper insisted that she wanted



"What on earth did you sell me?"

high-class music, and finally Joey, more as a joke than anything else, went to see a classical musician he knew and got her a piece of Wagnerian opera.

"This is really high-class music," he told her.

The stripper gave the music to the orchestra leader, who looked at her as though she was out of her mind.

"You want me to play *this*?"

"Play it."

"It's your funeral," he said.

The stripper went on to the Wagner. The crowd went nuts. The crashes and rolls and thundering tones sent her into new frenzies, ones she'd never done before. She was all over that stage, as though she'd gone out of her head. At the end, she took off everything. Every last stitch. The audience tore the theater apart. I never heard such applause and screaming in my life.

The stripper stood in the wings, exhausted. She turned to Joey. "Who would ever have thought," she said, "that such a bunch of morons would appreciate high-class music like that?"

One reason why the girls wanted to be regarded as dignified artists may have been that there were so many intellectuals in the audiences at Minsky's. We were always getting written up in the high-brow magazines by Edmund Wilson and other big brains. And this ultimately led to the creation of a new word for strip teaser. It happened in 1940, and it was the inspiration of Maurice Zolotow, the novelist and magazine writer, who was then a press agent for one of our girls, Georgia Sothorn.

Zolotow composed a letter for Georgia to send to a number of experts on the American language, including Henry L. Mencken, S. I. Hayakawa and Stuart Chase. The letter said that Georgia had read Mencken's great book, "The American Language," and went on:

"It happens that I am a practitioner of the fine art of strip-teasing . . . a formal and rhythmic disrobing of the body in public. In recent years there has been a great deal of uninformed criticism levelled against my profession."

Most of this criticism, Georgia said, was because the very word strip-teasing "creates the wrong connotations in the mind of the public."

The letter closed with this gem:

"I feel sure that if you could coin a new and more palatable word to describe this art, the objections to it would vanish and I and my colleagues would have easier going. I hope that the science of semantics can find time to help the verbally underprivileged members of my profession."

Hayakawa begged off by informing Georgia that he had never seen a strip tease. Chase did not bother to answer. Mencken, although he suspected that the letter had been written by Georgia's press agent, nevertheless got right to work. He promptly replied:

" . . . I sympathize with you in your affliction, and wish that I could help you. Unfortunately, no really persuasive new name suggests itself. It might be a good idea to relate strip-teasing in some way or other to the associated zo-ological phenomenon of molting. Thus the word



'moltician' comes to mind, but it must be rejected because of its likeness to 'mortician.' A resort to the scientific name for molting, which is ecdysis, produces both 'ecdysist' and 'ecdysiast'."

Mencken suggested a few other words, but Georgia—and Zolotow—liked ecdysiast best, and that was how the word came into the language. Then they decided to go farther with the gag. When they heard that the English newspapers had printed articles about it, even though the strip tease was not permitted in England, they wrote the Lord Chamberlain, the censor of stage productions, and asked if the adoption of the word, and the new dignity it gave the art of strip teasing, might not persuade him to abolish the ban. The Lord Chamberlain answered the letter, but the ban remained in effect. (It is no longer in effect; there are more strip shows in London right now than there are in any American city.)

Georgia Sothorn was one of the best strippers in the business—and still is. She is still working. I saw her not long ago on television, although she wasn't stripping; she was on "I've Got A Secret." I forget what the secret was, but I couldn't help thinking that she hid very little in the days when she was in burlesque. Another great stripper who is still around is Sherry Britton. I'll never forget my first sight of her.

It must have been around 1935 or 1936 when she first came into the Gotham, looking for a job. She was a terrific-looking girl, and I decided to audition her at a slow matinée when there weren't many guys in the audience. She had a costume with her, she said, but I wasn't prepared for the way she looked when she put it on. I could hardly believe my eyes. She had a figure that—well, I'd never seen anything so gorgeous in my life; and, in addition, she had this long black hair that fell down below her waist. I thought, "Even if she can't dance or strip, I ought to hire her just for her beauty."

When she went onstage, the audience really whooped it up. She hadn't had much

experience, that was true, but with that body she didn't need any at all. "Kid," I said to her as soon as she came off, "you've got a job." And then she knocked me over with one remark. "I'm glad I did so well," she said, "because that was the first time I ever was on the stage in my life." And she gave me an even bigger surprise. "You know," she said, "I'm only fourteen."

That alarmed me. I had visions of her mother coming around all the time, interfering. Strippers' mothers were almost as big in the headache department as some strippers themselves. There was one I remember especially who kept urging her daughter to bigger and better things. "You gotta bump some more, honey!" she would cry out, as the girl stood in the wings. "Come on, put everything you've got into it! Show 'em *everything*!" Other times, she would stand there and urge the girl to "flash" faster—that is, give the audience a final glimpse of herself entirely in the nude. I'm glad to say that Sherry's mother wasn't like that.

There were other stage moms who were worse. One went so far as to book dates for her daughter with the johns outside the stage door. She used to collect from the men in advance. She said her daughter had a good figure, but no head for figures; that was why she was helping out. When her daughter was busy, she sometimes booked the other girls. I believe the police finally caught up with her—or else, she decided that her daughter was just wasting time in the Minsky chorus line and that her real talents could probably be used better elsewhere.

My favorite mother was Madam Rose, Gypsy Rose Lee's mother. For that matter, Gypsy was my favorite stripper. She was the greatest of all time. She had, automatically, what the others all wished they had; she was *really* high-class. She used to have a costume with leaves on it, and she would unfasten them and throw them to the johns out front. Sometimes they fought over them. Yet there was never a suggestion of anything dirty about her routine. It was class all the way. She was so re-

spected in the business that when she came off the stage and her maid held her robe for her, the stagehands turned their heads the other way.

Her mother wasn't quite so classy. She was more the practical type, and she fought for Gypsy all the way. Before they came into burlesque, they'd been in vaudeville, and Madam Rose had taken Gypsy and her sister, June (June Havoc), all over the country in various acts. Gypsy tells about these experiences in her book, "Gypsy," which has been made into a musical comedy now running on Broadway, with Ethel Merman as Madam Rose.

Gypsy Rose Lee broke into burlesque in the Midwest when things began to get tough in vaudeville. My uncle, Billy Minsky, heard about her and sent for her to come to his Republic Theatre on Forty-second Street and Broadway in New York. As soon as Gypsy went on, she was the star of the show. Her name was always billed up above everything else, with the exception of the name Minsky.

That was due, mainly, to the efforts of her mother. During one of the early shows, Madam Rose was out in the audience. Gypsy did her routine, and was followed by a bunch of chorus girls dressed like angels. The applause for Gypsy died out as though somebody had turned it off with a switch. Madam Rose took a second look and saw that all the girls were bare from the waist up. She went to Uncle Billy with her eyes on fire. "I want that stopped!" she cried. Uncle Billy explained patiently that this was burlesque, and it was common in burlesque to show as much of the human form as the law would allow.

"That isn't what I object to!" Madam Rose yelled. "It's just that those girls are dressed as angels," she said. "And I won't have a religious act following my daughter's specialty!"

Billy protested, but she made him take out the "angels." Once she made up her mind, it was useless for a man to try to change it. She was a strong character. She used to wear a money belt, and every payday, she would be the first one in line, waiting to collect Gypsy's money. Actually, she didn't have too much company in the line. Her livestock made all the other people keep their distance; she usually went around carrying a rooster, a monkey and a couple of dogs.

We put up with her because her daughter was everything the critics said she was, a great *artiste*. Gypsy was the last of the

really great strippers. Some of her contemporaries are still working—Sherry Britton is still around and so is Lili St. Cyr—but when Gypsy abandoned burlesque and went into the legitimate theater, something went out of burlesque that nobody has ever been able to bring back. Gypsy had a real air, a genuine sense of humor about her work. I knew the best of them—Roxanne, Margie Hart, Christine Ayres, all the rest—but none could measure up to Gypsy. The ones who work around the theaters that are left today have funny names—Candy Barr, Penny Cillin, and (believe it or not) Norma Vincent Peel are only three—but they're more or less serious about their sexiness. The shows you see today don't bear much resemblance to the old Minsky productions.

Furthermore, according to some of the old-timers who are still working in burlesque today, the girls aren't the kind we used to get at Minsky's. With few exceptions, we had girls who were serious about getting ahead in show business. Of course, there were some who were just in it to make what they could out of the stage-door johns, but for the most part, our girls were always taking singing and dancing lessons and trying to improve themselves. And they had to have some real talent before my father or my uncles or I would hire them. Today, if a manager of a burlesque show sees a waitress or a cashier in a store with a whistle-drawing figure, he'll sign her up as a stripper. It doesn't matter if she's got a walk like a hippopotamus. If things shake when she walks, she'll do.

I don't mean to say that the girls in the Minsky shows were averse to stepping out with the customers. But, on the whole, I think they were higher types. We always tried to maintain a moral atmosphere backstage—which was why the ones who did play around gave me so many headaches. They used to drive the doormen nuts, too, taking messages and going out for lipsticks, powder, new G-strings and so on.

And sometimes, their fans drove everybody nuts. There always was a group of regulars who turned up two or three times a week for every show, and there were some who came in every night. Most of them were harmless enough. They were just johns who liked to look at all-but-naked girls. But there were some who weren't content just to sit out front and drool at the girls. There were a couple

who felt the compulsion to participate more actively. Not long ago, a friend of mine was talking about this to Harry Clexx, a real old-time comedian who's still working in the theaters that are left. Harry remembered a show in which one customer caused a lot of trouble.

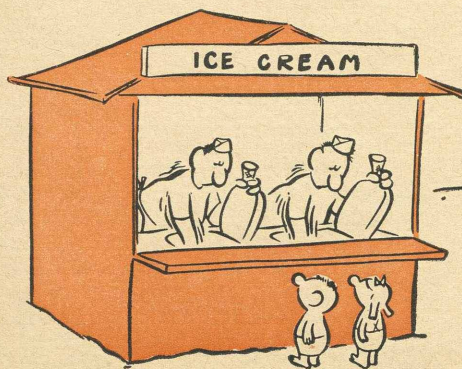
It happened just before an evening show, when one of the girls came out of the dressing room, took the stage manager aside, and whispered to him. Then another did the same thing—and another. Eight or ten of them did it. The girls were looking more and more worried, and by the time they all had reported in, the stage manager was worried himself. Someone had stolen every pair of panties the chorus owned!

The comedians went on and did a couple of sketches until the stage manager could send out to a lingerie shop for a new supply. Later that night, they caught the pants thief. He turned out to be a minister's son. He couldn't explain why he had been overcome with the desire to snatch all the drawers. A psychiatrist probably could, though.

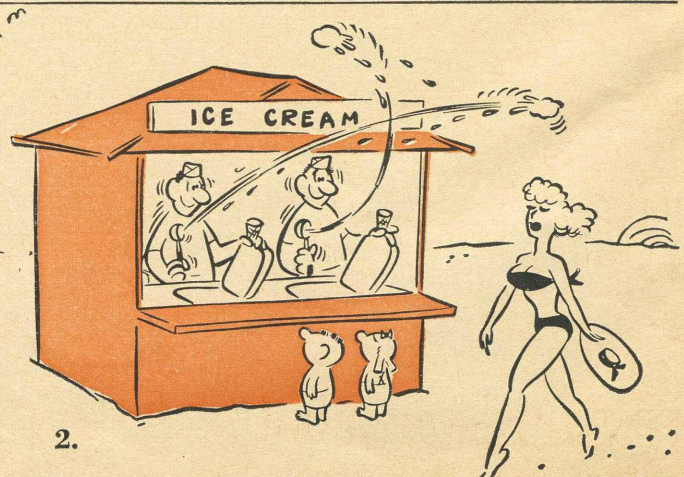
The wish to own a stripper's underwear was a fairly common quirk we had to contend with. Clexx remembers one odd little man who used to lurk outside the stage door every night. He would sidle up and offer to pay five dollars for strippers' pants. Harry never did find out if he was able to make any purchases. If I know some of those girls, they would have sold their panties to him direct—and for twenty-five, not five dollars.

All sorts of weirdos were always turning up. For a long time in New York, there was a very rich man who was one of the most respected in the city. Maybe he wouldn't have been so respected if his friends had known the whole truth about him. He had a sex habit that was peculiar, to say the least. Most men get their kicks by looking at naked girls. This man was just the opposite. He liked girls to see him naked. That was all there was to it—but the ritual was very, very strange. The girl was admitted to his big town house on the Upper East Side, promptly at midnight, by a butler. She was led through a series of rooms, each darker and smaller than the one before. Finally she would get to the last one—and there would be her employer, completely naked, lying in a coffin, with a candle burning at each corner. The girl would scream—and that was exactly what the man wanted. Then the girl would be given a hundred dollars and sent out.

ARGOSY MAGAZINE



1.



2.

All she had to do was scream. That was enough. At the door, the butler would tell her that if she had any other friends who might like to earn a hundred dollars, he would be glad to have them call him up. The only condition was that the girls were not to be told what would be waiting for them in that house. Some of our girls used to augment their income this way every couple of weeks. "It's good, clean work," I heard one of them say one day. "You don't have to do a thing but scream. The only thing is, you've got to make that scream sound real. If he knows you're faking it, he won't get as much fun out of it."

Another strange one turned up one day when Gypsy Rose Lee was working at the Republic. Actually, he turned up in the alley outside and somehow got to see Gypsy's mother. He said he was a Rumanian and he was going to take Gypsy and her mother to Rumania to see King Carol. It wasn't until he finished telling about all the good times Gypsy was going to have over there that he told them the real reason they were going. Gypsy was going to be a decoy for a group of plotters who were going to kill the king.

Gypsy was opposed to the idea, but her mother was attracted by the money in it. "Listen, you should hear all the terrible things that king has done," she said to Gypsy. Only one thing worried her. She wanted to know if the King spoke English. The man said he did, and Madam Rose was relieved. "That's good, because Gypsy and I don't speak a single word of Rumanian," she said.

Gypsy's fears were for nothing. The man was supposed to come the next morning to take them to get their passports, but he never appeared again.

Incidents of that kind made most of the Minsky girls very wary of men with big schemes. One night, a stripper I'll call Annie was told that the Maharajah of Cooch-Bihar was in the audience and that he was very interested in her and wanted a date for later.

"Sure, sure," she said, "that's some gag. Cooch-Bihar!"

Later on, she was flabbergasted to learn that there was a Maharajah of Cooch-Bihar, and that he was one of the richest men in India. From that time on, all the girls called her "The Maharanee."

The girls were often spiteful, no question about that. They were always backbiting,

fighting among themselves, or causing trouble of one kind or another backstage. Maybe that's why my best memories of burlesque actually concern the comedians—the bananas, as they were called. Whenever I think of those boys and the good times we had, one of the first that comes to my mind is Joey Faye. Joey could be called the "burlesque comedian's burlesque comedian." Any time anybody asks a comedian anything at all about burlesque, the comedian usually says, "You ought to talk to Joey Faye." Joey himself says it. Without bragging, he says, "I am the oracle of burlesque." He has spent his life not only performing in burlesque, but in researching the history connected with the old sketches. Many of the bits and stories in these two articles came from him.

When Phil Silvers was in rehearsal for "Top Banana," the Broadway musical about a burlesque comedian who became a television star, the first person he sent for was Joey, simply because Joey has a mind like a card index and also can play most parts in all the sketches. He was the one who first told me about the origin of the word "banana" as used for "comedian." He says that it came out of a sketch an old comedian named Harry Zupp Welch used to do with two others. They would come out on the stage, and the first and second comics would show the third two bananas, telling him they really had three. He couldn't understand it.

"Look, I'll explain it to you," the first comedian would say. "One banana, have you. Two bananas, do you? One banana and two bananas make three bananas. Understand?"

The third comic would not understand, and they would go through the whole thing all over again. "See?" they would say. "Three bananas." Finally the third man would say, "By golly, you're right." Then the first two would start to eat their bananas.

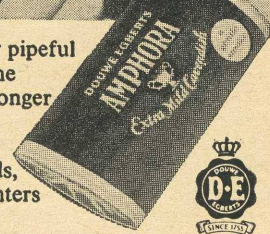
"Where's mine?" the third would say. "You eat the third banana," they would tell him.

Joey Faye got his name by accident. He was born in Brooklyn and, when he was in his teens, he started appearing at clubs and various social functions around New York. His real name was Joseph Anthony Palladino. When he was about sixteen, a friend of his told him he ought to look for summer work in the Catskill Mountains, the Borscht Circuit. Joey went along with the friend and applied to a Jewish resort. He

**YOUR FIRST
PIPEFUL
TELLS YOU—
YOU'LL
GET ALONG
FINE WITH
AMPHORA**



Make your next pipeful **AMPHORA**; the even-burning, longer lasting, gentle blend from The Netherlands, at tobacco counters everywhere.



AMPHORA

U. S. Importer: Romick's International Tobacco Co., 11607 Vanowen St., North Hollywood, Calif.

LAW...

STUDY AT HOME Legally trained men win higher positions and bigger success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever before. We guide you step by step. You can train in spare time. Degree of LL. B. We furnish all text material, including valuable 14-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get full details, "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books FREE. Send NOW. ACCREDITED MEMBER, NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL. LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, 417 South Dearborn Street. A Correspondence Institution Dept. 7320L Chicago 5, Ill.

NOW—AVIATION WEATHER REPORTS, IN YOUR CAR

Be a weather expert! TC-1 Weather Radio receives 24 hour aircraft weather reports (200-400 K.C.) on your car radio. Minutes to install, no electrical connections, won't interfere with AM reception. Nationwide reception. 3 year guarantee. Send check or money order. \$35.50, postpaid. Boulevard Electronics, 1229 W. Washington, Chicago Ill. Dept. A7



Send for free illustrated brochure

REAL ESTATE BE A BROKER

PAYS BIG! SEND FOR FREE, BIG, ILLUSTRATED CATALOG NOW! Graduates report making substantial incomes. Start and run your own business quickly. Men, women of all ages learn easily. Course covers Sales, Property Management, Appraising, Loans, Mortgages, and related subjects. **STUDY AT HOME** or in classrooms in leading cities. Diploma awarded. Write TODAY for free book! No obligation. Approved for World War II and Korean Veterans. **WEAVER SCHOOL OF REAL ESTATE** (Est. 1936) 2020B Grand Ave. Kansas City, Mo.

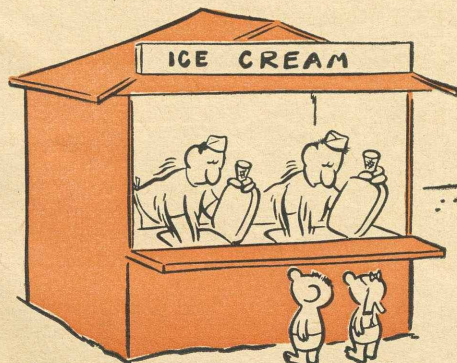
FREE BOOK TELLS HOW

RUPTURED

BE FREE FROM TRUSS SLAVERY

Surely you want to THROW AWAY TRUSSES FOREVER, be rid of Rupture Worries. Then Why put up with wearing a griping, chafing and unsanitary truss. For there is now a new modern Non-Surgical treatment that is designed to permanently correct rupture. These Non-Surgical treatments are so certain, that a Lifetime Certificate of Assurance is given.

Write today for our New FREE Book that gives facts that may save you painful, expensive surgery. Tells how non-surgically you may again work, live, play, love and enjoy life in the manner you desire. Write today—Dept. H 1305 Excelsior Medical Clinic, Excelsior Springs, Mo.



3.

ARGOSY

heard the names of other comedians checking in—Schwartz, Cohen, Rabinowitz, etc. When it came time for him to say his name, he said, “Joseph A.—” and then, realizing that he was the only Italian, he didn’t continue.

The checker looked at him. “Joseph Faye?” he said.

“That’s right, Joseph Faye,” Joey said, and from that point on, Faye was his name.

Joey says there are 18,000 burlesque sketches. He’s got them all categorized—frustration sketches, juxtaposition sketches, double-entendre sketches, malaprop sketches, fear sketches. The various categories all overlap, Joey says. He ought to know, because when he was working for my father and my uncle, he used nearly every one in existence. They changed shows every week at the old Minsky houses and, when Joey was working there, he usually was top banana and, as such, had to decide which sketches would be used. Every time he would mention a sketch, the stage manager or someone else in authority would say, “No, we did that one last week,” or, “No, we just got through doing that one a month ago.”

Finally Joey started to put different titles on old sketches: “Gaston and Pierre,” a French sketch, would be called “Jolly Julius, the Jamaica Jerk.” The difficulty was, he would have to tell the man who made the programs what the sketches would be a week in advance, and sometimes he would make up a name and then get to working on a sketch that didn’t fit the props that the management collected for him.

There was one sketch in which three drunks are leaving each other after a night in a bar. “Come on, let’s go to my house,” the first banana says, and they go up to the first of three doors set into the backdrop. The drunk knocks. The door opens, and one of the girls, in a negligée, stands there. “Get out of here, you drunken bum, you and your drunken friends!” she cries, and drives them away.

“Okay,” the second man says, “we’ll go

to my house.” They go to the second door. The same thing happens when the girl opens the door: she chases them, yelling after them.

“Come on,” the third banana says, “we’ll try my house.” And then they all go over to the third door.

This door is opened by a girl much more beautiful than the first two. “Daddy!” she cries, embracing the very happy-looking third banana.

“Come in, Daddy dear, and bring your friends. We’ll have a big party.”

The other two drunks look at each other in astonishment.

“Boy, you sure have a wonderful wife,” one says.

“Yes, sir, I wish my wife was like yours,” the other says.

The third banana untangles himself from the doll’s embrace. “What do you mean, wife?” he says. “I got this address from a bartender.” Blackout.

Ten minutes before this sketch was to be played for the first time, Joey looked at the set the prop man had assembled for him. It was a park scene.

“What’ve you got that park out there for?” he demanded.

“That’s what the program calls for,” the stage manager said. “See, it says here, ‘A Day in the Park.’”

“Oh my God,” Joey said, “I forgot that I put that title on it! Get me some doors! I gotta have three doors!”

“How’m I gonna put three doors in a park?” the prop man asked.

“I don’t know how; just get ’em in there,” Joey said frantically.

The prop man got three doors, and they set them up in the park. This may have been the beginning of modern stage design, Joey says. Nobody seemed to notice that the doors were in a park scene.

As burlesque began to decline in popularity, we had to cut costs, so the sketches used fewer and fewer props. Finally it got so that most of the sketches could just be played in front of a backdrop. They are playing them that way today. Not long ago, I heard that Harry Clell and the two comedians he works with are using one we

used all the time in the old Minsky’s. This one has various names. “The Good Morning Bit” is the most common. Sometimes it’s called “The Triple Honeymoon Bit.”

In this one, the three comedians meet in the center of the stage and discover that they all have just been married that morning and are staying in the same hotel. They begin bragging about their stamina, endurance, versatility, etc. Finally they make an agreement to see who is the most virile. The next morning, when they meet, they each are to say the word “morning” when referring to an event of the night before. The lights go down, then come up slowly to denote morning. The second and third bananas meet each other in the center of the stage.

“Good morning, John,” says the second banana. “And how are you this fine morning? I feel fine this morning. What a wonderful morning it is!”

The third banana does a skull, then says, “Well, good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning to you, Henry. Isn’t it a wonderful morning? What an absolutely splendid morning! I don’t remember one single morning when I’ve felt so good in the morning! Oh, my! What a morning!”

By the time this score has been totted up, the audience is in hysterics. During the laugh, the two comedians look to the wings. Out comes the top banana—usually wearing a green bowler, baggy pants and a necktie to his knees. He walks right by them as they stare at him. As he is about to disappear into the wings on the other side of the stage, he turns and regards them sourly.

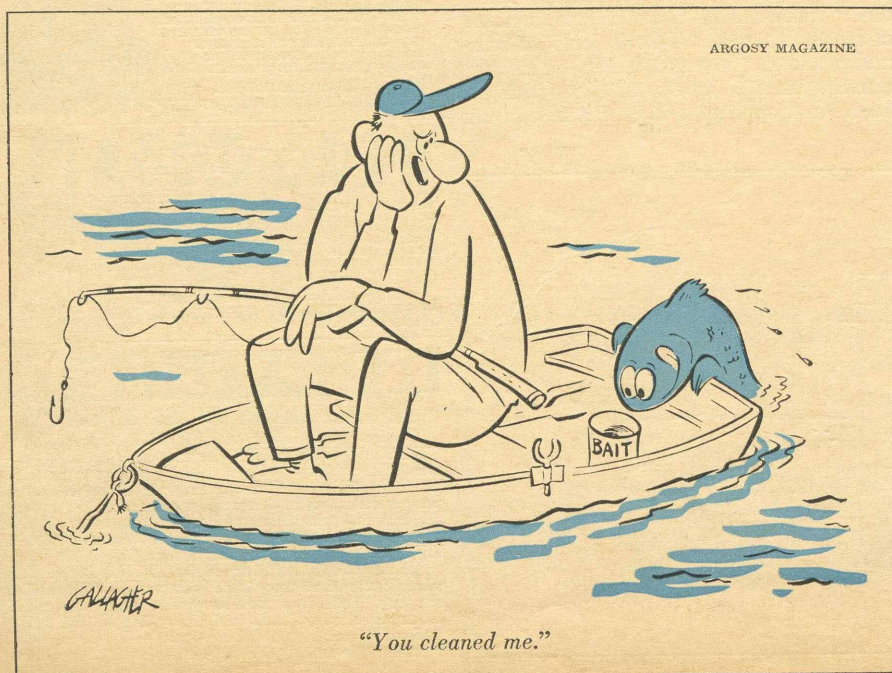
“Howdy,” he says. The lights go out.

It’s true that that bit still is being used; but the fact is, the sketches today are only brief fill-ins between the strip teases. As far as I know, there are only twelve cities in the country that have burlesque theaters: Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cleveland, Toledo, Buffalo, St. Louis, Chicago, Indianapolis (maybe this one is closed), Seattle and Los Angeles. Other cities advertise burlesque, but when you get to the theater, you find out they’re running girlie movies—and not very good ones, either. When Minsky’s was in its heyday, there must have been fifty or sixty theaters scattered around the country. Chicago had five or six. New York had more.

The big crash came in New York—and it echoed all around the country. Many people think that Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia was the man who closed Minsky’s and the other houses in New York, but that isn’t true. Actually, in La Guardia’s first term in office, he never said a word about burlesque. It was in his second term that the trouble started. Even then, La Guardia didn’t start it. It was a man named Paul Moss. There was a time when I couldn’t even say the name “Paul Moss” without getting sore, but during the last few years, I’ve been able to think about him objectively.

Paul Moss had a brother, B. S. Moss, who was in the moving-picture business. Paul had a flair for show business—that is, he was fascinated by it and, at one time, he had even been associated with the Theatre Guild.

Well, he put his hands on La Guardia’s coattails when the Little Flower was run-



“You cleaned me.”

ARGOSY MAGAZINE

ning, and after the campaign, La Guardia made him License Commissioner.

Moss always had a terrible hatred for burlesque. He thought it was cheap and vulgar and that it deteriorated the good name of the theater. He nagged La Guardia until, in 1941, the Mayor closed us. We had known it was coming. We had gone to the legitimate-theater proprietors, trying to get them on our side. We said, "Look, you'll be next." And it was true that Moss was trying to censor the legit stage by not granting licenses to those producers he thought were immoral. They fought him. But when we were in trouble, they couldn't help us.

Single-handed, Moss drove burlesque out of New York. I went over to New Jersey to operate a burlesque house. The strippers and the comedians who had been in the old Minsky's worked for me, but it wasn't quite the same. For a time, I had operated a club on Fifty-second Street, in New York, right next to Jimmy Ryan's jazz joint. It was called Minsky's 51 Club. But as Bernard Sobel put it so well in "Pictorial History of Burlesque," I faced almost daily extinction. I lasted about another year, then closed up shop.

The closing of Minsky's in New York gave the idea to other cities, and burlesque houses everywhere began to fold.

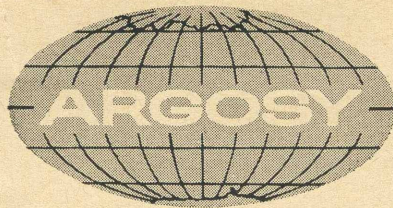
Then the war came along, after Pearl Harbor, and the strippers who were left, and the new ones who were coming into the business, began working in the night clubs. More and more stripper clubs began springing up all over the country. That hurt the theaters, too. The servicemen didn't want to sit still in theaters, no matter how good the show was. They wanted to go to the clubs, where they could see the girls up close—and, maybe, buy them some drinks with the hope of perhaps taking them home.

They didn't care that they were getting clipped. And most of the joints didn't hesitate to clip servicemen.

It's a sad situation. Because the clubs had such bad names, burlesque itself has managed to pick up a bad name. And the shows in the burlesque theaters that are left don't do much to repair the damaged reputation. Here in Las Vegas, where I live, I've been trying to put on shows that are modern versions of the ones that used to pack them in the old Minsky houses in New York. Down the strip from my headquarters, The Dunes, there's a hotel and gambling casino called The Silver Slipper, where Red Marshall and Sparky Kaye and Danny Jacobs are trying to keep some of the old sketches alive. And I heard from Joey Faye the other day that he is planning to do a Broadway show in which he will revive a lot of the old sketches.

Those efforts are being made. But the hell of it is, burlesque—which was one of the healthiest forms of entertainment for the male—has a bad reputation. I know, because my name is Harold Minsky. As I said in the beginning of this installment, I can't tell a stranger my name without getting a reaction. I know what's going to happen if I ever meet St. Peter. I'll tell him my name, and he'll say, "Well, here we are in Heaven," just like all the bananas used to do in those old sketches.

And then he'll give me a leer, a wink, and a dig in the ribs.



TRAVEL TRAILS

by PHIL ANDREWS

Resort-hopping in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont

For a region of its size (it's possible to touch all six states—Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont in a day's drive), New England packs a terrific holiday punch. Mile for mile, there are few areas in this or any other country that can touch it for travel interest and variety. And so it was, early this summer, that we borrowed a Dodge station wagon and headed, not only for the hills, but the lakes, seashore, woods, and whatever else New England might have to offer—which proved to be plenty.

In Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, we did as most motorists do. We stopped at motels along the way and, in the morning, hit the road again. But suddenly we realized that we were missing a lot by moving too fast and that we could do with some company besides our own. That's when we got this "resort-hopping" idea—a variation on the old Boy-Scout routine of running, walking, and resting alternately for set periods of time. Staying for a day or two at each of a half dozen resorts, we managed to play a little golf, do some fishing, drink a few extra beers, eat some good food at our leisure and meet some interesting people.

When we first inquired about rates, they seemed rather high, but when we realized that they included three very square meals a day, use of the swimming pool and other facilities, we found that we were actually saving money. During July and August, it's advisable, even essential, to make reservations. But for an early- or late-season vacation, finding a place to stay presents no problem. There are dozens of resorts throughout northern New England, all well equipped to keep you and your family entertained (most have supervised activities for children), but here are a handful that we found particularly interesting—with random jottings from our notebook.

Wentworth-by-the-Sea Club, Portsmouth, New Hampshire. First impression . . . scent of pine trees mingling with salty sea air . . . located on Newcastle Island overlooking Little Harbor and the Atlantic . . . too cold for sea-bathing at the time, but there's a heated salt-water pool . . . mixed clientele of young, middle-aged and elderly (some guests come back year after year) . . . nine-hole golf course . . . fishing, riding, clambakes . . . lots of activity . . . good service . . . kitchen spotless and modern, food excellent. Single with bath from \$16, double \$26.

Mt. Kineo Hotel and Cottages, Mt. Kineo, Maine. Probably the most "ARGOSY-type" place we encountered . . . rugged country but luxury accommodations . . . technically a peninsula jutting into Moosehead Lake (largest in New England) but actually reached by a half-hour launch ride (garage is provided at Rockwood) . . . rated as one of the ten top fishing areas in the country (salmon and trout) . . . two nine-hole golf courses . . . big swimming pool . . . five-place trapshooting. Owner-manager's name is Hilton (Louis not Conrad). From \$18 single, \$28 double.

Forest Hills Hotel, Franconia, New Hampshire. Main building looks like a colonial mansion . . . impressive view of the White Mountains . . . Aerial Tramway (just like Switzerland), Flume, Franconia Notch . . . good golf course (first tee at the doorstep) . . . buffet lunches by the swimming pool . . . trout fishing and trap shooting . . . riding stables . . . children's playground . . . president-manager, named George Collier . . . wonderful host. Single from \$16, double from \$28.

Bald Peak Colony Club, Melvin Village, New Hampshire. On Lake Winnepesaukee wooded estate of nearly seven hundred acres . . . looks like a country club, which it is in part . . . accent on golf . . . private sandy beach . . . lake sports (boating, canoeing, water-skiing) riding stable near by. Single from \$20, double from \$30.

Basin Harbor Club and Cottages, Vergennes, Vermont. Beech family started this resort on Lake Champlain fifty years ago and it's been going and growing ever since . . . big lake frontage . . . 3,000-foot landing field . . . trail riding . . . nearby attractions: Fort Ticonderoga, Ausable Chasm. Single from \$15, double \$29.

Lodge at Smugglers Notch, Vermont. Famous as a winter resort . . . becoming well known as a summer retreat, too, mainly because of its cuisine and wine cellar which are Continental and of gourmet caliber . . . all under the dotting supervision of manager Ivor Petrak . . . Austrian music, dancing in Smugglers Den . . . swimming pool . . . riding stable, five tennis courts, golf nearby. Double from \$28.

For detailed information on these and other New England Resorts, check and mail the travel information service coupon, page 81.



UPI
PT-109 was part of great counter-offensive gathered by the U. S. against Japanese around New Georgia. The seventy-seven-foot craft destroyed more than its share of enemy shipping.

a gangling kid who said he was twenty-six—but I always thought that was kind of high. One of the officers had tagged him with the nickname “Shafty”—partly, I guess, because he was so skinny-looking and had maybe just a few muscles, and also because it sounded like New England, which was where he was from.

He was Jack Kennedy, a lieutenant, jg. I’d been with him on earlier missions and I knew just three things about him. The kid himself was a millionaire. His father was an ambassador. And once, when a ship’s carpenter bawled hell out of him for accidentally splashing some water on him, the lieutenant just stood there in his skinny green shorts and said, “Excuse me,” and let it go at that. That carpenter did a lot of gulping later when he found out the kid was PT-109’s skipper.

Kennedy was at my left in the cockpit, the little open bridge up in the bow. I had a voice mike plugged in there, but we didn’t have anything to say to anyone, and nobody seemed to want to talk to us. At my right elbow, jammed into the starboard gun turret, was our 20-mm man, Marney. To keep our movements silent, we held the middle engine low, and throttled the starboard and port engines down to neutral. Aft, the rest of the crew were having just as bad luck as we, trying to find something for the thin one to shoot at.

The sea was silent. Other nights, we had feasted our guns on Jap barges and supply craft, but this haul seemed a sure blank.

Then Marney yelled at the top of his voice, “Ship at two o’clock!”

Kennedy and I suddenly saw something fast and tough bearing down on us. It was a Jap destroyer, moving like lightning.

“Hey,” Kennedy yelled, “look at this!” He hit me on the arm and shouted, “Sound general quarters!”

I ran aft about six steps, yelled general quarters, and stumbled back to the cockpit.

The skipper sounded the engine-room buzzer, signalling MacMahon, the engineer, to throttle starboard and port engines full ahead. MacMahon never had a chance

to move. Up on the bow, Ensign George Ross was trying to fire the old World War I 37-mm field piece we had mounted there on a log. He had gotten his projectile in, but had no time to ram it home.

The destroyer hit us like the *Queen Mary*. Its bow crushed into our side about three feet in front of Marney’s turret, sweeping him down into the sea and under the Jap’s propellers. He didn’t even have a chance to scream.

Kennedy went slamming down smack on his back, and I went down with him. I could hear him gasping on the deck when he hit. I didn’t go out, but I felt dizzy and I could hear the planks and decking crack apart.

The destroyer didn’t even slow down. Its bow carried along our starboard side, shearing away the middle two-thirds of PT-109. Our boat snapped in two, and we never saw the after half again. Kirskey, our after gunner, went with it.

I was trying to stand, and I was praying harder than ever I’d done before in my entire life.

Kennedy kept trying to get up. He said, “Are you all right, Mac?”

Flame on the Waters

On the bridge of the Japanese destroyer Amagiri, Commander Kahii Hanami scarcely bothered to look back. He had spotted the slow-cruising PT-109 from a half-mile, ordered his helmsmen to cut starboard ten degrees, and before the Americans knew what hit them, proceeded to cut her neatly in half with the full brunt of a thirty-five-knot prow. The PT boat’s fuel tanks exploded at once, lighting the sky with the blaze of its Packard engines’ high-octane, aviation gasoline. Hanami contented himself with a few rounds from his stern guns into the flames, then hurried toward home. There’d be, he was sure, no survivors. . . .

Gunner’s Mate Charles Harris: I heard general quarters and I jumped up and saw the destroyer right on top of us. I dove over the torpedo tube and went under.

Next thing I knew, I was sitting ‘way out in water and flames were exploding all around me.

I didn’t even know I had my life jacket on. I thought I had left it aboard. Somewhere, I could hear MacMahon yelling for help; then, suddenly, there he was; he had come up smack in the flames of our own high-octane gasoline. I tried to get close to him. He was burned bad, his face and hands and arms. He must have been dragged under by the destroyer, because the helmet was jammed down over his face and he hardly knew what was happening. I tried to move him toward the 109 wreckage, but a steady breeze kept moving it away from us. My left leg wouldn’t move; I had hit it against the torpedo tube, diving in.

I yelled for Kennedy. “Skipper! Skipper!” I kept yelling. “MacMahon’s burned bad. Can you give him a hand!”

In a couple of minutes, he reached us. He grabbed MacMahon and started towing him. I could see Kennedy trying to dig fast for it, because 109 kept edging away. He half lifted MacMahon out of the water so the others could get him aboard, then started back for us.

He held me up in the water while I took off sweater and shoes and my heavy undergear and then he put my life jacket back on me. I tried to swim, but I couldn’t kick with my left leg.

I said, “Skipper, I can’t swim!”

“Try,” he said.

“But I can’t make it!”

He looked right at me and gave me hell. “For a man from Boston, you’re really putting on some exhibition out here, Harris.”

I guess I must have muttered at him, but by now he had me in tow and was swimming steadily back to the boat. I tried to kick a bit with my other leg, but he was plenty strong enough for both of us. It took us an hour to make the boat; it kept drifting from us.

The watertight compartments forward kept half of the PT-109 afloat. We sprawled there in the dark, dazed. Kennedy took a head count, and one by one, the men answered. Maguire, Mauer, Albert, Thom, Zinser, Starkey and Ross were all alive. MacMahon, lying in a coma, was burned black. Johnston, an engineer, had been battered black and blue and was half dead from swallowing gasoline. We called out for Kirksey and Marney for an hour, but no answer came.

The Pull for Shore

That night a naval action lighted the skies to the north, and the eleven survivors of PT-109 lay close to their wreckage, gasping in the fumes of their own gasoline. The skipper had salvaged a ship’s lantern, a pistol and a water-logged box of candy. The crew had among them a Thompson sub-machine gun, a .38 revolver, three 45s and nine clips. They had no food, no water, no medical supplies. Worst of all, they were adrift in enemy waters and already had been written off as lost by the squadron back in New Georgia.

Engineer Pat MacMahon: We were in the drift toward a big island; it was maybe a mile away. I was burned and banged-up bad, but I was conscious, and looked up

at the morning sun. My left shoulder and arm ached, like they had been battered on a scrub board. But it was my right side and arm that had gotten the flames. And my face was burned all over. My whole body hurt a lot and I knew now I could hardly move. I was sprawled out on the deck, and I kept looking up at the sky. It kept bobbing.

I could hear the skipper and the men talking. Kennedy decided we'd stay with the current a while, and save our strength. He got the men into the water to make more room on the bow for me and Johnston, who had swallowed a load of gasoline. We all kept hoping the Japs wouldn't spot us from the islands and come out after us. On one island, just about a mile to the south, we could see a Jap camp, with trucks and men. But then we realized that we were gradually edging closer to it. Nobody wanted to be taken alive.

Then the bow of the PT-109 began to founder. Kennedy gave us the word:

"We're going to that small one," he said, pointing to a tiny island about three miles away. "We'll have to swim for it. Everyone on the log. I'll take MacMahon."

He was very matter-of-fact about it, like he was talking about the weather. He took the two long straps of my kapok which I had on over the Mae West, tied them together and eased me into the water. Then he put the damn straps in his mouth, holding them with his clenched teeth, and started swimming. I was on my back, my head toward him, trying to push my feet to help him. I wasn't much good, to him. I couldn't believe the skinny kid would get very far with me, but I tried to help him.

The others clambered onto the big-deck timber we had used for our 37-mm mounting. Kennedy towed me ahead and they followed, hanging onto the big plank.

An hour went by. The skipper would tug and pull me and then rest a while and get his breath and I could hear him coughing. Then we'd start again, yard by yard, him tugging and stroking ahead, me doing what little I could to kick my feet. Both of us kept swallowing water. I knew he was in no great shape himself; he had been bounced down bad by the ramming. And he never looked more than 140 pounds to me, even on a good day, and today was no good day. But he was swimming for both of us now and not counting the cost. He'd pull and rest, pull and rest, and say, "How are you, Mac?" to keep my spirits up.

The sky kept moving above me a little at a time as the sun left us. We went on for a long, long time like that. Then it was near night, and the skipper had been pulling me for more than four hours, dragging me by his teeth, towing me by the vest, thrashing his way ahead.

Sometime about the fifth hour, the skipper said, "Pappy, we're going in," and I thought I never heard such happy words in all my life. Then Kennedy half towed and half carried me ashore. I tried to help myself and walk in but coral cut both of us bad and when we got on the sand, Kennedy and I collapsed.

He had been in the water, counting night and morning, for about ten hours.

Passage to Nowhere

The survivors of PT-109 crawled onto the atoll and rested among its wind-bare palm trees. But the skipper didn't stay more than a brief time. He told his in-

credulous crew that he was going back into the sea, this time to swim out into Ferguson Passage, a few miles beyond the next island. PTs of their own squadron had been going through the passage on night patrols; he'd go out into the middle, he explained, tread water, and try to signal them for help.

Quartermaster Ed Mauer: So, without saying very much more about it, Kennedy hitched up his shorts, put on a vest, tied a .38 around his neck, picked up the ship's lantern and gave us a quick wave of the hand.

Then he walked out into the sea and

started swimming, slowly, toward Ferguson Passage.

The men were glum, and I'm sure some had given up hope of ever seeing Kennedy again. Bringing in MacMahon had exhausted him. His back was in bad shape. Then there were those currents. Who knew where they were pulling? And I had heard enough stories about the barracuda in these waters not to want to think about what kind of wild life might be swimming the passage with Kennedy.

But the funny thing was that I had no doubt about it. The skipper was part of the outfit; he had to come back. Back at base or on patrols, whenever he said he'd

ARGOSY TRAVEL INFORMATION SERVICE

IT'S AN AMERICAN ACCENT this month, and whether you tour the U. S. mainland by car or travel by plane, train, bus, or ship, there is plenty of colorful, informative literature to help you with your plans. Just circle the coupon numbers below, corresponding to the items in which you are interested, and ARGOSY will forward your name and address directly to the sources of information. Please allow several weeks for delivery. Sorry, we can't answer special requests for information and advice.

1. ALASKA, 18 days. American Express.
2. CALIFORNIA-CANADIAN ROCKIES CIRCLE TOURS, 16 days. Cartan Travel.
3. COLORADO, 8 days. Greyhound.
4. GREAT LAKES CRUISE—YELLOWSTONE AND GRAND TETON PARKS, 15 days. Martin Tours.
5. NEW ENGLAND PILGRIM TOURS. New Haven Railroad.
6. CIRCLE HOLIDAY, NEW YORK AND EAST, 8 days. Berry Travel.
7. WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA, 4 days. Le Beau Travel.
8. SMOKY MOUNTAINS—TENNESSEE AND NORTH CAROLINA, 7 days. Happiness Tours.
9. FLORIDA CIRCLE TOURS, 9 days. United Tours.
10. NEW ORLEANS AND DEEP SOUTH, 7 days. American Express.
11. NEW ENGLAND (Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont).
12. MIDDLE ATLANTIC (Delaware, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia).
13. GREAT LAKES (Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Wisconsin).
14. MIDDLE WEST (Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota).
15. SOUTH (Alabama, Arkansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee).
16. SOUTHEAST (Washington, D. C., Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia).
17. SOUTHWEST (Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Texas).
18. MOUNTAIN STATES (Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Utah, Wyoming, Nevada).
19. PACIFIC COAST (Washington, Oregon, California, Alaska, Hawaii).

ARGOSY TRAVEL INFORMATION SERVICE, DEPT. 7-60, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me literature on items corresponding to the numbers circled below. Coupon must be mailed before July 1, 1960. Please print plainly.

1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐ 4 ☐ 5 ☐ 6 ☐ 7 ☐ 8 ☐ 9 ☐ 10 ☐ 11 ☐ 12 ☐ 13 ☐ 14 ☐ 15 ☐
16 ☐ 17 ☐ 18 ☐ 19 ☐

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

WHICH WEAPON?

AS SOON AS the season opens, you'll be hopefully taking aim at—well, something—and banging away. Are you certain your weapon is legal? There are curious specifications about them, with each state having a few that may dip into your wallet unless you watch out. For instance:

An Oklahoma law provides that citizens may carry guns *if* they are being chased by Indians.

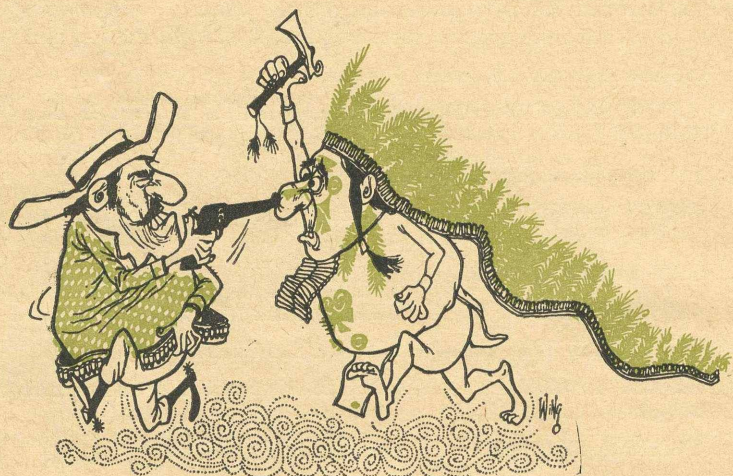
In Buffalo, New York, you are forbidden to use a bow and arrow in any city street or playground, although New York State has now legalized "catching fish with bow and arrow." If anyone catches you using one in Winchester, Massachusetts, you will be fined.

In Homer, Illinois, the only people legally permitted to carry slingshots are police officers. And in Wichita, Kansas, they'll fine you for possessing one.

Beanshooters cannot legally be sold in New York City and Olympia, Washington, specifically bans them, while a Massachusetts law states you may not "duel with water pistols."

Even though you can't kill with a pair of pliers, Texas has a law which forbids you to have a pair in your possession.

To hunt on Sunday in North Carolina, one "weapon" must be a dog, for they have a law insisting that Fido trail along.



If you give a revolver pistol or a toy pistol to someone not yet eighteen years old in Onalaska, Washington, you have committed a "gross misdemeanor."

Charleston, West Virginia, and Seattle, Washington, are insistent that your weapon must not be concealed. In Charleston, if it is longer than six inches, and in Seattle if it is *six feet*, you must not hide it. But in Chicago only knives with blades longer than two and a half inches have to be carried "in the open."

In Watertown, New York, snowballs are forbidden weapons.

To hunt legally with a rifle in Norfolk County, Virginia, you must be fifteen feet *above* ground. Even climbing on top of an auto wouldn't be enough unless you have the height of the tall man in Barnum and Bailey's Circus.

get us something, he'd never stop until he did. He used to come up with bread and candy out of the jungle for us. We made it a habit to count on his word. If he said he'd go get help, I knew he'd just go ahead and do it.

But this time the skipper just about died in the doing of it. He moved out east toward the next island, and we took turns on watch for him. If he found a boat, he would flash the lantern twice. The password would be "Roger," and our answer would be "Wilco."

It took him close to an hour to get past the reef into the passage, and then he just hung out there, hoping and holding his

lantern through the night. We waited.

He hung out there for hours, but none of our boats were moving through that night, so he decided to swim back to us. Something went wrong and he started drifting away in the current right past us. He flashed the ship's lantern once and yelled, "Roger!"; and we went out onto the coral reef to try to reach him. But he was gone.

Kennedy, as I found out later, was pretty helpless and was being dragged away by the current. It pushed him in long, sweeping circles all through the night, moving him like driftwood around and among the Jap islands to the north and

east. He felt sure he would die out there and kept lapsing into unconsciousness. We kept looking for him, but never saw a sign of him again that night.

Thinking about the skipper lost out there, I started to remember about the PT-109. PT-109 wasn't even supposed to have gone out on the mission in the first place. A Jap air attack on the base the afternoon we left knocked off some other boats in our squadron, so instead of having a day off, we were all of a sudden on as a replacement. Kirksey had sat with me in the base chart room, and he said he thought the PT-109 wouldn't come back this time, and I had tried to calm him down. But Kirksey was right and I was wrong.

Then, in the morning, I saw a ghost. There was the skipper, crawling out of the sea on his hands and knees. We ran to him and carried him. He was throwing up and he could barely move. He had been in the water for twelve hours that night and he was feverish. We carried him up the beach, where he passed out.

"Somehow, I knew he'd come back," somebody said.

The Swim to Bird Island

That night Kennedy, cold and sick, lay on the beach. Ensign Ross swam out into the passage in his place, but had no better luck than his chief. Since the island offered neither food nor water, Kennedy insisted that the men move on to an island closer to the passage. They gathered again about the big log, pushed it into the sea, and again began to swim.

Torpedoman Ray Starkey: We began swimming to an island to the southeast, a little bigger and with more trees. It was the same gruelling swim as before. Kennedy took MacMahon ahead, pulling his life-jacket strap with his teeth. But this time, Kennedy was much weaker, and MacMahon even more helpless than before. Kennedy moved painfully slowly, stroking ahead steadily, like a man caught in slow-motion film.

The rest of us hung onto our log and kept pushing. It took us three hours to cover the mile to that island.

MacMahon, somehow, was still alive. His burns were beginning to fester, but he didn't whimper. The skipper was looking terrible. His feet were blistered and swollen, and he threw up a lot from the salt water he swallowed while he was pulling MacMahon.

Some of the men found some coconuts and banged them open and gulped down the milk. Just about all of them turned inside out, they got so sick. We even tried to eat some live snails, but, believe me, they were punk.

That night, it rained a torrent and everyone went around licking water off the tree trunks and leaves.

The next morning, we found out why the water tasted so bitter. It was because the bushes were covered solid with bird dung. So we named the place Bird Island.

One fellow said to Maguire, "Mac, give that necklace a working over."

Maguire held onto his rosary beads and said, "Yes, don't worry. I'll take care of all you fellows."

Kennedy kept looking out at Nauru Island, the one right on the passage. There might be Japs on it, but we had no food

and no water. He asked Ross if he'd go with him and Ross said yes.

"We're going to try it again," he told us. "Keep out of sight and watch for us."

A Coconut for Rendova

The expected search patrols had not come. There were no American boats, and no American planes. Once a Japanese barge slowly circled the island, but did not spot them. Japanese planes frequently flew by, but moved too fast to notice the men on the atoll. The one hope now was to flag down a PT-boat in Ferguson Passage.

Ensign George "Barney" Ross: Kennedy and I were swimming side by side for Nauru. I guess you couldn't have found a sorrier sight than the two of us, just about inching ahead. My arms ached and my legs were numb, but I just kept going, staying with the skipper as he stroked. It took us more than an hour to make only a half-mile.

Beach coral cut us proper, and we half walked and half crawled across Nauru, expecting any minute to find Japs. We found instead a smashed landing barge with a cask of water and some oldhardtack. Delicious!

Both of us stayed up all night on the passage side of Nauru, hoping to hear the PTs go by. Not a one showed.

Next sunrise, Kennedy was prowling around and came on a one-man dugout canoe hidden under some palm trees. That night he was right out there again in the passage, searching tirelessly back and forth for PTs.

No luck. So he paddled back to the other island, and gave the men a keg of water and somehardtack biscuits. It was the first food they'd had since our boat had been rammed.

Coming back, Kennedy got into storm trouble. A tropic squall swept in on him in open water, sending his canoe under, and leaving him out there alone in the rain. Fortunately, a party of natives in a war canoe spotted him and dragged him to shore. I was supposed to be hidden, but these bushy-haired fellows with bones piercing their noses brought Kennedy right to me, there among the palm fronds. He looked like a goner.

For a long time, we tried to communicate with the natives in pidgin English. "Rendova, Rendova. American, American," we said, over and over.

Kennedy picked up a coconut and scratched a message on its shell with a jackknife: "ELEVEN ALIVE NATIVE KNOWS POST AND REEFS NAURU ISLAND KENNEDY."

Then he said to the bushy-hairs, "Rendova, Rendova"—the name of the base where our PTs were.

The natives finally got the idea. They showed us where there was a two-man canoe. Then, after a lot of chatter, they got back into their own war canoe and started toward Rendova. Kennedy and I were so exhausted we just passed out, and I thought he was finished.

But late that night, he turned to me and said in a tired voice, "Barney, we'll have to try again."

I could hardly walk, much less go out into the passage again.

"Skipper, I don't think we can make it."

"We're going to do it," he insisted.

As we paddled into the passage, we hit weather. The wind rose fast and, before we could do anything, we were in a howling storm. The waves swept in on us five feet high and swamped the canoe. Kennedy hung onto the bow and I held onto the stern, fighting a tide which was dragging us to open seas. We kicked and thrashed against the current, and for two gruelling hours, beat our way back toward the beach.

The wind got worse and the rain was so hard we could hardly see each other.

"Sorry I got you out here, Barney!" shouted Kennedy.

"This would be a great time to say I told you so," I shouted back, "but I won't."

Suddenly we heard the crash of surf and were in the reef tide. Kennedy went flying on the crest of a wave and disappeared. I was cart-wheeling under water, banging along on the coral. I could feel my right arm slam against the sharp edges and then I was kneeling in shoal water.

I could hear Kennedy yell: "Barney! Barney! Barney!"

He was crawling in the surf. Both of us were bleeding. We grabbed onto each other and stumbled ashore. I couldn't believe we were still alive. We went out as soon as we hit the sand.

I had been asleep a long time and then I heard a noise, and it was morning and four big natives were standing over us, looking at us. I shook Kennedy and he sat up, bolt-upright. They looked mean.

Then one stepped forward, and in a beautiful British accent said, "I have a letter for you, sir."

Kennedy ripped it open and read: "On His Majesty's Service. To the Senior Officer, Nauru Island."

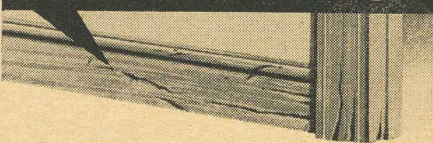
"I have just learned of your presence on Nauru Island. I am in command of a New Zealand infantry patrol operating on New Georgia. I strongly advise that you come with these natives to me. Meanwhile, I shall be in radio communication with your authorities at Rendova, and we can finalize plans to collect balance of your party. Lieutenant Wincote."

I jumped up and slapped the big boys on the back and we all laughed. It was the first time I had laughed in five days.

Some Brandy for the Boys

Back at Rendova, the PT squadron had listed 109 as destroyed in action. Accounts of the collision made it seem certain that the boat had exploded. Solemnly, men in

FILLS CRACKS AND HOLES



FIX IT QUICK!

No muss — no fuss with easy-to-use Plastic Wood. Resists grease and water.



For surest results always use GENUINE

PLASTIC WOOD

Handles like putty — hardens into wood!

LAW FREE BOOK THE LAW TRAINED MAN

Write today for a FREE copy of illustrated law book, "THE LAW-TRAINED MAN," which shows how to earn the professional Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.) degree through home study of the famous Blackstone Law Course: Books and lessons provided. Moderate cost; easy terms. Write now.

Blackstone School of Law, 307 N. Michigan Ave.
Founded 1890 Dept. 40-B, Chicago 1, Illinois

GOVERNMENT OIL LEASES LOW AS \$1 PER ACRE

You do no drilling, pay no taxes, may realize a king-size profit without ever leaving home. Write for free map and literature.

American Oil Scouts, Dept. AR, 8350 Santa Monica Blvd. Los Angeles 46, Calif.

NO-MONEY-DOWN HOMESITE

FALCON LAKE



Choice Lakeshore Homesites on Beautiful Falcon Lake
Year 'round ★ investment
Fishing ★ development
Boating ★ vacationing
Hunting ★ retirement

as low as \$10. Monthly if you act NOW!

No obligation. Write for FREE folder: Falcon Shores, P. O. Box 6158-A, Corpus Christi, Texas.

Get to the Root of Athlete's Foot

RINGWORM, OTHER FUNGUS INFECTIONS

with New NP-27® Treatment

—AND THAT FUNGUS IS DEAD FOREVER!

Kills fungus under skin surface—even penetrates into toenails. Promotes growth of healthy tissue. Guards against new infection.

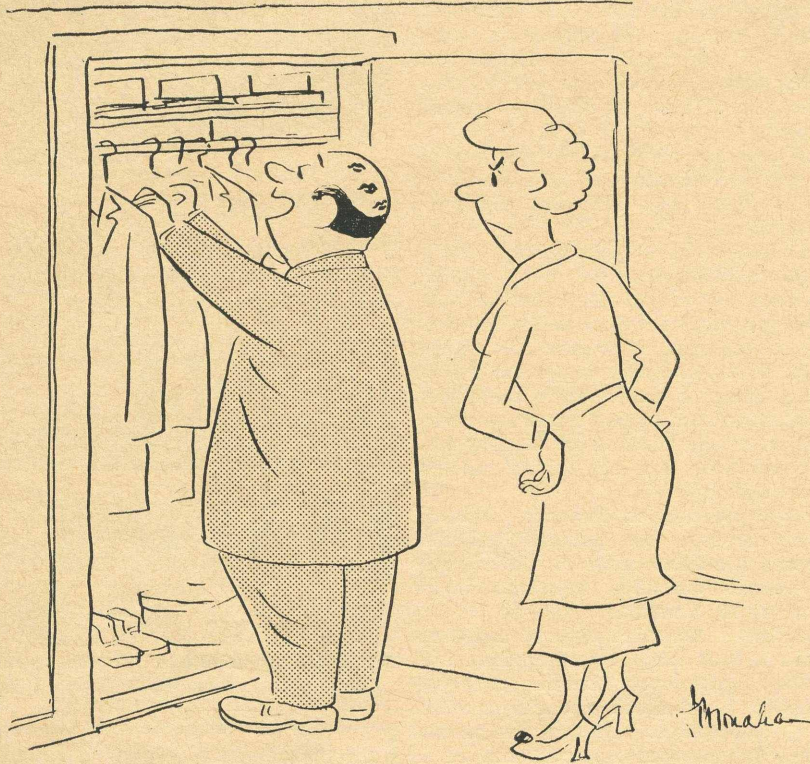
Laboratory tests prove NP-27 Liquid not only works under skin surface to kill fungus where it breeds and spreads—but even penetrates into toenails. Works in vital under-surface skin layers where ordinary remedies cannot reach.

Using new NP-27 Liquid-Powder Treatment, doctors in two leading clinics found that

Athlete's Foot, Ringworm and other fungus infections, even stubborn cases, clear up usually within two weeks—often in less than 7 days.

As part of the Treatment, new NP-27 Medicated Powder dries the foot perspiration that helps fungus grow, eliminates surface fungus, soothes chafed skin, guards against new infections.

New NP-27 Treatment (Liquid and Medicated Powder) guarantees effective relief—or full refund from your druggist.



"Dullest stag party I ever attended."

the squadron had even toasted the lost men and had broken their glasses in remembrance. But now Kennedy's scrawled coconut message suddenly stirred hope for the lost men. . . .

Engineer Bill Johnston: The days were telling on us; so when people started squawking, I'd take it on myself to give them an ear-banging.

Somebody said that we would "rot out here forever." So I said, "Shut up, will you? You're too miserable to die." And once when one guy said he was going to do a lot of praying, I yelled, "You guys give me a pain. Ain't one of you said ten minutes of prayers in all your lives. And now, when you want something and start praying, who's going to listen to you?"

I figured by pepping up the men it would help them a little. It was the least I could do for the skipper. I was feeling like someone had rolled over me with a steamroller and my gut was still full of gasoline, but when I thought of Kennedy dragging himself in and out of the water on the swims and Ross out there with him, it gave me a terrific lift. I'd been with a lot of brave men in a lot of bad spots during my years in the boondocks, but this was one hell and half of a man, win, lose, or draw. I didn't pick him for my skipper, but I kept thanking God that the Navy'd picked him for me.

Then, like a miracle, these natives—now it was the sixth day for us—brought the skipper and Ensign Ross in their canoe to our beach and we almost bust out crying, we were so glad to see they were alive.

Kennedy shook our hands and grinned, and looked over MacMahon and me.

The natives built a lean-to for MacMahon to protect him from the sun. He was far gone now, but he kept fighting. The burns were bad. And they lay Ross down on the sand near where I was, and his arm had swollen three times its size from where the coral cut him. Everybody was haggard and weak.

The skipper stood up and said in that same matter-of-fact way, "I'm going to get the rescue boat now."

Then the natives stretched him out in the bottom of their canoe and covered him with old rags and palm leaves, in case Japanese planes started to buzz them, and they started on the long haul to New Georgia.

Kennedy made it. He waited that night in the canoe at a rendezvous point and heard four shots. He answered with four shots. A PT came alongside the canoe and the boys dragged him aboard.

"Where the hell you been?" Kennedy asked.

A few hours later, the PT reached us, and our ordeal was over. They carried MacMahon aboard and gave me a hand. We all looked like the leftovers from a bad dream.

There was a medic aboard and he gave us some brandy. Harris couldn't drink his, so I said to him, "Don't waste it," and drank it.

Then I had some more. Except for the Jap crackers, it was the first thing I

had in my stomach for a week, and it was good.

I had some more brandy and then I went topside. A couple of the natives who had helped Kennedy were there and I put my arms around them and somehow we started singing a hymn a missionary taught them. I knew it as a kid. We sang for a long time.

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong.
Yes, Jesus loves me; yes, Jesus loves
me . . ."

At about this time, back in the Brookline, Massachusetts home of Ambassador Joseph R. Kennedy, a bereaved family mourned their missing boy. The telegram they had received from the United States Department of the Navy read simply:

"THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY REGRETS TO INFORM YOU THAT LIEUTENANT J/C JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY IS REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION."

In accordance with family wishes, a priest offered a special mass for the thin, young officer who had led his men on the battle seas. But the good father, happily enough, was being more than somewhat premature. Even heaven, it seemed, would have to wait this time.

For Kennedy and his men lived, and in short order the skipper received the Purple Heart and the Navy and Marine Corps Medal.

Admiral William F. Halsey signed the citation, which read, in part:

"His courage, endurance and excellent leadership contributed to the saving of several lives and was in keeping with the highest tradition of the United States Naval Service."

But Kennedy would pay a heavy personal price for his heroism. He refused rotation to the States and went right back to the PTs, whereupon he contracted malaria and fell away to 125 pounds. The back injury he received during the PT-109 collision caused him increasing amounts of pain.

Finally, late in 1943, he agreed to be hospitalized home.

Through the years that followed, his back required several operations, weeks and months of hospital treatment. Until recently, he had to wear a light brace for support.

It was right after Kennedy left for the States that his men, the survivors of the ill-fated PT-109, gathered to meet their new skipper.

"I understand Kennedy left something for me," the new lieutenant said to the assembled men.

"No, sir," replied one of the crew.

"But I understand there were two quarts . . ."

"No, sir. It's gone, sir," said the old PT-109 man. "The skipper said that the alky was for the men, sir."

And so it was. ● ● ●

chutes at the end of town were empty skeletons. Northriver was resting after its spree.

Dan finally made his choice. He left the office and walked to Ike Williams' livery.

"I'll hire the cut-under for the afternoon, if it isn't spoken for, Ike," he said. "Dust it pretty while I catch myself a shave and a trim."

The sun was warm on his neck as he walked to Louie Morelli's barbershop, the breeze mellow. Dan wished he could take Art's advice and hike through the sagebrush with a bird gun slung in his arm. He wished he was a boy again, back in Ohio, and storing big yellow pumpkins for the winter in his father's barn. He wished he was most anything at this moment except the law officer in Northriver.

He had handled the job for three years and had given notice that he was quitting on the first of January. Only this morning, in his room, he had offered up special thanks that he was still alive. There had been times when he had feared he wouldn't make it. He had believed it was all over with, now that the trail season had ended. But it looked as if he wasn't out of the woods after all.

He was particular about the way Louis used the scissors on his dark hair and even his mustache. It was a healthy mustache that arched gracefully around his straight mouth.

He was worried a little to notice a few new gray hairs in the mustache and above his forehead where his hair was roached straight back. He was tall and rawboned. He did a lot of riding and hunting and his weight had stood within a pound or two of one hundred and eighty as far back as he could remember. He was forty-three years old and had never reached the end of his endurance. But—gray hairs.

"It is nothing," Louie scoffed. "A few gray hairs. It is nothing, I tell you. You are in the prime of life. Look at me. Gray as cotton. I am past sixty, but I am full of health."

Louie wished him good luck when he left the shop. Ike Williams expressed the same sentiment when he drove out of the livery in the cut-under top buggy.

He wondered whether they were thinking of what Art Holcomb had told him, or were wishing him well in his courtship of Julia Neal, the comely widow who owned the Bon Ton store.

Art had probably already told the story of what he had seen from the train.

Nearly everyone had approvingly watched his romance flourish and had taken a personal interest. All Northriver knew that when Dan rented the cut-under, it meant he was calling on Julia. It was the prettiest rig in the country, with its graceful lines and arched body. A courting buggy. Customarily, Dan hired it only on Sundays to escort Julia to church in the mornings and to drive her over the prairie in the afternoons, and on Wednesday nights when he called at the Neal home and squired her to choir practice.

This was Tuesday, an unprecedented departure from protocol. He was sure the town was taking note. However, there was one detail in his courtship that had es-

caped Northriver's attention. For some time now, Julia had been maintaining a rigid space between them when she sat beside him in the buggy, or on the pew in the choir loft at church. Only an inch or so. Not enough to be noticed—except by him.

He knew the cause of her aloofness but it had never been mentioned by either of them. He had hoped that time would take care of it, but he could wait no longer. It was possible that time was running out on him. For his own peace of mind, he must settle this thing with her, once and for all. Of late, he had taken to lying awake nights and arising hollow-eyed and forlorn. Such was the depth of his feeling for her. That, of course, was something he could not reveal to anyone, for he was not a man to make a display of his emotions.

He drove to the rear of the Bon Ton, tethered the horse, and knocked on the back door. Julia admitted him. She was in her late thirties, and had the prettiest brown eyes in many a day's ride. And the merriest, though they had lost this of late. She was neat and rounded, with curly chestnut hair, and women envied the way she dressed.

She saw the buggy and gave him a swift and disturbed look. "It isn't necessary to always come to the back door, Dan," she said.

"It takes gumption to come into this place by any door," Dan said, keeping his eyes carefully away from various feminine garments that were in plain sight.

Julia had married young and had been widowed young. Strangers often took it for granted that she and her daughter were sisters. She had come to Northriver with Susan when the railroad built in. She had worked in their living quarters on millinery and sewing, and had finally opened this small, prospering store. Her nice contralto voice and Dan's baritone in the

choir did a lot to offset the long sermons the Reverend Obediah Jones preached every Sunday morning.

During the trail season, Julia did a rushing business catering to young, homesick drovers who wanted to buy something gay, and perhaps a trifle wicked, such as silk garters or striped stockings, to take back to their sweethearts. It usually ended up with the dance-hall girls across the tracks getting most of the gifts—which was perhaps best for all concerned.

Business was now at its ebb. This rear section of the store was partitioned off as working quarters. Julia had been trimming a hat. Susan was treadling a sewing machine.

"Good afternoon, Sue," Dan spoke.

"How do you do, Mr. Bassett," Susan responded courteously.

It was as though he had been a stranger. Susan was past nineteen and as comely as her mother, but in a different way. She was tall and slender, with blue eyes and hair the color of ripe corn. Julia had told Dan that Sue took more after her father in looks.

In the past, Sue had been gay and talkative and full of laughter and giggles. Now, she paid strict attention to her sewing, as though she had forgotten Dan's presence.

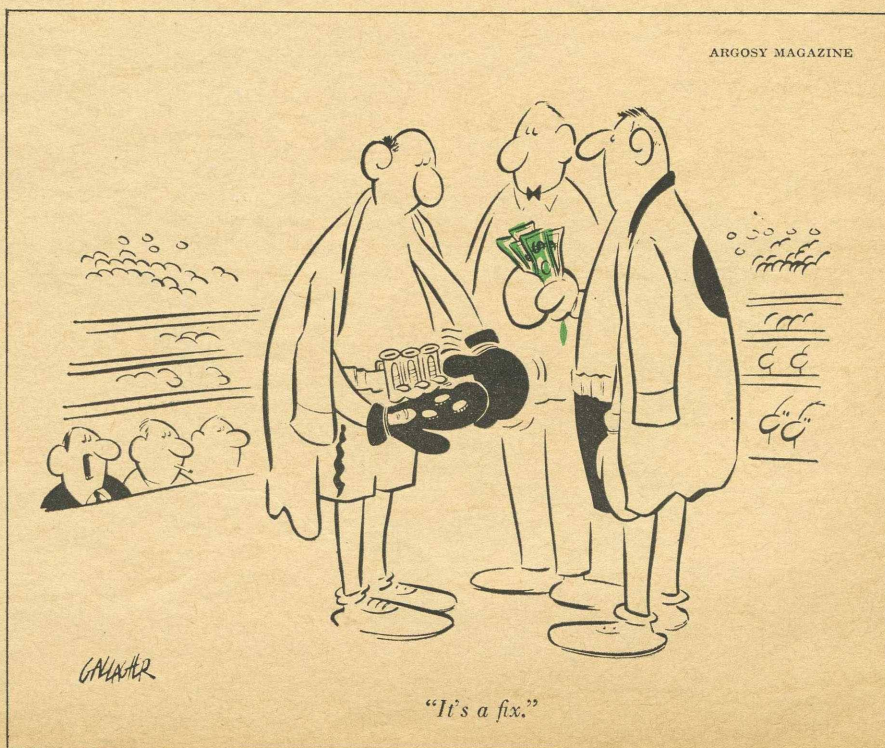
Dan spoke to Julia. "I'm hoping you will take a drive for an hour or two. It's a nice day."

Julia studied him a moment. He guessed she, too, sensed that a time for decision had arrived.

"I've put earnest money down on that quarter section of railroad land I pointed out to you," Dan said. "I'd like your advice on where it's best to place the house."

"I wouldn't be of any help, Dan," Julia said slowly.

That hit him hard. However, he saw that the refusal had not been easy for her. That encouraged him to go on. "We'll



just drive, then," he said. "There are some things that need talking over."

She looked at Susan but got no help there. "All right," she said.

She pinned a bonnet on her hair, moored it down with a scarf and donned a jacket and duster. She kissed Susan on the cheek. "Don't sit at that machine much longer," she admonished. "You'll bring on curvature of the spine."

Susan smiled. "At my age? Oh, mother!" But she hadn't laughed, Dan noticed sadly. No, she hadn't laughed.

Susan's face was thinner. Her eyes seemed bigger. Dan surmised that she had not been sleeping too well lately, either.

He escorted Julia to the buggy and helped her to the seat. Touching her always aroused his hopes, made him feel sure that everything would work out. But he was plunged into a sort of terror again when he got to the seat beside her and found the small space carefully arranged between them as before.

He did not speak until they had left town well behind. Sod houses broke the contour of the prairie swells. "Every time we drive out here, we see new soddies being built," Dan said. "The best of the land is being taken up fast."

"Yes," Julia responded. She waited. She knew that he had intended to begin building a house now that he had a little more spare time on his hands. A frame house. He had saved enough to afford one. It was to have been for the two of them, and it was planned so that more space could be added.

"Julia," he said. "We've drifted apart. I don't think either of us wanted it that way." He hesitated, hoping she'd speak.

Julia didn't say anything, but her chin was trembling.

"It started that day in July when I had the trouble with that young drover, Tom Kirby," Dan said. "You didn't approve of the way I handled it, did you?"

"Let's not talk about it, Dan. It's past and done."

"It's got to be talked about," Dan said. "There wasn't anything else I could do."

"It was the way you did it," she said.

"There were fifty men like him in Pawnee Street that day, full of firewater and aching to spill over the rim," Dan said. "If they had got out of hand, we'd have been in for a riot."

"Did you have to be so hard on him? So—so brutal?"

Dan held back any answer for a time. The memory of it came back. It brought the sweat out in his palms as it always did when he thought about it. He had stood surrounded by angry trail men. It was nearing supertime of a blistering hot July day and the cattle season was at its peak. He hadn't had more than a few winks of sleep in two days.

He had been wearing his pistol, but had not drawn it. To have done so would have touched off the big trouble he had been trying to prevent. He had arrested three or four of the men earlier in the afternoon and locked them in jail to sober up. To show their resentment, the others had begun swaggering across the tracks and over Dan Bassett's established dead line into the sedate section of town, in defiance of Dan's rule that boisterousness be confined to the south side.

Young Tom Kirby had been the firebrand. He was big, reckless and dashing

handsome. He was a member of a wealthy and widely renowned cattle family and had come up the trail as wagon boss of a stock herd. The cattle had been held on graze near Northriver for nearly a month, awaiting a buyer before moving on northward for delivery in Dakota territory. Tom Kirby had been a little conceited, a little vain, a little unsure of himself underneath, and, above all, possessed of a great desire to prove himself.

Dan's thoughts returned to the present. "Brutal!" he said, and heard a harshness enter his voice. "What you actually mean is that I was arrogant. I wanted to make them know that I was a better man than any of them. And rougher."

"Couldn't you have arrested him and taken him to jail in an orderly way, Dan? He was young, too young to suffer the humiliation you put on him. And he'd been drinking."

"If I'd gone easy, they'd have taken it that I was afraid of them," Dan said.

"But you weren't afraid. And you had all the advantage. You had the law back of you. And you had experience in fighting. That's why it seemed so unnecessary."

"I was afraid," Dan said. "That was the crux of it. I couldn't show I was afraid. I'd have been stamped under."

"You mean you made an example of him as a warning to others. You beat him up. You made him look bad."

Dan winced, recalling the cracked rib, the loosened teeth he had suffered, the two days he had spent in bed nursing his bruises and aching muscles after that affair with Tom Kirby. It was then he had first given thought to the significance of those gray hairs that were appearing.

"Kirby wasn't exactly as inexperienced as you think," he said. "He almost got me before I got him."

"As if knocking him senseless in the fight wasn't enough, you disgraced him by dragging him to jail by the heels through the dust of the street, as you would drag an animal."

"It was part of it," Dan said. "Part of the lesson."

"You broke his spirit, Dan. You disgraced him in front of his own kind and in front of everyone in Northriver."

Her eyes were swimming in tears. "Sue was in love with him. He had been courting her. I'm sure he intended to ask her to marry him. After what you did, he didn't consider himself fit to see her again. His spirit wasn't the only thing you broke, Dan. Sue isn't able to get over him. She was deeply in love with him."

Dan sat silent for a long time, the reins slack in his hands, letting the horse pick its own slow pace. The railroad land on which he had made the first payment came into view. It was a choice quarter. A small stream crossed its length.

"I didn't know about Sue and Kirby at the time," he said slowly. He looked at Julia. "But it wouldn't have made any difference, under the circumstances. It was something I had to do."

Julia leaned nearer and let her head rest for a moment against his shoulder. "Dan!" she wept. "Oh, Dan! I'm so sorry it turned out this way."

She straightened and the space was between them again.

"We'd better start back," she said. "You



ARGOSY MAGAZINE

SHIRVANIAN

"He's the perfect man to send into space . . . nerves of steel, superb physical condition, top-notch pilot—and nobody likes him."

shouldn't plan anything for us in the future, Dan. The two of us, I mean."

"Because of Sue?"

"I couldn't leave her, not the way she is now. She's heartbroken. She blames you for it, Dan."

"And you blame me, too."

Julia hurriedly fumbled for her kerchief and began dabbing at her eyes. It was a bitter choice for her, Dan knew. He stroked her hand, but she only kept on weeping. The terror came back inside him, for he saw now that the gulf was wider and deeper than he had imagined.

"Sue has never heard from Tom Kirby since that day," Julia said. "He left without seeing her and went off to Dakota with his cattle. She'll never see him again."

"She'll see him again," Dan said. "And so will I."

He swung the rig and headed back toward town. The horse stepped out briskly, enlivened by the prospect of returning to its home stall.

"Slow down, please," Julia said. Her voice was choked up. "My eyes must be all red and swollen. People will notice. Give me a little time."

But that didn't help, for she just kept using her kerchief. Dan finally had to drive her right down Pawnee Street toward the Bon Ton.

Julia straightened suddenly with a gasp. Three cow ponies, bearing worn, double-rigged saddles, stood in front of Ducky Tilton's pool hall across the tracks. They were sinewy animals, leaned to tough fitness by long miles. Nearer at hand, a weathered chuck wagon, its top furled and traveling light, had been left unharnessed before Ike Williams' livery. Its team had been quartered in the livery yard, along with a string of spare saddle animals. A barn man was forking hay into the racks.

A man stood in the open door of the pool hall. He was tall and browned by the sun. Like the cow ponies, he had the air of being honed to physical fitness. He wore the round hat and weather-faded garb customary to drovers.

He moved out of the shadow of the building into the sunlight so that he could clearly be seen. The faces of his companions were visible through the windows of the pool hall.

He lifted his hat. "Howdy, Mrs. Neal." He spoke across the tracks. "You're lookin' right well."

Julia answered joyously. "Why—why, it's you, Tom!"

In that moment, she was thinking only of Susan, and that Tom Kirby had returned. Dan halted the buggy in front of the Bon Ton. He could see Sue standing in the store, looking at Tom Kirby across the tracks. Kirby probably could see her, though her image must have been dim in the shadows of the store, for he was gazing, too.

Dan alighted and cramped the wheels to give Julia's wide skirts clearance. He offered his arm. She did not move. She was gazing down at him and all color had left her face.

She said faintly, "Please, Dan."

The real truth of what all this meant had suddenly dawned upon her. Tom Kirby was wearing a gun in a holster. In Northriver, it was against the law to carry firearms, and Dan always enforced that law.

Julia's voice shook. "You knew he would be here when we got back, didn't you?"

"From the train this morning, Art Holcomb saw him and his riders about five miles north of town, heading this way with one of them driving the wagon. They're on their way back to Texas after delivering their cattle up north."

He paused, then said, "They must have gone quite a piece out of their path to come by way of Northriver."

Julia's voice rose a little. "You know why he's here."

Dan nodded. "I always figured he'd come back. He told me he would after he got the cattle off his hands."

He could see the frantic fear grow in Julia. She said, "That's why you wanted to talk to me, isn't it? I didn't know that such a choice was being offered me."

"Choice?"

"Between us and what might happen to Tom Kirby—and Sue."

Dan shook his head. "That wasn't it. I wanted to let you know how I felt about you. How I really felt. But after I got you out there, I realized it didn't need saying. You already knew."

He again offered his arm. This time she numbly accepted it and alighted from the buggy. She was trembling. "Then you will avoid trouble with him, Dan?" she said softly, hope rising.

"That would mean me getting out of town," Dan said.

"What if it did? It would be worth it."

"Art Holcomb thinks so, too. But it would only leave it unsettled, Julia. Kirby still wouldn't know whether he would have had the sand to go through with it. He came here to prove something to himself and to other people. He's the kind who'd never rest easy until he was sure about himself in his own mind. He'd hunt me up again, some other time. I might as well get this over right now."

Julia's hand fell away from his arm. "Not with guns," she said hopelessly.

"He's carrying one."

He took her hand and led her to the door of the store. The door was open and Susan stood inside. From her stillness, Dan knew she was afraid. She had heard what he and Julia had said.

He took Julia in his arms and kissed her, holding her thus for a time, with Tom Kirby and many others in Northriver watching. Her lips did not respond. He said, "This has to be done for the both of us. I have my pride, too."

He walked down the street to the jail office and got his pistol from his desk. He thrust it in his belt and crossed the road-way and the Santa Fe tracks.

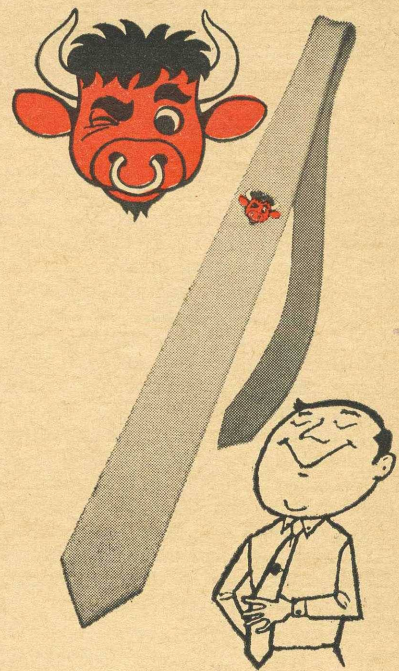
Tom Kirby had not changed position. His comrades were still in the pool hall and Dan understood that they were not to take any part in this.

Dan spoke when he was still some fifty feet away. "You know there's an ordinance against carrying firearms in Northriver, Kirby. You're in for a fine and costs."

For answer, Tom Kirby turned his back on Dan. He drew his pistol with deliberation and fired a shot that broke glass in the pool-hall window.

"That'll be destruction of property," Dan said in a calm voice.

Tom Kirby moved to the open door of the pool hall and sent his pistol skidding



AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS!

Wear this necktie, and when they tell you those tall hunting and fishing tales, show them how smart you are. Just flash your tie in their faces. They'll get the point, all right, when they see the Stuffed Bull's Head With the Winking Eye.

You can even get one for that buddy of yours who sometimes toys so carelessly with the truth.

The label on the tie reads, "Honest Abe Club"—just to prove how truthful you are!

ONLY \$3.00 EACH

Your choice of 3 colors:

MEDIUM BLUE
MEDIUM BROWN
LIGHT MAROON

ORDER BY MAIL—USE THIS COUPON

HONEST ABE TIES
P.O. BOX 2730
GRAND CENTRAL STATION
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Please send me the following "Stuffed Bull's Head With the Winking Eye" TIES (\$3.00 each):

Quantity	Color	Price
		\$

Total enclosed: \$

Name.....

Street..... Apt. #.....

City..... Zone.....

State.....

(Please print)

down the floor far out of reach beneath the tables inside.

He turned and looked at Dan. "I want you to try to drag me to jail again by the heels. I'm stone sober this time."

Dan was thankful Tom Kirby had elected not to try it with guns. He said, "All right." He placed his own pistol on a window ledge.

He saw that Tom Kirby had changed during these weeks; not in outer appearance, but in some inner way. A gravity had entered him, sobering his eyes. He could be no more than twenty-three, Dan decided. He had steadied, lost his swagger. He was about Dan's own weight, evidently, but an inch shorter, which placed that weight across his back and in his thighs where it would begin to tell if the fight lasted.

Dan thought, I've got nothing on my side, nothing worth fighting for, except what the job pays. He's got everything.

He kept walking in and said, "Come peaceful, fellow."

Tom Kirby waited until Dan touched him. He batted Dan's arm angrily aside. Then they were fighting.

Tom Kirby had been more than a handful in their first conflict. This was going to be tougher. Dan discovered in the first exchange that Kirby must have been taking lessons in the fistic art. He had learned to block punches and to keep moving.

Dan tried to end it in a hurry. He feinted, feinted again and ripped an uppercut to the line of the belt. He had handled many of them that way. Brutal, Julia had termed it.

Tom Kirby blocked the blow and was unhurt. A rock hit Dan over the heart. Another caught him at the base of the jaw. Tom Kirby's fists. Dan backed off, knowing that he was hurt. Look out, he told himself! Look out! He quit boxing and

began brawling. He came in, head down, slugging, butting and crowding. He landed one punch that was solid. Kirby weathered it and returned a right of his own that had power. A sick numbness came. Dan hung on, trying to ride it out.

He shook off the numbness and kept shooting for the body. Again he found it. This time, he knew he had scored. Tom Kirby stopped short, staggered back. Dan saw the slackness that came into his face.

Dan struck again. And registered again. Kirby clenched and clung desperately, forcing Dan to sustain his weight. This would not do. Dan could feel his own knees shaking. He had to end this soon or go under from sheer weariness. He thought of the gray hairs, and knew that this was the answer. He was being beaten by twenty years' advantage in age.

He tore an arm free and landed another blow to the body. That one did damage. He saw now that he had his man. Despair was entering Tom Kirby's face. Dan understood. Kirby was seeing all his dreams vanish. He had come here to restore his belief in himself and to prove himself worthy of Susan Neal.

Dan saw an opening for the jaw, and went for it to finish the fight.

In the last instant, he let the steam out of the punch and it did no harm. Tom Kirby was still fighting. A left came at Dan. He let it come. He could have blocked it with a shoulder. But he took the punch. It knocked him down. He climbed back to his feet, the sickness back and overwhelming him. That blow had sent him over the hill.

Tom Kirby realized this, and it was a reprieve from desolation for him. He charged in, inspired by the discovery that he had the chance to make his dreams come true after all.

Dan felt another rock strike his jaw.

And another. He was going down for the first time in his life.

When he drifted out of it, Art Holcomb was squirting water in his face. He was lying on one of Ducky Tilton's pool tables. And Ducky and all the other citizens were gazing at him.

He sat up presently. "It seems like I got licked."

"You got careless just when you had him," Art said. "He tried to drag you down the street by the heels, but wasn't up to it. He just sort of sat himself down and panted for a while."

Dan looked in the mirror. He had the mumps and a moused eye and other injuries. He washed up in the back room. Ducky patched him up with liniment and court plaster and lent him a clean shirt to replace his own, which was a sight.

By that time, it was nearly sundown. Through the door, Dan saw the chuck wagon heading out of town, accompanied by three riders. Tom Kirby was driving and beside him sat Susan Neal. She was pulling on a dust coat to protect a fluffy white party dress. A camelback trunk, hat boxes and other baggage were lashed down in the wagon.

"Reverend Jones is away, quail huntin'," Art explained. "So they're drivin' out to the Army Post to have the chaplain marry 'em tonight. They seem to be in a terrible hurry. Sue's goin' on to Texas with young Kirby. He hunted up the judge, pleaded guilty to half a dozen things, includin' assault an' battery. He told us to inform you that the hundred-dollar fine was well worth it."

Sue saw Dan as he stepped from the pool hall and blew him a kiss. Tom Kirby waved. The chuck wagon kept going.

Dan waved back. He winced. It required effort to lift his arm. He ached all over. He crossed the tracks and entered his office.

Julia was sitting at his desk, waiting. "Close the door, Dan," she said. "I don't want the whole town watching while I spoon with you."

She put her arms around him and hugged him. She wept joyously. "They're so happy," she said. "Tom Kirby thinks he's just the greatest thing alive and a prize for any girl. Sue thinks so, too. He was actually strutting when he came into the store and grabbed her."

She squeezed him tighter. "They're walking on air. They both really believe he beat you all by himself."

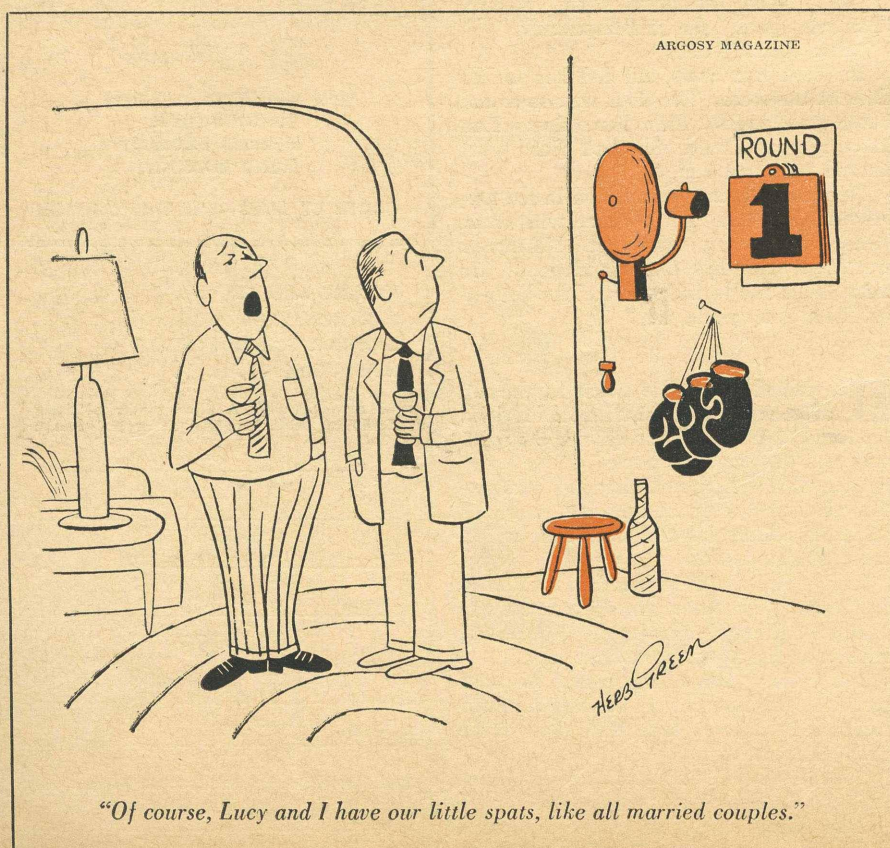
"And what makes you think he didn't?" Dan demanded. "And never mind my groans. Just keep squeezing. Best cure I know of."

"Because I know you," she said. "Tom is a fine young man and we'll be proud to have him as a son-in-law, but until he really grows up, you could beat him and a dozen like him if you were of a mind. Everybody knows that. Do you feel up to the ride, Dan?"

"What ride?"

"I've told Ike Williams to hitch up the cut-under again. We're going out to the Army Post to see the wedding. On the way, we'll stop by the quarter section and talk about where to build the house." She added, "There'll be a full moon coming home, Dan."

"I feel more than up to it," he said. ●



"Of course, Lucy and I have our little spats, like all married couples."

championships. And then came the storm! For the first time since the days of the Czar, Russia entered a full team in the XVth Olympiad in 1952. They did very well indeed, taking sixty-nine medals to our seventy-six, and twenty-two championships to our forty-four. Although our contestants took top honors in the over-all games, Russia took four medals to our two in the shooting events, with each country taking one championship.

Then the real blow fell. In the 1956 Olympics, United States shooters won but one medal—bronze for third place in the Free Pistol Match. Seldom, if ever before, had the United States been represented by a finer shooting team. Yet seldom had the United States fared worse in the final results. If I remember correctly, Russia won eight medals in the shooting events.

In those 1956 games, which were held in Melbourne, Australia, our marksmen did some very excellent shooting, but not good enough to take top honors. General opinion at the time was that, in order to improve the position of the United States in international shooting, we must have more widespread competition over the Olympic courses, and we must further develop our equipment, especially in regard to rifle shooting. A program was set up to do it.

How did the Russians get to the top in the shooting picture? Following World War I, they were as full of schemes as they are today. Among those that very well could have got lost in the shuffle, but didn't, was a plan to rouse national interest in the art of marksmanship. The idea was to build shooting ranges at strategic points throughout the country and make it possible for everyone to enjoy the sport. Such a program would be invaluable to national safety, and those who showed talent were to be given special training.

I am told that the plan got off to a slow start, but before World War II, almost every hamlet had a range of one sort or another. Russian target arms were mostly of military gender, but as improvements in mass production of ammunition and specialized arms developed, the comrades began turning in some pretty good scores. After World War II, the plan to prepare for international shooting went into higher gear. The results of this concentrated effort showed plainly in the win columns of the 1952 and 1956 Olympics. Recognizing the propaganda value of the world-wide publicity given them in the Olympics and other international tournaments, the Russians have gone all out to develop winners in all types of international sports, with particular effort to field topflight shooters.

With our program of advanced marksmanship getting under way, the United States team performance in scores (though not in victories) in the International Shooting Union's 37th World Championships, fired in Moscow in 1958, was considerably improved over those in previous post-war World Championships. True, the Russians dominated the field, taking twelve team championships out of fourteen, but our shooters were breathing down their necks.

With the 1960 Olympics coming up in August and the 38th World Championships to be held in Cairo, Egypt, in 1962,

our top-ranking shooters are working full-tilt. The preliminary tryouts in various parts of the country for selection of shooters to compete in the finals, and eventually in the Olympic Games, were completed early in June and the final tryouts are under way at Fort Benning, Georgia, where the range facilities are excellent. These tryouts will end somewhere around August fourth, and the marksmen who are selected as members of the Olympic squad will probably remain at Fort Benning for special training until they leave for the games.

The Olympic shooting competitions are individual, with no teamwork involved. Only two contestants per nation can enter each event, and the maximum number representing each nation is ten. Women are excluded from shooting competitions.

There will be six shooting events in this XVII Olympiad: Free Rifle, Small Bore Rifle (three position), Small Bore Rifle (prone), Free Pistol, Rapid Fire Pistol and Clay Pigeon Shooting. With only ten men allowed on the squad, the two who shoot the three-position, small-bore match will also shoot in the prone event.

In case you want to follow the reports as they come in from Rome, the Free Rifle event is fired at 300 meters (slightly over 328 yards) with any rifle weighing eight kilograms (slightly more than seventeen and a-half pounds) or less and not to exceed eight-mm (.315-inch) caliber. Telescope sights are not allowed in the contests. The course consists of a maximum of ten sighting shots and 120 shots for record; forty in each of three positions—prone, kneeling and standing. The time limit is six hours and thirty minutes.

The Small Bore Rifle is fired over a range of fifty meters (slightly less than fifty-five yards) and is used in two events. The rifle shall comply with the rules for the Free Rifle, but must be of 22 caliber. The first course of fire is the same as for Free Rifle, with a time limit of six hours.

The second course, fired from prone position, consists of a maximum of fifteen sighting shots and sixty shots for record in six series of ten shots each. The time limit is two hours and thirty minutes.

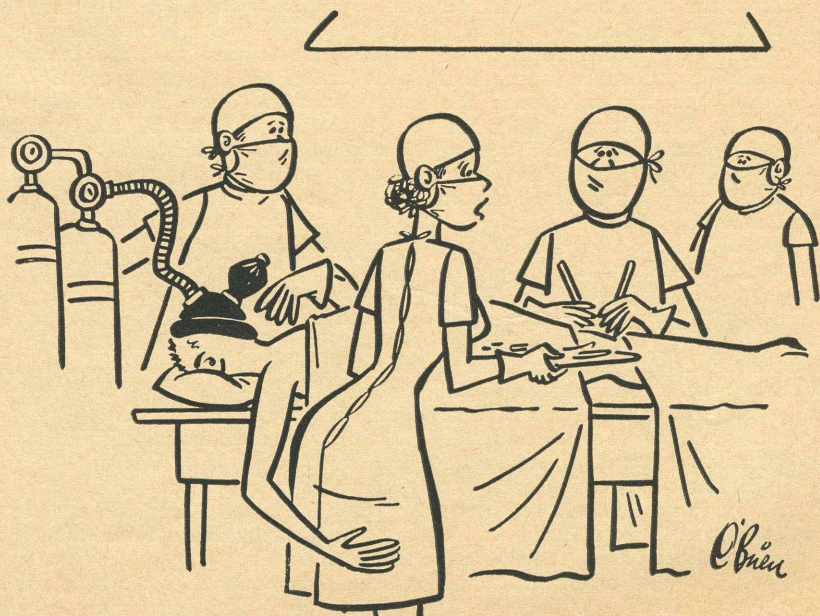
The Free Pistol event is fired with any pistol that is entirely hand held. A maximum of fifteen sighting shots and sixty for record, six series of ten shots each, are fired in a time limit of three hours.

In the Rapid Fire Pistol event, groups or sets of five International silhouette-turning targets are used in twelve series, which are divided into two rounds, and fired on at a distance of twenty-five meters (slightly more than twenty-seven and a third yards). In each series, one shot must be fired at each of the five targets when they are turned toward the shooter. Thus sixty shots are fired in two rounds of thirty shots each. Each round consists of six series of five shots each—two series in eight seconds each, two in six and two in four.

Clay Pigeon Shooting is similar to our trap shooting. The shooting station is sixteen and a half yards behind the traps, which are adjusted so that, at the best angle of elevation, the target must carry a distance of seventy-seven yards in calm weather. The target is thrown within an area bounded by angles of forty-five degrees right and left of an imaginary line through the center of the shooting station and central trap. The event consists of 200 clay pigeons or targets, 100 to be fired at on each of two days and staged in a series of twenty-five targets. All kinds of twelve-gauge or smaller shotguns, including automatic models, may be used.

Rifled arms, used by U.S. contenders in the 1956 Olympics, were mostly of foreign make—Swiss free rifles of Nato 7.62 (308)-caliber, Swiss 22-caliber free pistols and a Swiss rapid-fire pistol, and one American Colt Woodsman. American-made rifles, adapted for international shooting, were fired in the small-bore matches.

ARGOSY MAGAZINE



"Doctor, I don't think he's completely unconscious."

Now, for the first time, American marksmen will have available modern free rifles and free pistols designed and produced in the United States. Both Winchester-Western and Remington have been working with the Army Advanced Marksmanship Unit to provide the finest rifles and ammunition for international competition. High Standard, also working closely with AMU, has produced a free pistol with several unique features.

Speaking of AMU, I want to make it clear that members of our service groups who are taking part in the strenuous shooting program, in preparation for international shooting contests, are doing so on an additional-activity basis after their normal military training and duties. These boys, as well as civilian shooters who are taking part in this time-consuming and exacting sport, deserve infinite credit.

Free-style rifles and pistols are weird-looking to most Americans who are familiar only with conventional arms made in the United States. Stocks and fore ends of these arms are fitted to the individual shooter's dimensions and sometimes have special thumb holes, finger grooves and cheek pieces, as well as special butt plates having a hook which fits under the shooter's armpit, and removable palm rests at-

tached under the fore end. Free pistols ordinarily have grips that are fitted to the shooter's hand. All details of design, as with free rifles, strive for the ultimate in accuracy of aim and firing. Both the rifles and pistols are single-shot.

Winchester-Western management decided to undertake the development of a free rifle in 1956, during the Olympic Games. The new rifle, in 308-caliber, has been built, literally, from scratch in both design and manufacture and has gone through three stages of development. Because of the tremendous cost and relatively small demand in the past for free rifles in this country, the Winchester Free Rifle will not be mass-produced. Consideration is being given to making it in small quantities on special order. A prototype free rifle in 22 Long Rifle caliber is in process.

The Remington Free Rifle will be custom-made in limited numbers, and orders will be filled as they are received. The stock and fore end on these rifles will be rough-turned so that shooters can finish them to their individual requirements. Standard calibers will be 22 rim fire, Nato 7.62 and 30-06. Any other caliber for which Remington now chambers a gun may be ordered on special request. Also furnished—on special order only—is the

Remington 40X Rangemaster Center Fire Rifle in 222, 244 Remington calibers, 300 H&H Magnum and 30-06 calibers. Otherwise, it will be like the rim-fire 40X.

Besides the electronic trigger which I mentioned earlier, the High Standard Free Pistol has a new rotary sear and sear-connector mechanism designed to give an absolute minimum of gun disturbance between the time the trigger is pulled and when the cartridge is fired. Besides, the lock time is superfast—all of which contributes to accurate shooting. The grips, which hold two six-and-a-half-volt batteries, are oversize, so that they may be formed and slanted to the shooter's preference. The new pistol will be made in eight-, nine- and ten-inch barrel lengths. The heaviest will weigh fifty ounces.

The shooters who are selected after the final tryouts for the 1960 Olympic squad certainly will use arms that will give them best results. At last, they have some fine American models at their command.

And it is a fact that we have a crop of really dedicated marksmen working toward Rome. Judging from the scores turned in during training, the selected squad will do a great job of shooting. In the words of the Olympic motto: "*Citus, altius, fortius*"—"Swifter, higher, stronger." • • •

TIPS ON FAMILY CRUISING *Continued from page 57*

Your second in command, executive officer, and chief steward will probably be your wife, and she in turn can divide up the housekeeping chores among the rest of the crew. If you have two youngsters, you can make one responsible for keeping the cabin clean and the other for the cockpit. Dishwashing and the general clean sweep-down fore and aft that should start out each day can be on an alternate basis.

In the beginning, your wife will probably have fits over the cooking facilities and your first meal aboard will be complete chaos. Just as a starter, she'll have to use a stove with only two burners, work in about a foot and a half of space, and content herself with a variety of cooking weapons strictly limited by the stowage area. But you can alleviate the pain by a sensible choice of equipment.

Your cooking gear should be rustproof and nonbreakable, as far as is possible. But, of course, your own tastes come into this. Personally, I hate paper plates and plastic cups or glassware, so I have settled for the heavy navy china plates and coffee mugs, and restaurant glasses of the almost indestructible type.

There are two pieces of equipment that you will find invaluable. One is a Coleman oven and the other a big double boiler. That boiler will get plenty of use because while you are heating up soup or baked beans or anything else in the top, you can cook vegetables or potatoes in the bottom. You can't cook a whole meal simultaneously on only two burners. So how do you keep one thing hot while you're cooking the next? It's simple. Just put it in the top of the double boiler and cook the next item in the bottom.

As your wife will be quick to point out, there are only two ways of preparing food on a two-burner stove. Boil it or fry it. Boiled food gets boring and so does fried, aside from being tough on the digestion.

Hence, the Coleman oven. It's a simple device—just a square metal box with a hinged front door, something like an old-fashioned bread box. You rest it on top of one of the two burners. It has a temperature gauge, so you can adjust the burner heat underneath.

There won't be much room to put a pot down, and when you do it'll take off jet-propelled across the cabin the first time the boat rolls. You can give yourself a little more space by buying a bread board that will fit over the sink, and you can keep things from skidding by placing under them a dish towel that has been wet and wrung out. A paper towel *lightly* sprinkled with water will also do the trick.

You can partially lick the storage problem by utilizing the bilge. This is a fine place to store canned goods, but be sure to get a grease pencil and label the top of each can. Even in the dryest of boats, some water will creep into the bilge, and the next thing you know all the labels have floated off the canned goods. Can you imagine yourself looking at a row of anonymous tin cans trying to figure which one is which? It's worse than the old shell game.

Preserving food over an extended trip is quite a job because there is no refrigerator, just an icebox, and you'll have to keep this in mind when you're planning your menus. Frozen foods will last longer in the icebox and tend to make the ice last longer, too, but they still have to be used up quickly because food that has been frozen and then thawed tends to spoil faster than food that hasn't been frozen. Consequently, you will rely heavily on canned goods.

There are a few tricks you can use to make fresh foods last longer. Take eggs, for instance. If you coat them well with vaseline, they will last for weeks without refrigeration. And if you suspect that they have gone bad, just drop them into a pot of water. If they float, you'll know they're

spoiled. Same thing applies to fresh peas.

Your biggest enemy when you're trying to keep food from spoiling is air. So do everything you can to keep air out. Butter immersed in a coffee can full of water will keep for a couple of weeks. A solid loaf of bread will keep longer than a sliced one. And a single hunk of bacon or smoked ham will keep indefinitely.

Try to prepare two meals at once in the morning. When you are making breakfast, get together the ingredients for lunch at the same time. If you are having ham and eggs for breakfast, you can cook some extra ham and use it for sandwiches at lunch. Make the sandwiches right away, wrap them in waxed paper and put them away. It will save you the trouble of unbuttoning your galley all over again at lunch time.

There are whole libraries on the subject of boating, and, as you get into it, you will probably amass a pretty good one yourself. But nothing can take the place of actual experience. Consequently, a shakedown cruise is a must. With a family cruiser, I'd recommend two. The first should be a one-day affair requiring only one meal aboard. And the second should be no longer than overnight. Between the two, you will have been confronted with most of the problems you will have to cope with on an extended trip, and you'll come home with a list of forgotten items as long as your arm. Hang onto that list, even after you've filled it. Because once you've shaken down the boat and its crew, you're going to want a master check list that you can consult each time before you take off on a cruise.

Above all, remember that this is one of the last male strongholds. (How many women have you seen buying outboard motors recently?) You are in command. The decisions and responsibilities are yours. But so is all the fun of this wonderful family sport. • • •

Good Government League furthermore states that the yearly take was close to \$50,000 a year all told.

Long County is a poor, sparsely populated, dispirited place where a man might work hard and long and consider himself fortunate to clear \$3,000 a year. In such a place, the light was a bonanza. It is no wonder that it took thirteen years of bombarding finally to bring down.

This is the way the old light worked: U. S. 25-301, heading south, takes a sharp right ninety-degree turn in Ludowici at a place where State Highway 38 comes into it. To control the traffic, a light was installed; but it was, indeed, a strange light. Although traffic sometimes backed up a long way on the main highway, the light allowing this major traffic to proceed and turn right at times lasted as incredibly short a time as *sixteen seconds*.

Any out-of-stater wouldn't even begin to check a light in this space of time. The result, of course, was that when the light rushed through its amber phase and hit red, a driver had either to stop and be caught dead in the middle of the highway, or go through the red and complete the turn, or stop suddenly and risk having his trunk bashed in. Almost no matter what he did was bound to be illegal—all to the happy convenience of the town's police cars waiting to trap the sucker.

And there was even no way to master the light since, as Mayor Godfrey genially pointed out, the machine might vary four or five seconds, depending on the weather.

Sheriff J. Clarence Reddish, also operating on 301 across the Altamaha River from Ludowici in Wayne County, provided a topper even to the efficient Ludowici setup. The greatest schemes are the simplest, and Reddish was indeed that. Operating out of the town of Jesup, but in open country, he installed a timer on the reverse slope of a hill. As cars sailed over the crest, Reddish, parked below, would survey the speed and, as a likely prospect coasted by, the sheriff would wave him over.

Then came the genius of the whole thing. A few hundred feet down the road stood a beat-up little wooden shack which, miracle of miracles, turned out to be a little roadside courthouse, where, with almost no inconvenience, a justice of the peace could at once find a motorist guilty and relieve him of anywhere from ten dollars to twenty-seven-fifty. In a reform move this year, Clarence was taken off the fee system. Now that he has been shorn of an incentive, the little shack is no more. It was grand while it lasted, though. The AAA has indications that in 1957 this stretch of 301 yielded the incredible and princely sum of almost \$80,000.

Right next door to the Bay County jail in Panama City, Florida, there is another nice arrangement. An arrested motorist has the option of posting a fifty-dollar bond with Sheriff M. J. Daffin and appearing later for trial or handing over thirty-seven-fifty to some local bondsman, writing down on a slip of paper that he is guilty and going away, leaving the money behind. The tidy sum of twenty-seven-fifty will go to the court as a fine, and ten dollars to the bondsman entering the plea.

Up until now, we have centered our fire largely on Georgia because Georgia sheriffs, being almost politically autonomous in their own bailiwick, take less pains at concealing their activities. But right now similar situations exist in such divers places as Ohio, Arkansas, Kentucky and Virginia, to name a few, as the speed-trap score card on page 92 shows.

There are other reasons than money for operating a trap, too, often very human ones. Some of the most active traps, for instance, have been run by men who have suffered some personal tragedy through careless driving or speeding cars. They declare a bitter personal war on anything that moves, and like all fanatics, they soon go to excess. Sometimes men make political capital of a highway department that arrests large numbers of motorists. Governor Abe Ribicoff of Connecticut is definitely doing just that with his stiff, intensive campaign against speeding. This does not mean that his motives are bad but it does suggest that, for all the licenses revoked and fines paid, if accidents failed to drop, Ribicoff would be in political trouble. Judge Murtagh of New York City has sent men to jail, sometimes for years, for failure to pay parking fines.

At this moment, the north central Ohio city of Bucyrus, with surrounding Crawford County, has been designated as an extra-caution area, if not red-lined, because of the overzealousness of the state police. According to Crawford County AAA Director, Fred Trautman, drivers spend as much time looking fearfully in rear-view mirrors for troopers as they do watching the road. In this section of Ohio, drivers have been subjected to routine highway spot checks, the troopers simply pulling citizens off the roads and examining them and their papers.

"Damn right, it's illegal!" Trautman says. "But who's going to pay the money to go to court and prove it?"

Certain situations, the experienced motorist can learn to sense in time, breed natural speed traps. Take the three major highways that lead south out of Petersburg, Virginia, for example. National Interstate Highway 95, a beautiful, well-engineered road, heads south into Petersburg, but beyond it, ordinary major highway conditions prevail. Motorists spinning off the turnpike, having built up a high speed level, tend to keep going at that speed on the highways. This is safe enough, but it is beyond the speed limits established by the local police forces along the highways. Instead of posting signs alerting motorists to the change, the police simply nail them with a ticket.

Soon the towns along U. S. 1 will be

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch—Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository or ointment form* under the name *Preparation H*. Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



**LEARN
MEAT CUTTING**

Train quickly in 8 short weeks at Toledo for a bright future with security in the vital meat business. Big pay, full-time jobs—HAVE A PROFITABLE MARKET OF YOUR OWN! Pay after graduation. Diploma given. Job help. Thousands of successful graduates. Our 37th year! Send now for big, new illustrated FREE catalog. No obligation. G.I. Approved.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEAT CUTTING
Dept. S-96, Toledo 4, Ohio

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ARGOSY SUBSCRIBERS

If you are going to move, please advise us at least 6 weeks in advance giving the old address as well as the new. Please enclose if possible, the stencil imprint from the last issue received. For better mail service, when you change your address . . . write letters or send orders please be sure to include your zone number if you have one. Postal zoning helps speed your mail efficiently and economically.

ARGOSY, Subscription Department
205 East 42nd Street New York 17, N. Y.

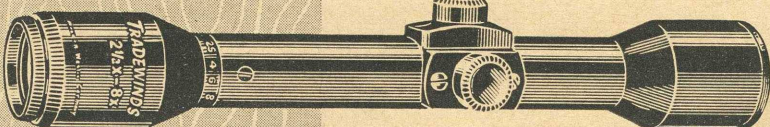
10,000 PHOTOGRAPHIC BARGAINS

• Everything photographic! Still and movie cameras, projectors, films, accessories, supplies, etc. NEW or USED! SAVE! Also sell your surplus photo equip! Send postcard.
Box 193-0, Peabody, Mass.

WHEN FALSE TEETH CAUSE SORE GUMS

You get undreamed of relief in seconds! Medically-formulated NUM-ZIT Adult Strength has already brought blessed relief to thousands. Recommended by dentists everywhere. Pleasant-tasting . . . eases discomfort while you break in new false teeth. Works wonders, too, for relief of toothache, neuralgic pains. Keep it handy for quick first aid. At all drug counters.

NUM-ZIT Adult Strength
Another fine Purepac product



TRADEWINDS
Variable Power
2 1/2 x 8 x Scope

Finest German optics. Larger field of view, greater light transmission, binocular focusing, lightweight 1" tube. Instant choice of any power from 2 1/2 x to 8x. Dot, post or crosshairs. Price \$69.95. Write for folder.

TRADEWINDS, Inc. P. O. Box 1191 • Tacoma 1, Wash.

turnpiked out of existence. Realizing this, the local police in some of them are out to make hay while the sun still shines.

Although North Carolina is less of a speed-trap state than it used to be, getting arrested there is still very undesirable. As with any traffic arrest, it is your word against the word of the arresting officer. It is assumed you are guilty, and if you fight it out or choose to question the officer's charge, you not only stand the chance of paying a fine up to thirty dollars, but you also will be smacked with a bill for court costs. Letters to the AAA show that these generally run around forty-five dollars. And you are usually found guilty anyway, and you still have to pay a fine as well as costs.

Possibly the all-time record for being speed-trapped was set by a Richmond, Virginia, driver returning home one Saturday night from Florida along 301 in Georgia. In one night, he was arrested in Nahunta, Folkston, Glenville, Jesup and Ludowici.

"It was horrible," the victim reported. "I couldn't find a way out of it. I felt exactly like a sardine swimming along in the dark in a sea of hungry sharks."

His option was to "pay or stay." He paid. After the last arrest, he drove his car twenty-five miles an hour all the way to the South Carolina border, tying up traffic for a mile behind.

Some of the more original traps have been the result of gadget-happy local police. They buy an electric timer, for instance, and then proceed to trap practically everyone who rolls over it. Electric timers are almost always the handmaidens of potential trappers when not used for highway studies. When a motorist is driving too fast for safety, police can spot it immediately. If they need an electric timer to tell them his speed, then it is pretty certain that their object is to arrest him, not to increase highway safety, but because he has broken an arbitrary law.

The new fad of radar sets is even more controversial. The real function of radar is to determine safe speed limits for roads. The AAA has long believed that the great majority of Americans do not speed, and tests would seem to bear them out. Set a realistic limit for a road and it is kept by over more than eighty-five per cent of the drivers. Conversely, set a radar rig along a road and find out at what speed the majority of drivers are going, and you will determine the logical speed limit of the road.

Many safety experts feel that there is too much concern with speed. A recent government study, a massive new report on road safety, found that the great majority of accidents, including fatal ones, happen in the thirty-to-forty- and, to a lesser extent, in forty-to-fifty-mile-an-hour brackets. Instead of chasing people in unmarked police cars, road safety and speeds would be better guarded by the simple sight of an alert police officer patrolling the roads. The few crazy nuts who insist on reaching eighty and ninety miles an hour are just that—crazy nuts that tickets don't stop. You don't need radar to spot them.

Recently, in Arkansas, a hot radar salesman sold quite a few hamlets on the idea of making money through radar traps.

COMPLETE GUIDE TO WORST U.S. SPEED TRAPS—1960

This list is up-to-date, but some towns mentioned have recently cleaned up their speed traps. They are still listed here as areas to watch, until final reports come in.

ARKANSAS: Hamburg (on suspect list); Glenwood (on suspect list); De Valls Bluff (one of the most active in the nation).

FLORIDA: Lawtey; Chiefland; Cross City. (All suspended from red-line treatment, all on probation.)

Note: Dixie, Levy and Marion Counties all bear close watching. Isolated Levy county has led state in arrests for years. In north, Bradford County bears a close scrutiny.

GEORGIA: Claxton; Cusetta; Cochran; Dallas; Dalton; Folkston; Hahira; Kingsland; Louisville; Hinesville; Ludowici; Marietta; Nahunta; Pooler; Soperton; Vienna.

Note: Route 41 from Macon to Florida line has long history as speed trap road. Tatnall County, all the way along Route 301, is lookout country. Bacon, Bryan and McIntosh Counties should be watched carefully.

IDAHO: Horseshoe Bend; Kimberly; Rosalia (on probation list).

IOWA: Middletown. (The largest speed trap sign in the world is in this town, but the AAA doesn't list it as a trap.)

KENTUCKY: Bowling Green; Cave City; Crofton; Hanson; Munfordville; Park City; Slaughters; Upton; Morton's Gap; Irvington; Madisonville; West Point.

Note: To go from Henderson in the north to Hopkinsville in the south on Route 41 is to run the present-day speed trap gamut, as the Hopkinsville Chamber of Commerce has taken pains to point out.

MICHIGAN: Allen (overzealous attention).

NEW YORK: Falconer; Oswego; Waverly.

NORTH CAROLINA: No specific towns, but state is a place to beware because of fines and unrealistic costs of defending oneself. A simple contested arrest may consume lots of time and money.

OHIO: Cedarville; Xenia; Bucyrus; Nevada; Kingston. (All overzealous to the point of harassment.)

OKLAHOMA: Spiro (very active speed trap).

OREGON: Prairie City (on probation list).

PENNSYLVANIA: Thompsonstown; Mexico; Millerstown (on suspect list); Northumberland (on suspect list).

Note: Route 19 between Mercer and Meadville is a danger zone.

TENNESSEE: Sweetwater; Jasper; Trezevant (on suspect list).

Note: Highway 45 north and south shows unusually high number of arrests.

VIRGINIA: Waverly (possibly worst in state); Franklin; Greenville; Fairfield; Colonial Heights (possibly most over-policed area in America); Emporia; Hanover Court House. Bedford, Staunton and Mt. Crawford are all on probation.

Note: The length of Routes 301 and 1 out of Petersburg are alert zones.

WASHINGTON: Riggins.

WEST VIRGINIA: Valley Grove; New Mexico.

Note: State police not only use unmarked cars but also out-of-state license plates!

WYOMING: Glendive (on probation).

ARGOSY found no record of current speed traps in states that are not mentioned in this survey.

One police chief, not on the fee system, had a very engaging answer to a sudden rash of arrests of townfolk.

"Why, hell," he said, "we got to pay for the damned thing!"

The trouble with radar, if strictly applied on roads with unrealistic limits, is that it isn't choosy. Too many local folk are arrested, and you can't stop the homeowners too many times before you simply have to ticket them. This, as anyone knows, goes against the basic policy of all road traps: "Soak the stranger." People are still chuckling about the eager chaps in Hamburg, Arkansas, who managed to nail Governor Orval Faubus' wife, then topped that by pulling in Senator McClellan. That nearly shut down the town.

What can be done about speed traps?

And how can you, as an individual, protect yourself against them?

Actually, the ideal solution has already been achieved. Some years ago, a group of Florida legislators entered a hamlet along the highway and got arrested for speeding by some local peckerwood. On the way out the other end, they got arrested again, this time by his brother. They ended that trap. They drove to Tallahassee, told their fellow members of the legislature what had happened, introduced a bill, and voted the town out of existence. It is still nowhere or nothing to this day. But not all of us are lawmakers.

There is very little you can do immediately when caught in a trap. At the moment, you are hooked. But there are things you can do that will enable you to

help yourself in the future. When arrested, it doesn't do any good to fight back. You are facing pros at the game, and all the cards are theirs. Be sure, however, to get the name of the arresting officer and the complete details of his charge. If the case is blatant enough, be sure to send a letter about it to the local papers. Quite often a paper, hard up for interesting news, will investigate the letter and expose a speed trap. A letter to the governor of the state in which you were nabbed can very often be a help.

In going through complaint files, I was impressed with how often governors, always sensitive to public protests, asked an aide to look into the complaint.

Certainly the local AAA club should be informed. If you don't know the address, write to the one in your neighborhood and your letter will be forwarded. A simple letter by an Ohio motorist who was nailed in Chiefland, Florida, to the Middletown, Ohio, AAA led to the eventual discovery that of his twenty-five-dollar fine, only fifteen was turned into Chiefland's coffers. This left the arresting officer in a very sticky position.

Exposure and eventual public scorn has proved the death of many traps. As America grows less regional, the fun of soaking passing strangers isn't what it used to be. In certain places, individuals, outraged by the injustice of the whole thing, have courageously tried to bring about exposure and extermination of these traps that dishonor their communities.

Along Route 301, a very brave man named Eugene Jordan mounted a large sign on the back of his car that read: DON'T PASS ME—SPEED TRAP AHEAD. SAVE \$27.50.

In a small town where the sheriff or local police tend to take on a little of the aura of God, this can take real guts. Witness the case of one Joe Noffsinger, in the notorious speed-trap town of Crofton, Kentucky, on Kentucky's equally notorious Route 41.

At the south end of Crofton, Mr. Noffsinger, owner of the B-Line Motel, erected, at his own expense, a large, six-foot-high, eleven-foot-wide, brightly illuminated sign that reads:

**WARNING! SPEED TRAP OPERATED BY
LOCAL PARASITES. Compliments of
this motel owner.**

Naturally, the local operators of the local speed trap objected to being labelled parasites. Police Chief John Whitman said, in fact, that it was a disgrace and a mess. Which, of course, it was. After a few days' delay, during which the town officials tried to figure out if they dared to sue, a libel suit was filed. If Noffsinger loses, he can pay \$5,000 and go to jail for a year. Oddly, he has no fear of losing, but, he has discovered, there are other dangers to be considered.

The long-range menace of all speed traps is that they tend to corrupt. Those who operate them flout the true meaning of the law and tend to get high-handed and downright dangerous to the citizens at large.

Several months after putting up his sign and refusing all pressures to take it down until there was concrete evidence that the speed trap was being done away with, Joe

Noffsinger went out for a ride with an acquaintance to get the feel of his friend's new Buick. After driving out along 41 for several miles, Noffsinger pulled off the highway and prepared to make a U-turn and return to town. As he slid the car out onto the highway, he noticed one of the town policemen along the road.

The charge later was that Noffsinger was evading arrest. If so, no formal charge to this effect was ever filed and no arrest made when Noffsinger arrived safely home. But two shots were fired at Noffsinger with a Smith and Wesson .32, one of which smashed through the back of the new Buick and lodged several inches from Noffsinger's spine.

To get at the precise story would be difficult, since the man who did the shooting, one Ivan Bird, was later shot to death in a hassle over his all-too-ready gun.

It is significant, however, that the city of Crofton recently paid for the damage to

Noffsinger's friend's car, indicating they don't have a very strong charge that he was running from the police.

There is an old adage, credited to Lord Acton, to the effect that no one ever gives up power willingly. This story certainly bears that out. But, bit by bit, the speed-trap mind in America is giving way to the growing pressures of an enlightened and angry populace.

Thousands of citizens will be bilked this year and thousands of motorists will have their rights infringed when they are found guilty on speed-trap charges. Thousands more will have their vacations spoiled when they are arrested on the road, and a few will probably even wind up in serious trouble.

It gets better, but keep your eyes peeled for the potential trouble spots ARCOSEY has listed on page 92. If the speed traps are dead, the corpse is the liveliest corpse we've ever seen.

• • •

Going South On U.S. Highway No. 1

TOURIST

**Your Help Is Needed To Make Speed Traps
In Toombs County Unprofitable.**

**Speed Trap Operated By Sheriff And Deputies
Fee \$33.00 And Up**

**Toombs County Receives \$1.00 of Each Fine.
Balance Is Split Between Officials**

**Probably Cases Made Each Day—50 to 100
at \$32.00 Profit So You Can Understand**

Why It Is So Hard to Stop This Speed Trap.

**Please Drive Below 60 Miles Per Hour And
Help Us Make It Unprofitable To Hide In
The Bushes And Rob The Tourist.**

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED

Please Help Us To Help YOU

**This Letter Circulated By Filling Stations, Motels and Restaurants
Of Highway No. 1**

HERE COMES CHARLEY!

Continued from page 48

the business always listen to his advice.

He splatters advice all over the place, unsolicited. He dishes it out on any and all subjects. He will talk on anything, any time, anywhere. All he needs is an audience of at least one.

Like Babe Ruth, who once remarked to Herbert Hoover, "Hot as hell, ain't it, Pres?", Dressen remains blandly unfazed in the presence of the mighty. He proved that on the opening day of the 1955 baseball season when, as manager of the Washington Senators, he was introduced to President Eisenhower.

Just before throwing out the first ball, Ike commented, "I'm not as sharp as I used to be. I've got bursitis in my right shoulder."

"Now, I'll tell you how to fix that—" Dressen began. He then launched into a discourse, interrupted only by the necessity of getting on with the ceremony. Later, when the late Clark Griffith, the Senators' owner, gently reproved him, Charley said, brightly, "Jeez, Griff, I was just trying to help the guy out."

Dressen is always trying to "help guys out," drawing reactions that vary from fury to gratitude. Even the mild-mannered Walter Alston, manager of the Dodgers, once blew his stack at Charley.

In the winter following the 1954 season, Alston, whose Dodgers had finished second to the then New York Giants, announced that every job on the ball club was open.

"Phooey," snapped Dressen, who had managed the Dodgers the year before. "I'll give you a run-down on the Dodgers, and name their opening day line-up, including the starting pitcher."

"Tell Dressen," Alston exploded, "to

mind his own all-fired business. Let him manage his ball club and I'll manage mine."

On the other hand, Bill Terry, who managed the Giants to several pennants, to this day credits Dressen for saving the 1933 World Series with advice as valuable as it was unsolicited. Charley stopped the fourth game of the series by running across the field from the bench to tell Terry how to pitch to Cliff Bolton, a Washington pinch-hitter whom Terry had never seen before. Bolton came to bat with one out, the bases full and the Giants leading by a run in the eleventh inning.

Terry had ordered the infield in tight to cut off a possible tying run at the plate. He had also instructed his pitcher to keep the ball low, hoping Bolton would hit it on the ground.

"I know Bolton from the Southern Association," Dressen said. "He murders low pitches. Pitch him high. And he's so slow he couldn't beat his grandmother, so keep the infield deep and go for the double play."

Terry, who ordinarily brooked no interference from his ball players, stifled his annoyance and did what Dressen suggested. Bolton hit a grounder to shortstop Blondy Ryan for an easy double play, and the Giants won the ball game. They clinched the series the next day.

Both by words and actions, Dressen has always had a talent for getting into the middle of rhubarbs. As recently as last fall, while coaching for the Dodgers, he became the first man in years to be banished from a World Series game. Umpire Eddie Hurley threw him out for protesting a decision, and Commissioner Ford C.

Frick later fined him for profanity and "showboating."

"I didn't use profanity," Dressen said, later. "All I said to Hurley was, 'What I told you in Washington still goes.'"

He was referring to a previous argument, in which, it developed, he had been tossed out for calling Hurley two nasty names and telling him to take his pick.

"But that was in Washington," Dressen explained. "In Los Angeles, I didn't use a single bad word."

Dressen's most famous rhubarbs came between 1951 and 1953, when he was managing the Dodgers, then in Brooklyn. Partly because it was Brooklyn, partly because everything in the New York metropolitan area is often blown far out of proportion to its importance, but mostly because Dressen is Dressen, Charley won everlasting fame as a foot-in-mouth artist during that tour of duty. Most of his troubles came in 1951, a year he wishes had never happened.

A month after the season began, the Dodgers were so far ahead of the pack that no one else was given a chance. Asked what he thought was the reason for their success, Dressen replied coyly, "Maybe I do things differently." This obvious slap at Burt Shotton, his predecessor, was deeply resented by Dodger fans, and they later tried to give Charley good reason to regret he'd ever uttered them.

One day in mid-season, pitcher Erv Palica failed to protect a lead and the Dodgers lost an important game to Pittsburgh. Dressen, boiling mad, later described Palica's performance by drawing his finger across his throat in a time-honored gesture, indicating that Palica had "choked up."

What happened then has been a matter of debate ever since. Somebody claimed that Dressen called Palica "gutless," although Charley denies it today.

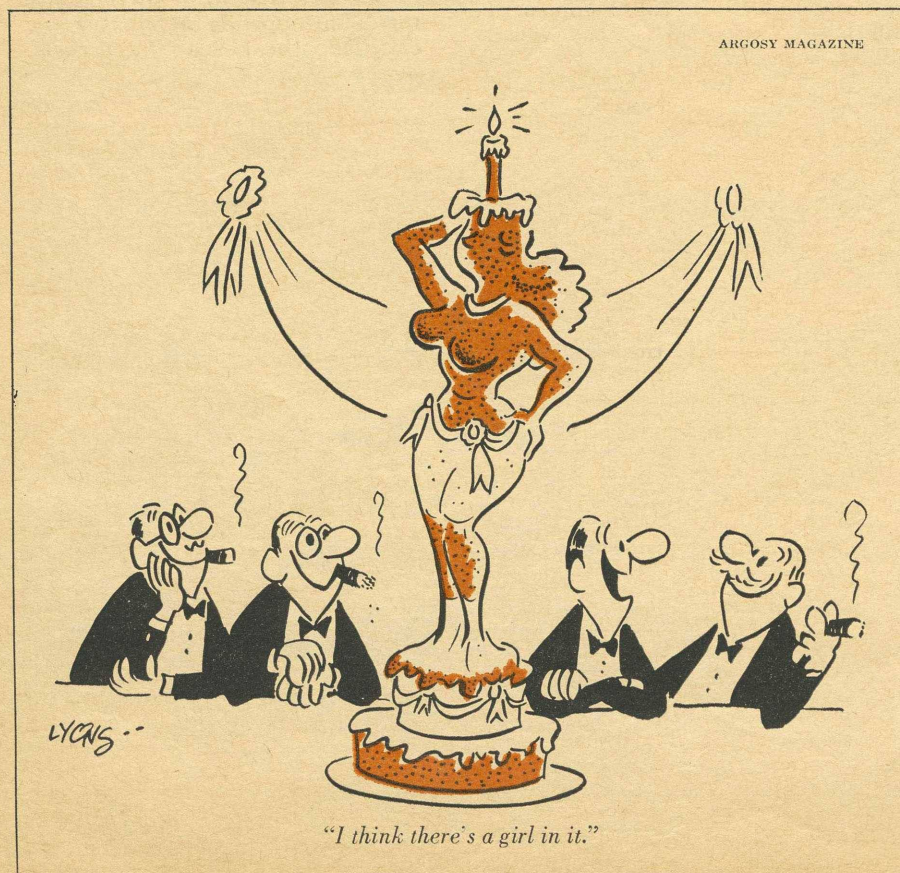
"I said the guy had more excuses than Carter has little liver pills," Dressen recalled one day last winter at his spacious Bel Air home outside Los Angeles. "I said if it wasn't his arm, it was the Army, or his wife, or his blood pressure, or his groin. He never seemed to be ready to pitch when I needed him. But I didn't ever call him gutless."

Enough people thought he did to remind him constantly of the incident, especially after the Dodgers began slipping in the latter stages of the season. They blew a thirteen-and-a-half-game lead in seven weeks. By the end of the season, they were tied with the Giants, necessitating a play-off that rocked Brooklyn and won baseball immortality for Bobby Thomson. That was the series climaxed by his clutch home run which gave the pennant to the Giants.

As Charley left New York's Polo Grounds after the game, a disgusted Dodger fan yelled, "I guess ya do do things differently, ya bum!"

All of which didn't bother Dressen. The next year, he brashly authored a national magazine article labelled, "The Dodgers Won't Blow It Again." Fortunately for Charley, they didn't. If they had, he never would have heard the last of it.

Nor would he have heard the last of it



ARGOSY MAGAZINE

if the Dodgers had lost the 1953 pennant. When, early in the season, someone asked him what he thought of the Giants, he scornfully sniffed, "The Giants is dead."

This became a catch phrase which will probably live as long as baseball.

Even though he won two pennants in a row, he lost his job, and under typically Dressen circumstances.

The Dodgers had a firm rule against long-term contracts for managers. They were burnt once, in 1937, when they had to buy back Casey Stengel's contract by paying him a year's salary for not managing. Dressen was well aware of the rule, and so was his wife, Ruth, a lady of far more charm than good judgment.

Grossly overestimating the power of womankind, Mrs. Dressen not only insisted that Charley demand a two-year contract, but wrote a letter to that effect to Walter O'Malley, the Dodgers' president.

What neither she nor Charley knew was that O'Malley, for reasons known only to himself, had been trying to figure out a way to get rid of her husband. In view of Dressen's managerial record of one play-off and two pennants in three years, this was not easy.

Ruth Dressen's letter gave O'Malley a perfect out. The day after he received it, he called a press conference, then stood before the corps of New York sports writers, with the unsuspecting Dressen beside him.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "Charley has demanded a two-year contract, and is firm about it—aren't you, Charley?"

"Yes, Walter," Dressen agreed.

"The policy of the ball club is for one-year contracts. You wouldn't back down and take a one-year contract, would you, Charley?"

"No, Walter," Dressen replied.

O'Malley threw up his hands. "Well, gentlemen," he said quietly, "I'm afraid that's it. Under the circumstances, we'll have to accept Charley's resignation. Won't we, Charley?"

"Yes, Walter," whispered the flabbergasted Dressen. That was all he could say. Hoist on his wife's petard, Charley, for one of the few times in his life, was speechless.

Later, O'Malley gave his wife's letter back to him, apparently fearing it would explode in the Dodgers' files. Charley has since turned down all offers for it, including one national magazine bid of two thousand dollars.

That the incident never resulted in hard feelings on anyone's part was proved several years later when O'Malley offered—and Charley accepted—a job coaching the Dodgers. Once Alston, the manager, realized that Dressen wasn't after *his* job, the two became good friends. Alston today freely gives Dressen much of the credit for helping the Dodgers win the 1959 world's championship.

Stengel, now the practically immortal manager of the New York Yankees, once said of Charley, "He means twelve games to any club he's with." There's nobody in baseball, possibly including Casey himself, with a greater knowledge of the game.

One of the cleverest sign stealers who ever lived, Dressen once got the old Boston Braves so confused that they ran out of signs. They had five different sets, and Charley stole all five in one ball game.

In 1953, when he managed the National League team in the All-Star game at Cincinnati, he said in a pre-game clubhouse meeting, "Well, boys, whose signs shall we use?"

He knew them all.

He can spot giveaway faults, particularly in pitchers, faster than anyone alive. Both Carl Erskine and Preacher Roe, Dodger stars of recent years, owe much of their success to Dressen. Early in his career, Erskine hesitated in his windup when throwing a curve, but threw his fast ball with a smooth, even motion. Roe, who had no fast ball, stopped at the top of his head when winding up to throw a slider, and behind his head when throwing a curve. Dressen taught them to stop tipping their pitches, and both became stars.

Charley learned to steal signs and spot idiosyncrasies when he played for St. Paul in the American Association in 1922. He got hurt one day, and Mike Kelley, the manager, made Charley sit beside him on the bench.

"Watch the game," Kelley said. When it was over, he asked, "What did you see?"

"The game," Charley replied.

"Is that *all* you saw?" Kelley demanded.

Dressen nodded.

"Try again tomorrow," the manager said.

"You're a smart kid. This time, *really* watch. Maybe, if you look hard enough, you'll learn something."

Charley got the point. The next day, he sat beside Kelley again, watching a journeyman Columbus pitcher named Jake Northrop stand the Saints on their heads.

"He isn't that good," Kelley said. "See what you can find."

Charley didn't take his eyes off Northrop for four innings. Then, in the fifth, he suddenly stiffened.

"Mike," he said, softly, "this guy throws his curve with all five fingers gripping the ball, but he throws his fast ball with the last two fingers off it."

Kelley, after watching a moment, agreed. The word was passed along the bench, and the St. Paul hitters, set for every pitch Northrop threw, knocked him right out of the box.

As a baseball instructor, Charley is in a class by himself. He's no Plato, but he has a way of teaching that is graphic in its simplicity.

When Johnny Podres, now a Dodgers pitching star, first came into the major leagues, he was having trouble learning to throw a change-up. Dressen worked with him for weeks without success. Then, one day, he said, "Johnny, instead of following through, bring your hands straight down like you was pulling down a window shade." Podres got the idea.

Charley, son of a German father and an Irish mother, was born in Decatur, Illinois, on September 20, 1898. His father was a prosperous saloonkeeper who wanted the boy to go to college, but Charley wasn't having any. All he cared about was sports.

He first won fame as a semi-pro football player. He was the quarterback for the Decatur Staleys in 1918, but drifted into baseball a year later. The Staleys eventually were moved to Chicago, where, under the direction of George Halas, they became the world-famous Bears.

Dressen kicked around in baseball's minors until 1925, when he went up to the

HELP US KEEP THE THINGS WORTH KEEPING



It's good to be a boy, exploring the wide world, soaking up wonderful new sounds and sights everywhere you go. And if the world's a peaceful place, it's good to grow up, too, and become a man.

But will the world stay peaceful? That depends on whether we can keep the peace. Peace costs money.

Money for military strength and for science. And money saved by individuals to help keep our economy strong.

Your Savings Bonds make you a Partner in strengthening America's Peace Power.

The Bonds you buy will earn good interest for you. But the most important thing they earn is peace. Are you buying enough?

HELP STRENGTHEN
AMERICA'S PEACE POWER
BUY U. S.
SAVINGS
BONDS



The U.S. Government does not pay for this advertising. The Treasury Department thanks The Advertising Council and this magazine for their patriotic donation.

Cincinnati Reds. He was their third baseman for nearly seven years. Then, in 1932, he talked himself into a job as playing manager of the Nashville Vols in the Southern Association. He has coached or managed somewhere ever since.

After his brief fling with the Giants in 1933, he went back to Nashville for a couple of years, then managed the Reds until 1937. There, he was singularly ineffective, for he finished in the cellar twice and never got higher than fifth.

Even today, Dressen is a poor second-division manager. He can get as much as anyone in baseball out of a good team, but he has no patience with mediocre players. The Reds of the mid-thirties and the Senators of the mid-fifties were bad ball clubs, and Dressen did nothing to improve them. In his three years in Washington, his Senators were twice in the cellar and once in seventh place.

After leaving the Reds, Charley went back to Nashville for a year. Then, in 1939, began a long hitch as a coach for the Dodgers under Manager Leo Durocher. Both got in and out of trouble several times during that period, Dressen because of his interest in horse racing and Durocher for other reasons.

Dressen is the only man in baseball who succeeded in landing in the doghouses of all three of baseball's commissioners. The first one, the late Judge Kenesaw M. Landis, put horse racing a bare cut above procuring. When, after the 1942 season, Charley was seen once too often around the tracks, the old man got ready to crack down on him. Before he could make a move, the Dodgers suspended Dressen indefinitely. They hired him back early in the 1943 season at a drastic pay slash, which Charley was forced to accept. Nobody else would give him a job at the time and he was desperate.

In 1947, when A. B. (Happy) Chandler, the second commissioner, banished Durocher for a year for associating with gamblers, he gave Dressen a month's suspension, for good measure. More recently, Charley got off with a warning and a reprimand from Ford Frick, the third commissioner, for having his picture taken with a jockey at Bay Meadows Race Track.

Charley spent two years as a Yankees' coach before taking over the Oakland Oaks in 1950. He took them to the Pacific Coast League pennant, and that led directly to the managership of the Dodgers. He was hired for that job in the very best traditions of cloak-and-dagger operations.

On November 21, 1950, he got a phone call at his home, which was then near San Francisco. It was Walter O'Malley, telling him to take the first train he could get for New York, and to register as "J. Driscoll" at the McAlpin Hotel after he got there. "Whatever you do, stay out of Brooklyn," O'Malley warned. "And don't answer your hotel-room phone if it rings."

Instead, O'Malley instructed him to wait a few minutes, then call the Dodgers' office.

After cautioning his wife to tell callers he had gone to Florida for the winter baseball meetings, Dressen left that night for New York. Three days later, he arrived at Penn Station and rushed to the McAlpin. The phone was ringing when he walked into his room.

He waited, then called the Dodgers.

Here began a careful series of hush-hush meetings, designed to get Dressen safely hired without the knowledge of the New York baseball writers.

The hiring was a success, but the secrecy was a flop. The story broke simultaneously in the Brooklyn *Eagle* and the New York *Journal-American* on the day after Charley's arrival. Neither Dressen nor the Dodgers ever found out what caused the leak.

When the Braves hired Charley to succeed Haney, they took even more elaborate precautions. Shortly after the 1959 World Series, Charley got a one-a.m. phone call at his Bel Air home. The caller had obviously been trying to get him all evening.

Ruth answered the phone and thought she recognized the voice. It sounded like an executive she knew from a club other than the Braves.

"I wonder what they want me for," Charley said. "They've got a manager, and they must know I wouldn't coach for anyone but the Dodgers."

Ruth shrugged, as puzzled as he, and handed him the phone.

"Meet me in Chicago tomorrow," the man said. "It's worth more to you than your time."

"Chicago's a hell of a long way from here," Charley objected.

"Believe me, Charley, you won't regret it. There's a ticket on the Continental Airlines jet that leaves Los Angeles at ten-thirty in the morning. It's in the name of J. Moore, and it's all paid for. Pick it up and get on the plane. I'll meet you in Chicago."

Charley agreed with Ruth as to the identity of the caller. Just to make sure, they phoned him back at his home. It was the same man.

At ten o'clock the next morning, Buzzie Bavasi, the Dodgers' general manager, called to invite Charley to the harness races.

"He's gone fishing," Mrs. Dressen said. "He won't be back for a couple of days."

As he walked into the airport, Charley, dressed to the nines, ran into a Los Angeles newspaperman he knew.

"Where are you going?" the writer asked him.

"Fishing," Charley replied.

"In a two-hundred-buck suit and without a rod?" the suspicious scribe demanded.

"It's formal," Charley said shortly.

Then he dashed for his plane.

In Chicago, he was met, not by his caller, but by Bob Allen, the assistant publicity director of the Braves. Allen drove him directly to the Milwaukee home of the Braves' general manager, Johnny McHale. There, McHale and vice-president Birdie Tebbets, after obtaining the approval of owner Lou Perini, offered Dressen a fat long-term contract to manage the Braves. Charley accepted on the spot.

That night, Perini called Bavasi "for permission to dicker with Dressen."

Bavasi put two and two together, came up with four and hit the roof. The story leaked the next morning, and that time, there was no question how. Bavasi announced it himself.

But to this day, no one except the principals involved knows who made the original phone call to Dressen.

As always, Charley is supremely confident of his ability to lead the Braves to glory. If there are difficult characters in

the ball club, Dressen will take care of them. He has handled them before.

"I don't think any ball club's hard to handle," he said, not long ago. "You do things your way, and the guys fall into line. Most of them want to behave. There are never more than a few who have to be watched. After a while, you get to know who they are. You wait for your chance, and then give it to them good."

When he managed Washington, Charley "gave it good" to a man who was known all over the league as a night owl with a fondness for cold beer and hot women. For purposes of identification, we'll call him Joe, although that wasn't his name.

Dressen let him do as he pleased for one swing around the circuit. The last stop was Boston, where Charley knew Joe was particularly well connected, socially. There, on an off day, Dressen got ready to spring the trap.

First, he arranged with room service to keep a careful check of what Joe ordered. Then, at one a.m., he went personally to Joe's room. As he suspected, Joe hadn't come in yet. After that, he arranged to have all the hotel entrances watched, and went to bed, leaving a six-a.m. call. At that time, his spies informed him that Joe still hadn't arrived.

Finally, Charley again dropped by at Joe's room. The errant athlete was not on the premises. Dressen then returned to his own room, ordered breakfast and waited for developments.

From long years of personal experience, he thought he knew what to expect. Joe would come rolling in, learn from his roommate that he'd been caught red-handed, and try to brazen it out by calling Charley before Charley called him.

Dressen's phone rang at about eight o'clock that morning.

"Anything on your mind, Charley?" Joe asked innocently.

"Only five hundred dollars," Dressen replied. "That's your fine."

After a moment of shocked silence, Joe bleated, "Five hundred dollars? For what?"

"Who was in your room yesterday?"

"I was alone."

"Don't lie to me."

"I'm not lying. Honest, Charley."

"Well, you ordered six beers," Charley snapped. "Then you ordered ten more. So if you were alone, you must have got drunk. And where were you all night?"

"Are you fining me five hundred for one lousy night?" Joe whined.

"One night in Boston, three in Detroit, two in Cleveland, two in Chicago," Dressen talked on, then demanded, "Why didn't you phone me in any of those places? I'll tell you why—because you thought you were getting away with something. This time, you knew you were caught."

The five-hundred-dollar fine stuck. And, even though Joe strayed occasionally, it didn't happen often.

"I kinda doubt," Dressen said later, "that I'll have to do anything like that in Milwaukee. Those guys are pros."

Then, smiling grimly, he added, "But if any of 'em turn out to be clowns like Joe, they'll get it good, too."

It looks like a happy season for the boys who keep their noses clean. But for those who don't, it's likely to be murder. • •

OUR CRAZY LIQUOR LAWS

Continued from page 45

skills, he seems to lose, in almost direct proportion, his good sense. And as we in this country far outstripped the rest of the world in the one area, we also set out to prove the truth of the other.

Today, the rules and regulations governing liquor in this country alone number well over 2,000, and run the gamut from fairly good and reasonable to downright absurd. And of all the regulations imposed upon the distilled-spirits industry, by far the most confusing and contradictory cover the advertising of alcoholic beverages. There are actually fifty-one separate sets of regulations—a set for each state plus the regulations of the Federal government—that must be adhered to by the industry in preparation of liquor advertising.

So restrictive are the rules and regulations governing advertising that even those organizations dedicated to the prohibition of alcoholic beverages in this country admit, in rare bursts of candor, that they are almost enough to stifle the industry. One such organization, the American Businessmen's Foundation, in its publication four years ago, stated that: "It is certain that if the restrictions placed on liquor advertising were to be suggested for, or applied to, other businesses, it would provoke the most violent reaction and widespread resentment."

As a service to the industry, the Distilled Spirits Institute prepares a compilation of regulations covering advertising rules—and these laws fill a 532-page volume.

What other nation, for example, would dream of imposing upon itself the kind of nightmarish horror that existed in this country during the long years of that "noble experiment," national prohibition?

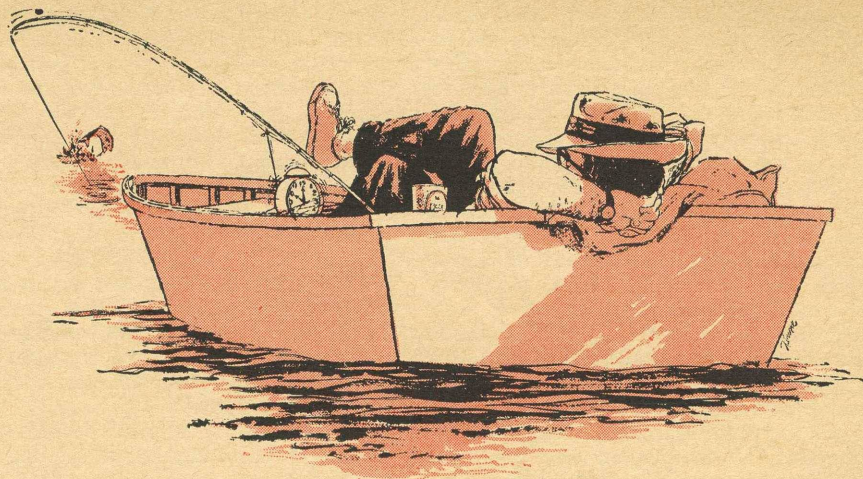
What other Federal Government in the world would establish elaborate and expensive machinery to insure the purity of distilled spirits legally produced—and then rule that the word "pure" must not be used to describe these products, even though they are absolutely pure, and the government itself makes sure of this?

Where else in the entire world exists so blatant a display of pure and unadulterated hypocrisy as in the sovereign state of Mississippi, which alone, among the fifty states of our nation, still has a law on its books prohibiting the sale of distilled spirits?

Mississippi is still legally dry. But, visiting any of the cities along the tourist-jammed Gulf coast—Gulfport, Biloxi—if you crave a drink, all you need do is ask a cop for the location of the nearest tavern. He'll either point it out to you, or, if it's a distance away, will graciously take you by the arm and guide you to it. Odds are that when you arrive at your destination, you will find a brightly lighted neon sign out front, loudly advertising the fact that cocktails are served.

The truly remarkable thing about all this is that, while these establishments operate in open and direct defiance of the state's prohibition law, the state recognizes—and profits from—these violations!

Mississippi has a curious tax regulation on its books, called the black-market tax. This tax requires these establishments,



HUNTING and FISHING

WITH GIL PAUST

BITE ALARM: Here's a de-snoozer for still-fishermen who reject the trusty line-around-the-big-toe system. Let an alarm clock run down, but wind its alarm, push the knob to "off" and set the alarm hand to the time shown on the clock; then tie the fish line to the knob with a bit of thread. A tugging fish will touch it off. The thread will snap to free the line.

LEAKY FOOTWEAR: When leather hunting boots, usually your old, comfortable ones, get a bit porous, let 'em leak. Before putting them on, slip a short plastic bag over each stocking foot, loose at the top for ventilation.

COW DECOY: When hunting varmints in areas where they've become used to cows, the trick is to make like a cow. While stalking, tinkle a cowbell. You'll find most varmints will "set" until you're within clobbering range.

FISH TOOL: Nothing better for scaling and skinning fish than a dime-store, serrated "steak" knife. To make it suitable for cleaning them, too, round its point on a grindstone, sharpen the edge. (Al Nogard, Hasbrouck, New Jersey.)

BLAZER BUTTONS: A red reflector button, added to each dab of paint or slash on a tree of a blazed trail, will make the trail navigable by night. The buttons can't be confused with animal eyes, most of which shine silver, not red. But to keep it legal, use a flashlight smaller than "jacking" size.

BOOT HEATER: To dry wet waders or boots faster, hang them from their tops and drop a lighted hand warmer into each toe. Works for street shoes, too. Same treatment will warm up footgear on an icy morning.

DUCKING CHUCKS: When a chuck ducks down his hole, the only thing to do is wait until he reappears. But don't wait where he saw you last. Circle in back of him, and you'll fool him every time. (Stanley Haney, Vermont, Illinois.)

NON-SKID: An easy way to make a slippery surface non-skid—such as the bottom of a tackle box or the top of a fish-cleaning board—is to varnish it, and then, while it's still wet, shake on a sparse sprinkling of sand from a salt shaker. The sand will leave the varnish coat when dry.

WADER PROTECTOR: Thin rubber or plastic waders can be made less vulnerable to sharp rocks by this simple snag-proofing trick. Wear over them a cheap pair of oversize slacks. Not pretty, but practical!

NEW PRODUCTS: (1) *Cabin-Aire*, ultra-modern wall tent by Morsan, with zippered screen door and three windows of fiberglass, jointed poles, floor sewn-in to prevent seepage; 7 by 7 by 6½. Price is \$42.95. (2) *Combo*, two-in-one gun, imported from Spain by Firearms International, is .22 auto pistol with extra rifle barrel and stock. Pistol converts to rifle in ten seconds. Price, \$64.95.

ARGOSY will pay \$5 for every hunting and fishing tip printed in this column. All submissions become the property of the magazine. Address: Hunting and Fishing, ARGOSY, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, New York.

which are operating illegally, to pay a tax upon the products they sell. And, in the more than twenty-five years since the repeal of national prohibition—during all of which time Mississippi's dry laws have remained firmly on the books—the state has collected more than \$14,500,000 in black-market taxes on the sale of liquor.

There are today some 1,158 retailers in the state who hold Federal licenses for the sale of distilled spirits. The names, addresses and other vital statistics of each of these retailers is public record. Of course, the state government has a copy of these statistics—not, however, for the purpose of insuring that the retailers do not violate the state's prohibition law, but merely to insure payment of the black-market tax.

Until just a year ago, Mississippi was not alone in the nation as a dry state; Oklahoma also had such a law on its books. Oklahoma, said the late Will Rogers, would remain dry so long as the voters could stagger to the polls. And for fifty-two years, that remained the absolute truth.

Then recently, a new administration was voted into office, on a platform of repealing the State's prohibition laws. Taking to heart Will Rogers' cogent comment, the governor, immediately after election, set up state-police road blocks to stop the widespread bootlegging of whiskey into the state. At the same time, a crackdown on illegal sales within the state was instituted, and before long, Oklahoma was almost as dry as its laws specified.

Then a referendum was called—and the Oklahoma voters, who found that they had to go to the polls without staggering—soberly repealed the prohibition law.

But the shenanigans of Mississippi, and until recently of Oklahoma, are the gross examples of the ridiculousness of our modern-day liquor laws. Unfortunately, what is probably far more annoying are the not-so-major laws that exist in virtually every state—laws that make it almost mandatory for an American who does any travelling to possess the equivalent of a legal degree to stave off extreme thirst.

As a matter of fact, in five states of our nation, a legal degree wouldn't be enough. In order to drink in Idaho, Iowa, Montana, Oregon and Utah, you must buy a permit—at a cost ranging from fifty cents to a dollar—before you may purchase alcoholic beverages. Each of these states is a so-called monopoly state. There are seventeen such in the nation, in which the wholesale and/or retail liquor business is conducted by an agency of the state government. In such states, the consumer goes to a state-operated liquor store to purchase potables—except that in five of the monopoly states, you must first buy a license to drink before you may buy the drink.

The modern-day traveler runs into other headaches, too. For example, you are now required by Federal regulation to give your bottle to the stewardess when you enter a commercial airliner. She will dole out your whiskey to you—but only if she is completely and totally satisfied that you're perfectly sober. And even then, she will limit you to two drinks. And it's your whiskey!

Train travel doesn't take you out of the reach of the crazy liquor laws, either. Take a train from New York City's Pennsylvania Station, and drop into the club car for a drink. Then learn the bad news:

No drinks served until the train leaves New York and enters New Jersey. Upon crossing the river, however, you had better drink fast, because when you get to Virginia, you'll get only beer. Same for North Carolina and Georgia. It's whiskey in South Carolina and Alabama—unless, of course, it happens to be Sunday, or a holiday on which liquor sales are prohibited.

The traveler runs into other startling circumstances elsewhere, too. A good example is the lovely state of Maine. Liquor stores close early there, and if you arrive late, you may have a problem getting a drink—unless you know the routine. All you do is register at a hotel, for a buck, go to the room and call room service. That way, you get whatever you want.

One of the most disconcerting experiences can occur in a bar in, say, the state of Washington, as well as several other states with the same regulation. Here, the law requires that before you can be served, you must be seated. During the rush hours, the line waiting for bar stools is almost laughable. And once served, don't dare lift your glass to join friends at a table or you'll be jumped on by every employee in the place. The law says only the waiter or waitress, may carry a glass.

The absurdities of liquor laws are both-ersome, but the contradictions, from state to state, can be downright frustrating. For example, in New York and California and Ohio and perhaps a dozen other states, you can purchase drinks only in an establishment that serves food. In New Hampshire, you will be served liquor only with food. In North Dakota, however, the law prohibits the sale of liquor in an establishment that serves food.

In Kentucky, no woman may be served liquor at the bar; she must be seated at a table. However, the law doesn't mention beer, so presumably she can drink that with foot on rail.

In North Carolina, if you look young, don't bother with a birth certificate; carry a copy of your marriage license. Legal drinking age for bachelors there is twenty-one, but for some obscure reason, a married person can drink legally at seventeen.

In Connecticut, don't let your relatives know you're drinking. The law provides that, upon complaint of a close relative, a town selectman can prohibit all establishments from serving you. However, you are much safer in New Jersey. There, the law states that even if your close relatives complain, you can be served if you seem sober.

On the other hand, if you merely *act* inebriated in Iowa, you may not be served liquor, according to their laws.

And don't ever go into a liquor store in North Carolina if you have to make an emergency phone call because the law there forbids installation of telephones in liquor stores. In South Carolina, an even more serious situation exists. There, the law requires that a liquor store consist of only a single room, with only one entrance. This law very effectively rules out the chance of finding a rest room in a liquor store. This, for certain emergencies, can be a more serious lack than a telephone.

In Connecticut, while a liquor store may have a second entrance, you virtually need a special license to open it. The law states that use of a side or rear door to a liquor store is prohibited, and that it must re-

main closed at all times unless the liquor store owner files an application with the state and gets a permit to have it opened.

In Washington, D.C., if the bar is located in the same building as a rooming house, any door connecting the two must be sealed by the liquor commission. And in Maine, it's against the law for a bar to have swinging doors.

Limitation of service of liquor by the drink creates a new set of problems. About a dozen states prohibit drink service at all, and in states that do permit the existence of bars, all sorts of crazy laws govern their operations. In Nashville, Tennessee, for example, you may not purchase liquor by the drink, but you can bring your own bottle to most restaurants and order set-ups and mix your own. When you're finished, you can take the half-empty bottle home.

In Alabama, however, while they won't serve you a drink, most restaurants will sell you set-ups and a sealed bottle of whiskey (you may not bring in your own). The rub is, you've got to finish every drop, because you can't take any out with you.

In Massachusetts, you can't buy liquor during a riot. And in North Carolina, you can't buy liquor within two miles of any place where public speaking is taking place. Georgia legislators have a deep and abiding concern about citizens of that state bringing liquor to church, or coming to church inebriated. There are four laws on the books dealing with this subject.

Things, obviously, can be pretty confusing for the average consumer. But the myriad of problems facing those in the business of making and selling distilled spirits, are even more baffling.

For example, picture the bartender at a night spot in Las Vegas, Nevada. He stands behind the bar, and all day long sees people rushing up and putting their money into slot machines, or losing it betting at the roulette or dice tables. Quickly, the bartender forms a rather uncomplimentary picture of the average tourist and his mental abilities.

Then, that same tourist steps up to the bar and orders a drink—but Nevada law specifically prohibits the serving of imbeciles! If that law were enforced, it is obvious that Las Vegas would have to close its glittering doors.

In Missouri, not only must a bartender (in common with bartenders everywhere) act like a psychiatrist, but he must virtually qualify as one—because Missouri law prohibits the service of liquor to a person judged mentally incompetent. Utah requires liquor dealers to become neighborhood snoops; the law there forbids sales to any person living with an Indian woman.

Minnesota demands even more knowledge and judgment of its liquor sellers. There, the law forbids sales to Indians who have not adopted the habits of civilization (does this include beatnik Indians?) and prohibits service to "public prostitutes" (presumably prostitutes who are classified as privates are qualified to drink).

Illinois, South Dakota, Minnesota and New Hampshire all prohibit sales to "spendthrifts," while, in New Mexico, you violate the law if you serve a lunatic. In Maine, it's against the law to permit an entertainer, in an establishment that sells liquor, to portray persons of the opposite sex. How that could possibly have any-

thing to do with liquor is indeed hard to fathom, but that's the law. And in Kansas, you can't fix up the building in which your bar is located without prior permission from the liquor commission.

The days and hours in which liquor may be served in the various states, and the holidays recognized by each, is also somewhat confusing. In Nevada, for instance, the sky's the limit. Any time, day or night, you can get a drink. But in Utah, there are twelve holidays recognized as dry days—including, of all things, Arbor Day! And try, if you will, to explain the Idaho ruling that there be no liquor sales on June fifteenth, celebrated in that state as Pioneer's Day. What sort of pioneers did Idaho have, anyway? Similarly, explain the Massachusetts ruling which prohibits liquor service until after one p.m. on April nineteenth, which is Patriot's Day.

New England also provides two additional bafflers: In Boston, taverns, serving men only, are closed on Sundays, so that the only place a man can get a drink is a cocktail lounge, which admits women. And in Vermont, the law states that alcoholic beverages shall not be sold or offered for sale over a bar or in a place commonly called a saloon.

This great hodge-podge of absurdities which governs the sale and consumption of liquor in this country is bad enough, but when one delves into the area of advertising these products, the laws are enough to drive strong men to drink.

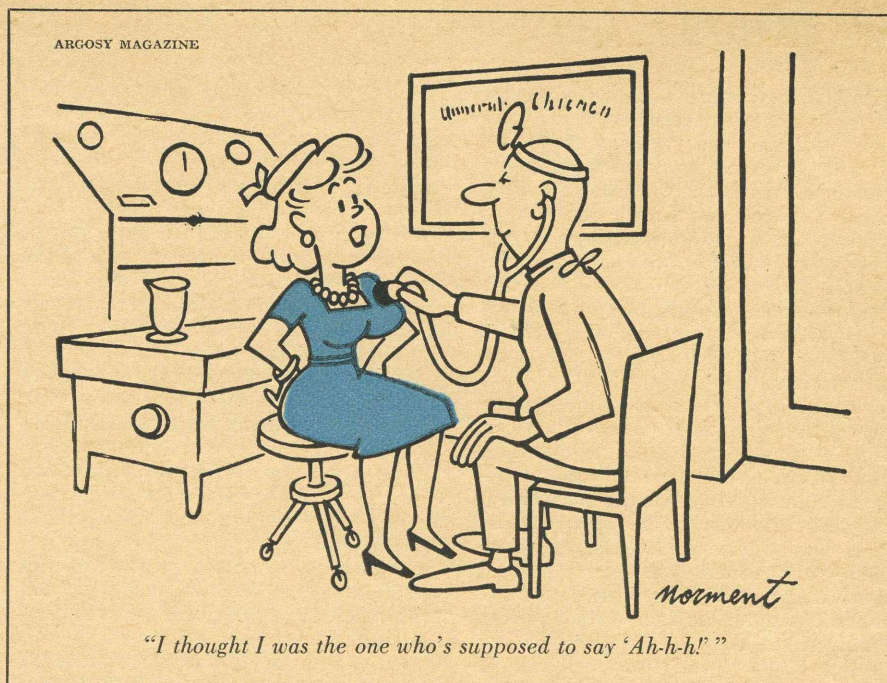
The don'ts of liquor advertising sometimes are unbelievably complicated and contradictory, and often just senseless. One company made a study and discovered that, in order to satisfy all state and local regulations governing advertising, twenty-seven different versions of the same ad had to be prepared for nation-wide use. This is just to comply with the broad and general rules; price must show in some states, price must not show in others; you may show an opened bottle in some places, but only a closed bottle—or no bottle at all—in others, and so forth.

The worst part of this whole mess is that, basically, the initial attempts at regulating liquor advertising were designed to safeguard the consumer. But somehow, with bureaucratic abuse heaped upon legislative stupidity, present-day regulations bear only a passing resemblance to logic.

Take, as an example, the prohibition of the use of a likeness of Santa Clause in liquor advertising. More than twenty states have decided that, for some obscure reason, the use of the bearded gentlemen is not right. Or, consider for a moment the case of Kansas. There, liquor advertisers are prohibited from mentioning Father's Day. Just what it is that Kansas has against Father's Day isn't really clear. But it is out where liquor ads are concerned.

Four states of our nation prohibit advertising which depicts athletes and athletic events. However, in the state of Washington, by legislative ruling, an athletic event is defined as a "competitive game," so scenes showing such non-athletic events as fishing and hunting are perfectly okay.

One state has a very deep feeling for all deceased Presidents of the United States. Michigan stands alone in her regard for these former leaders, and has a rule which prohibits reference to them in liquor ads.



Nothing, apparently, is too picayune for scrutiny by some states. Take one, for example, whose regulations forbid the use, in liquor stores, of interior advertising displays which have movement—motor-driven devices, flashing lights, and the like. One liquor retailer decided to use balloons to decorate his store, and hung several from his ceiling. In came an inspector from the State Liquor Control Board and when he opened the door to the store, a gust of breeze blew the balloons, causing them to jiggle. So, the inspector cited the liquor store owner for violation of the rule governing moving displays.

Sometimes certain state regulations not only contradict other regulations, but seem to contradict themselves, as well. In West Virginia, for example, the law permits a distiller to show, in an ad, a bottle of whiskey, a glass and a man. However, should that same man pick up that same glass—filled or empty—the law is violated.

The bureaucratic nonsense governing advertising of liquor is sometimes staggering. A compilation of some of the regulations governing this field, prepared by Licensed Beverage Industries, Incorporated, an industry association, shows that thirteen states require all advertising copy for all media published in the state to be cleared with the state's alcoholic beverage control boards before publication. In addition, seven other states require clearance for certain types of advertising materials—Idaho, for example, requires prior clearance for newspaper advertising. Indiana, New York and Pennsylvania require prior clearance for in-store displays of various sorts. Virginia requires clearance of all advertising matter other than that specifically permitted by law—and then sets forth an amazing set of restrictions on ads. For example, largest type may not be larger than an inch in any dimension, and the only enclosure permitted in an ad may be a circle, square or parallelogram, a facsimile of a bottle may be used, but no more than three bottles may appear in any one ad. Eight states of the nation prohibit "drinking scenes," but most states won't define the term. Ohio comes closest;

it requires that ads "not suggest intemperance," whatever that means.

And, perhaps the most confusing of all, thirteen states permit an advertisement to state the price of the product, while thirteen others prohibit mentioning it.

Also on the prohibited list in one or more states are such diverse subjects as family scenes, nude or semi-nude women, historical figures, dogs (!), endorsements by prominent people, Biblical characters, reference to a bank or bank book (?), and many, many others.

But perhaps the real topper to all this bureaucratic nonsense is the experience a famous distillery in Kentucky had a couple of years ago. For more than twenty years, this distillery had, each spring just before the running of the Kentucky Derby in Louisville, held a Derby party for visiting sports writers and such. These were truly delightful parties; wonderful mint juleps were dispensed with a free hand, gourmet foods were served, and good fellowship flowed freely, to the beat of an authentic Kentucky oddity, the Jug Band (comprised of musicians who play spoons, a bourbon jug and other assorted musical instruments, with remarkably good results).

Then, one year, the State administration—headed, incidentally, by a famous sports figure who served rather briefly as the ruler of professional baseball—became miffed with this distillery because of a campaign conducted to obtain some measure of needed tax relief. So the state decided that, after twenty years, this distillery was in violation of the law, because it was giving away its products.

The result was a fine of \$10,000 imposed upon the distillery—widely reported, much to the chagrin of this plump former governor, by sports columnists everywhere—and to this day, distilleries in Kentucky, where more than seventy-five per cent of all bourbons are made, are prohibited from giving away free samples of their products, even though all taxes have been paid!

Even Hammurabi couldn't possibly have foreseen this crazy twist to his pretty good idea—that of giving the people a few good laws!

Under the pressure of a deadline, the like of which few reporters have ever faced, Woodfield was working night and day with Chessman's private investigator, William H. Linhart, and his attorneys, George T. Davis and Rosalie Asher, in a desperate attempt to unearth, after twelve years, new evidence of Chessman's innocence. An examination of the trial evidence would be enough to convince any jury that Chessman was not guilty of the two kidnapping-sex offenses for which he was sentenced to death. But the court does not re-hear a case on its merits once a jury has passed on it. The high courts were interested only in *new* evidence, which Woodfield was on the brink of unearthing when I arrived on the West Coast.

Biggest stumbling block to our investigation was Chessman himself. He had decided, for reasons which have not yet become completely clear, that he would rather die than be known as a stool pigeon. He refused to help us discover who the real Red Light Bandit was, although it was obvious that he knew.

Working on pep pills and coffee, Linhart, Woodfield and I checked out lead after lead. The answer, which appeared two days after my arrival, was ironically contained right in the police records and trial testimony.

It had been a long time since anyone had seriously gone into the records of the original crimes. For the past seven years, Chessman's battles had been fought purely on legal grounds. The seven-year figure was to prove significant.

In the police records of Chessman's original grilling by the police at the time of his arrest, we found what we were looking for.

"The guy you want is Terranova," Chessman told the cops back in January of 1948. "He's been pulling the spotlight and sex jobs."

He went on to give a general description of the man. "He's about five feet ten inches tall, 180 pounds, and a fast talker," Chessman told them.

The cops at the time apparently weren't able to locate anybody named Terranova

who could conceivably be the Red Light Bandit. No Terranova was questioned. No photo of Terranova was shown to the victims of the Red Light Bandit. Terranova was a ghost, a figment of Chessman's well-known, vivid imagination, apparently. The police questioned Chessman for three days before booking him. Reports indicate that he lost more than twelve pounds during that period. Finally, say the cops, he broke down and made some damaging admissions that convinced them they had the right man. Chessman claimed he was beaten, kicked in the groin, hit in the stomach, and otherwise persuaded to talk. Three witnesses who were in the county high-power tank with Chessman testified that he showed evidence of having been brutally worked over. The prosecution produced a number of witnesses who said they *didn't* see Chessman worked over. Certainly it was the kind of a beef made by every habitual criminal who has made damaging admissions to the police. Chessman named an L.A. police officer as the man who beat him, and offered to take a lie-detector test on this claim, and let his whole defense rest on the results. The offer was declined. Chessman is dead, so that issue will never be resolved. (Chessman has also offered at all times to take a lie-detector test on the question of his guilt or innocence. No one ever took him up on it.)

It was on the question of these beatings that ARGOSY turned up an interesting new point of evidence. It shows up clearly in the photographs accompanying this story. A police medical report, dated 1/26/48, two days after Chessman's arrest, reads: "*High-power inspection reveals no marks, scars or bruises, none claimed.*" It is signed by two police medical officials.

Yet, a police mug shot of Chessman taken that same day reveals a scab on his forehead as big as two postage stamps. Why was this not mentioned in the police medical examination? A later entry in the medical report, dated 5/13/48, says: "After call from Al Matthews (the public defender), subject was brought back for re-inspection . . . subject claims scar on hair line and *right thigh near groin*. As I recall this man after talking to him this morning when first inspection occurred, the man was bragging of having nothing wrong with him and of not being sick after being asked by the undersigned."

This addition to Chessman's record was written three months after his alleged beating. It is obviously an attempt to explain away the cut on Chessman's head which had shown up in all the photographs taken of Chessman at the time of his police booking.

Why did the police fail to make a record of that cut at the time of Chessman's examination?

Chessman's main enterprise in 1948, he has admitted, was sticking up and shaking down brothels and bookie joints, most of which were operating with police protection. This does much to explain his unpopularity with the law around L. A. at this time.

Shortly after Chessman's arrest, the police released to a sensational weekly newspaper the information that Chessman had attacked a girl named Joyce Peterson and

THE MYTH

CARYL CHESSMAN was caught in a police trap shortly after commission of dozens of bestial sex crimes on women and girls in the Los Angeles area. When he was caught, all victims identified him positively and he admitted the crimes. He is also believed to have committed murder. He has never repented of these crimes, one of which sent a girl straight to a mental hospital, where she awaits only Chessman's death for a full recovery. He is an evil genius who, by a series of amazingly clever and involved legal gimmicks, has managed to take advantage of our court system to stay alive far longer than he had any right to. He is a depraved and confirmed sex maniac and deserved no better fate than the gas chamber.

This myth, distorted as it was, was lethal in its effect.

Almost up to the day of Chessman's death, papers often referred to him as a murderer, rapist, or both. A few days after his execution, the New York Herald Tribune, in a two-column headline, still implied that he was a killer.

THE FACTS

CHESSMAN was caught in a chase involving a clothing-store holdup, one day after the last of the Red Light crimes. Neither he nor his car answered descriptions then existing of the Red Light Bandit. In fact, until he was captured, it was assumed that there was more than one such bandit. Identifications were vague and in most cases made without benefit of a police lineup, usual in such procedures. The girl victim of the Red Light bandit did not go to Camarillo State Hospital until nearly two years after she was attacked. No psychiatrist has been willing to say her mental illness was caused by the attack.

Chessman had an I.Q. of about 130, far above average, but far below the genius level. His ability to keep his case in court so long had been largely due to admitted judicial error and the many serious gaps in proper conduct of the trial. All psychiatrists who have examined him declared he was "incapable" of committing the sex-crimes with which he was charged.

submitted her to a series of unmentionable indignities. It also listed a number of other bestial sex crimes attributed to Chessman by police, and alleged he had confessed to all of them. No official record of these alleged offenses, either in the form of a complaint or a police report, has ever appeared.

Yet it was subsequently proved that Joyce Peterson was induced to give false testimony, that she was a prostitute, a long-time acquaintance of Chessman's and a member of the police-dominated organized vice scene of the Los Angeles area. Joyce Peterson's accusations were never prosecuted. Joyce Peterson disappeared shortly after this incident and has never been seen again. It is our belief, and was that of Chessman, that if she is still alive, she could do much to explain this puzzling incident.

Think it's unlikely that the L. A. cops could have acted like that? In a national magazine article only a few months ago, it was brought out that the Los Angeles police department was at that time considered by the California Crime Commission and police authorities throughout the country to be the most corrupt department in this country. (This was in 1948,

before Chief William H. Parker took over.) Vice of all sorts, the article claims, flourished during this period "with the connivance of the police." "The cops were on the take all over town," the article states.

As to whether L. A. cops might have been capable of brutality at that time, the record, as cited in the same article, is that during this period, Los Angeles suffered one of the biggest police-brutality scandals in its history. Result? Parker conducted a probe (with lie detectors, normally one of his favorite devices). He turned the evidence over to the Police Board of Rights. Verdict: "Eight officers were indicted and four went to San Quentin or the county jail. Two others were dropped from the force, and another thirty-six were officially reprimanded."

So consider the possibility that Chessman's claims of police brutality were truthful, especially when looking at the evidence shown here, which California's Clemency Secretary Cecil Poole told the writers had never before been called to his attention. This is one of the pieces of new material the governor and his staff considered too unimportant to bother delaying an execution over.

The second piece of evidence, however,

was what set California back on its heels.

Checking into the background of the mysterious Mr. Terranova, of whom the police could find no record, we found that Prosecutor J. Miller Leavy also had trouble believing that such a person as Terranova existed. There was no sign of him anywhere. "Joe" Terranova, Leavy said, was a "fiction," one of these pipe dreams which always turned up in the alibis of habitual criminals. It was certainly true that Terranova was Chessman's principal alibi. It was Terranova's car he was caught in, Chessman claimed, and it was Terranova who had had possession of the car at the time of the capital crimes which took place in the days before Chessman's arrest on a clothing-store holdup rap. Terranova, if he turned up, might sew up the prosecution's case by proving he was elsewhere, or he wasn't the man—or he *might* be the real Red Light Bandit.

Checking a little further, we found that such a man as Terranova *did* exist. We found, in fact, a man named Charles Savarine Terranova, who fit the victim's descriptions of the Red Light Bandit to a T, right down to a scar over the right eye, (as first described by the state's star witness, teenage Mary Alice Meza, who was the victim

CDC-116

Name Caryl Chessman
Box No. 66565 San Quentin, Calif.
Date 4-20-60 19

George T. Davis

Page Two

Now the world is about to learn about those facts. For the first time people will have the truth about the Chessman case presented by a completely impartial source. They will be able to decide for themselves whether I am guilty or innocent. And what impresses me most is that Milt Machlin emphasized to me, even after all the time and money the Argosy people had spent in their investigation, they weren't interested in sensationalism or scoring a beat. They were and are interested in seeing justice done, in having the truth known. If I survive--and now certainly I have a fighting chance--it will be in large part through the efforts of this magazine and the human beings behind it. And even if I am executed, I know that you, with attorneys Rosalie Asher and Al Wirin, and the People at Argosy will continue to fight for my posthumous vindication. That is what I want, above all else, for I am satisfied it will help more than anything else to reveal the senseless futility and barbarism of the death penalty and the real and terrible dangers involved when citizens of a state demand vengeance above truth.

Sincerely,

Caryl

Caryl Chessman

cc to Miss Rosalie S. Asher

One of Chessman's last letters (page two), sent to authors through Attorney George T. Davis, bequeaths to Argosy obligation to "continue fight for vindication." Chessman expresses gratitude that Argosy evidence was given to defense.

of one of the two Red Light sex assaults).

We found further that this Charles S. Terranova, who the police were unable to locate for questioning, and of whom, in fact, they could find no record at all, had at that *very time* a record of *ten felony convictions* in the Los Angeles area, and had served time in the L. A. County Jail, Preston Industrial School for Boys, San Quentin, Folsom and Chino. Furthermore, most of those prison terms overlapped with Chessman's. You might say they were old schoolmates. Further than that, Chessman's arrest record, if the police had examined it carefully, and his probation reports, would indicate that Terranova was listed as one of Chessman's *known criminal associates*.

Still the cops claim, to this day, that they were unconscious of the existence of Charles S. Terranova.

Checking Terranova out further, we find that during Chessman's trial, while J. Miller Leavy, the prosecutor, was describing Terranova as a "fiction," Terranova was in the Los Angeles County Jail, no more than 200 feet from Chessman's cell, held on a total of twenty-two felony charges, including violation of the National Firearms Act (using a machine gun), kidnaping with intent to commit robbery, and kidnaping with bodily harm—a capital offense.

With this evidence in our hands, we were faced with a decision. If we held it until June, when it could first appear in ARGOSY, we might be responsible for suppressing evidence which would keep Chessman out of the gas chamber.

I flew to Los Angeles and consulted with Woodfield, who was still digging up new material in that area. Linhart joined us. We decided that, in the interests of justice, the evidence should be handed over immediately to the governor's office. After a brief explanation to Hale Champion, the governor's secretary, we were told that the governor was "definitely interested"; that if we would fly to San Francisco, we would be met by a representative of the governor and, that in the morning, another representative would drive us from San Francisco to Sacramento, the State Capital.

This was at eight p.m. We got reservations at nine p.m. on a midnight flight. We discussed our plans with no one except Woodfield's wife, Gitta, and Bill Linhart. We were at the airport precisely on time. Linhart was scheduled to stay in Los Angeles and continue the investigation which was leading closer and closer, we felt, to the real Red Light Bandit, and also, it seemed, to a maze of underworld connections eventually tying in with the organized crime syndicate of the state—and, to our surprise, to new information in the famous Barbara Graham case.

The Barbara Graham link, which is still being explored at this writing, was interesting, because, by an odd coincidence, the judge at the Barbara Graham trial was the late Superior Court Judge Charles W. Fricke, who also presided at the Chessman trial. Fricke, who was known throughout the state as a "hanging judge," had handed out twice as many death sentences as any judge in California history. He has also had more reversals of his death sentences by higher courts.

As Governor of California, a movie-actress named Madge Meredith was sentenced to jail for kidnaping, in a gaudy, California-style trial. Warren, reviewing the case, gave Madge Meredith a complete pardon. His comment was: "This is the most flagrant case of railroading in the history of California jurisprudence." The judge was Charles W. Fricke.

So we felt that indications that Chessman had been unjustly convicted were not to be brushed off lightly. We had other clues that we were getting close to something hot. Woodfield was informed by "friendly" advisors several times, as the investigation went on, that he was "getting into dangerous territory."

Bill Linhart, who had been investigating for Chessman for seven years, had been threatened with physical violence many times, as had his family. Now that we were getting close to the meat of the case, we were all getting jumpy.

At the airport ticket counter, a tall, heavy-set man in a blue serge suit asked if he could check "certain names" on the manifest of our flight. The clerk told the man that such information was available

only to law-enforcement agencies, and the man drifted off into the crowd. I had almost forgotten about him until the next announcement came over the loudspeaker.

"Passengers on flight seven-ninety-four report to ticket counter, please."

At the ticket counter, a pair of grim-faced men told the crowd that the flight would be delayed.

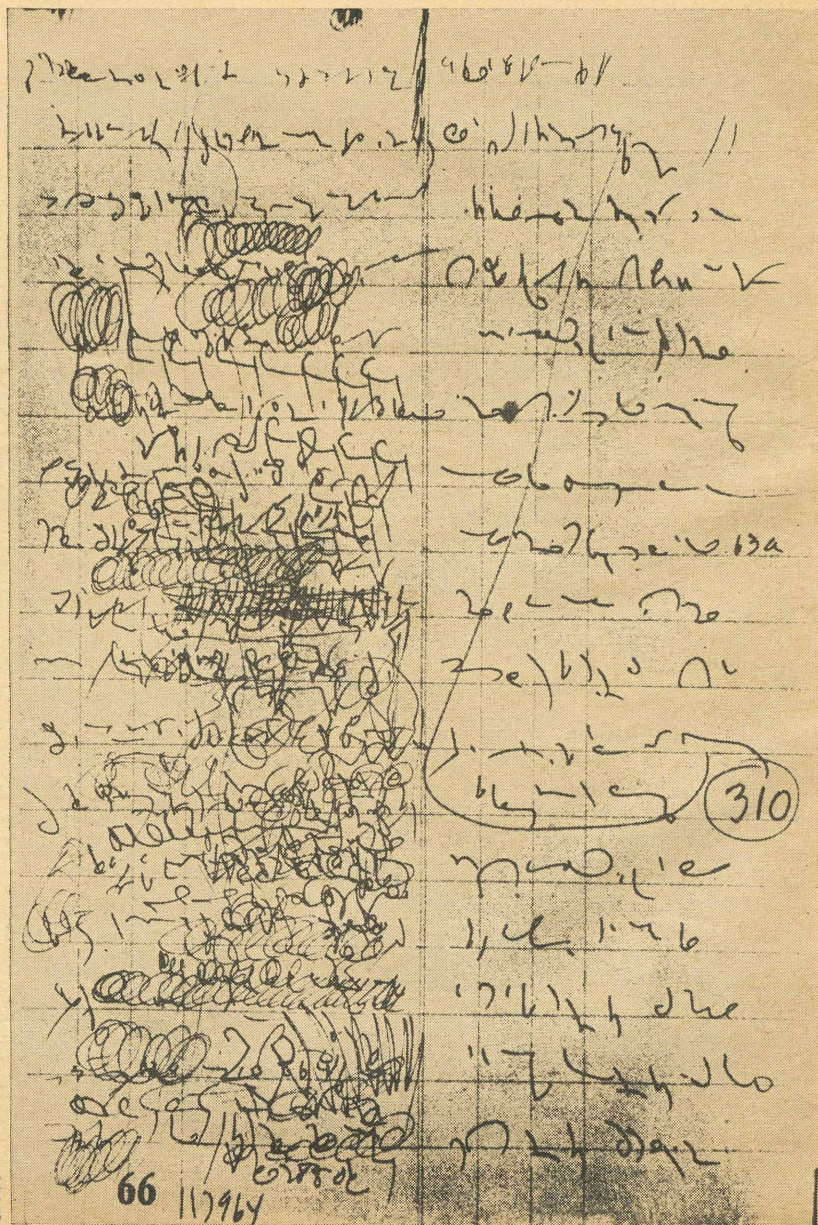
"We have a report there may be a bomb aboard your plane."

A three-hour check by the FBI established that the bomb was a ruse, but it sure scared us. Woodfield decided it would be safest to split up. He and Linhart drove to San Francisco in Linhart's radio-equipped, private police car, with Linhart's .38 on the seat. I went by plane.

That afternoon, with no sleep at all for Woodfield, and little for myself, we were in the capitol building, reporting to Cecil Poole, through whom all information for the Governor on the Chessman case must be cleared.

Poole was disinclined to believe that anything new could be turned up at this late date. He leafed impatiently through our material, stopping once in a while to

These shorthand notes are the only record of what transpired at Chessman's trial. Court reporter Ernest R. Perry died before he could transcribe them.



check a statement against the voluminous case records on the shelf behind him. He found no errors. When he got to the medical report and mug shot, he said: "I'll admit *this* is new. The connection between these pictures has never been pointed out to me."

The identity of Terranova and disclosure of his record also seemed to impress him. "You've brought me two new items. I'll go over your material and let you know on Monday what I think."

At this point, it was nine days to Chessman's death day. We had promised to keep our trip a secret from the press. We did. We continued the search for material to clear Chessman. We conferred with Chessman and told him that whatever we could discover was at his disposal. Chessman, after a look at what we had dug up, was deeply moved, and wrote to his attorney, George Davis, the letter printed along with this story.

On Monday, Poole said he "didn't think much" of the material we had presented. "It doesn't change my mind," he commented. But he promised to hand the material over to the governor.

It was now one week to Chessman's death day. I went to San Quentin and conferred with Chessman, and his attorneys, Rosalie Asher and George T. Davis.

Wide World



Chessman with investigator Bill Linhart (right). Linhart spent much of his own money in effort to clear client. Judge Fricke smiles in background (profile).

Part of FBI arrest record of Stanley Fraser, uncle-in-law of prosecutor Leavy, who got the job of transcribing Perry notes at triple normal fee. Fraser admitted that when stuck for a phrase, he would add symbols to court record in his own handwriting.

1894 M.W. *FN 3/27* **UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE**
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
 WASHINGTON 25, D. C. *3-13-53* *ks*
J. Edgar Hoover
Director
1116311

The following FBI record, NUMBER *1116311*, is furnished FOR OFFICIAL USE ONLY.

CONTRIBUTOR OF FINGERPRINTS	NAME AND NUMBER	ARRESTED OR RECEIVED	CHARGE	DISPOSITION
FD Glendale, Calif.	Stanley Fraser, ---	1-11-40	drunk driver	1-15-40, \$150. and 30 days.
FD Gardena, Calif.	Stanley Fraser, 1208	3-29-41	drunk	C. H. to appear 10-7-41
FD San Diego Calif	Stanley Fraser #71405			
PD Whittier Calif	Stanley Fraser #17011			
FD Los Angeles Calif	Stanley Fraser #4926 W 3			
SO Los Angeles Calif.	Stanley Fraser #B-218575/ B-258741			




Chessman was trying to walk a tightrope. He didn't want to be known as the man who had fingered Terranova, but he obviously also wanted the truth to come out.

This touches on one of the most puzzling aspects of Chessman's character. He was a man who, apparently, was willing to die for his principles. Remember that he was given a chance to plead for clemency, provided he would admit his guilt. His answer, in his own somewhat romantic rhetoric, was "vindication or death." Chessman also adhered, it seems, to the code of the underworld as regards informers. To the last, while admitting we had come upon the truth, he reiterated that he had not been the one to give us the information. He wasn't.

But there are other sides to this question. We have information that Chessman was more interested in protecting certain innocent parties than in saving either his own reputation or his life.

Among those he was protecting is a seventeen-year-old daughter whose existence was a secret until his death. (It is interesting that he began insisting that he had never named anybody—not even Terranova—in 1955 when Terranova was released after his seven-year jail term.)

In any event, it was decided that a writ of habeas corpus charging suppression of material evidence should be filed on Chessman's behalf. But before filing the writ, it was decided to turn the information over to the press in the hope that its publication would lead to further information. This was a painful decision for us—giving away our story to newspapers before publication date—but it was unavoidable in the name of responsible journalism.

We held a press conference within three hours of leaving San Quentin. Our news that night was the biggest thing in California. San Francisco and L. A. papers gave it banner headlines on the front page, some naming Arcosy, and some naming us merely as "two adventure-magazine writers." But all were impressed by the revelation that we not only had identified Terranova for the first time, but were able to provide his C-number (California criminal identification file number), his FBI number and a copy of his criminal record.

The publicity idea worked, and new information began to filter in through anonymous phone calls and informers. One phone call from Los Angeles cast a cloud on our optimism. Woodfield's wife called to say that at six a.m., after we had left L. A. for the governor's office, she had had an anonymous phone call.

"Has Bill gone to the governor's yet?" the voice asked.

Gitta, still groggy, answered that he had.

"Well, he better not turn the information over, if you don't want a face full of acid. He won't like looking at you after that."

That was all. It shook Bill badly, but Gitta bore up well, reported that she was with friends, and told us to stick with it. We now had less than a week to go.

We kept digging. The governor sent word that our material did not change his mind. He was taking no action.

On Tuesday, I was called back to the New York office. I went to see Chessman to find out if he would release any information at all to help us.

"What you're doing is the right thing,"

he told me. "But I won't be the one to finger anyone."

"What difference can it make? Do you mean to say you'd rather die in the gas chamber than live with the reputation of being a stool pigeon?"

"It may seem an anomaly to you," he said, "but that's the way I feel."

I mentioned a name he didn't know I knew and asked him if he were protecting anyone.

"Let's just forget about that part of it, shall we?" he said, seriously shaken.

I agreed. But I want it on the record that Chessman, when he died, was thinking of more than his own skin.

Next day, we started preparing the ARCOSY writ—Chessman's last plea for justice. The material we got together for that writ convinced George T. Davis, Chessman's own attorney, for the first time, that he was innocent. Until he read this material, Davis had been fighting for his client strictly because he had been denied due process of law.

The prosecution's case, described by the prosecutor himself as "ironclad" and by the governor as "overwhelming" in its proof, rested on just five points.

1. "Positive identification" of Chessman by his victims.

2. "Positive" identification of his car.

3. A gun similar to the one used by the Red Light Bandit.

4. A flashlight similar to the one used by the Red Light Bandit.

5. His alleged admissions to the police. Here's what we found at the heart of this "overwhelming" evidence.

Positive identification of Caryl Chessman as the Red Light Bandit, questionable.

Caryl Chessman was tried, convicted and sentenced to death for the following so-called "Red Light" crimes.

1. *Armed Robbery*—of Thomas Bartle 1/18/48, 4:35 a.m. \$15.

2. *Armed Robbery*—Floyd C. Ballew and Elaine Bushaw 1/18/48, 7:30 p.m. \$20.

3. *Armed Robbery*—of Jarnigan Lea. Armed robbery, kidnaping for the purpose of robbery with bodily injury (a capital offense) and violation of Penal Code Section 288A (forcing victim to oral copulation, thus constituting bodily injury in above charge.) Of Regina Johnson 1/19/48, 9:00 p.m.

4. *Armed Robbery*—Gerald Stone, 1/20/48, 12:10 a.m. \$2.

5. *Attempted Robbery*—Frank Hurlburt, kidnaping for the purpose of robbery with bodily injury (the second capital offense), violation of section 288A Penal Code and the attempted forcible rape of Mary Alice Meza—1/22/48, 1 a.m.

A jury of eleven women and one man found Caryl Chessman guilty on all counts. Presumably his identification as the Red Light Bandit was beyond a reasonable doubt. Let's look at the ARCOSY evidence.

1. Thomas Bartle, in his complaint to the police—ten minutes after he was robbed by the Red Light Bandit, described the bandit as being "white, age thirty, height five feet six (actually he is six feet), weight 150 pounds, stocky build, "tan complexion" and, added that the bandit had "crooked teeth in (the) front." Bartle's companion, Anne Plaskwitz, stated, "I couldn't see him, but I heard him talk."

About one week later, two days after

Caryl Chessman's arrest and after having been charged with being the Red Light Bandit, Chessman was described in a police teletype as follows:

"Twenty-six, five feet eleven, weight, 190 pounds, dark brown wavy hair, long narrow nose with hump on bridge of nose, brown eyes."

Although Bartle's description, given ten minutes following the robbery, fails to describe Caryl Chessman, Bartle, a month later at Chessman's preliminary hearing, positively identified Chessman as the Red Light Bandit. When Chessman, acting as his own attorney, asked Bartle if he could recognize any particular identifying feature that he might have mentioned to the police, in his original report, Bartle answered, "I told the officers that you had a protruding lower lip and I think you will find it in the report."

What Thomas Bartle, a dentist by profession, had reported was that the Red Light Bandit had *crooked front teeth*.

Caryl Chessman had remarkably straight teeth—as Dr. Bartle must have discovered when confronted by Chessman in court. Chessman's front teeth are, in fact, false.

2. Floyd C. Ballew and Elaine Bushaw made a police report at the time they were robbed, describing the bandit as five feet, seven inches tall, 150 pounds, ruddy, and using a .32 or .38 automatic. Elaine Bushaw, Mr. Ballew's companion on the night of the robbery, did not testify against Chessman. Mr. Ballew, apparently anxious to return to his home in the Midwest, identified Chessman at the preliminary hearing, but refused to identify Chessman's car. "That's the color," he testified, "but the (Red Light Bandit) car was *not* a five-passenger coupe. It was a sedan."

Ballew further testified that he recalled telling the police that the Red Light Bandit was "thirty, 160 pounds, and (had) a protruding under jaw." This is all Ballew recollected having told the police.

3. Jarnigan Lea, the companion of Regina Johnson, testified at the preliminary hearing in February of 1948 that he had described the Red Light Bandit to the police as being "between five feet eight and five feet ten (with a hat on), approximately 160 pounds, with *crooked teeth*, possibly stained."

Yet, three months later at Chessman's trial in May, with Chessman cross-examining, and while under oath, Jarnigan Lea volunteered the following: "And I never told the police you had *crooked teeth*."

Furthermore, although Lea claims to have seen the "Red Light Bandit" without a mask, he admitted that, in reporting the crime to the police, he had not mentioned that the bandit had a prominent nose, yet he positively identified Caryl Chessman as the Red Light Bandit in court. (Chessman's hawk-like nose is his most distinguishing feature.)

Even more disturbing is the information to be found in a Los Angeles County Sheriff's office report Z-2637, dated January 27, 1948, but *never introduced in evidence* at either preliminary hearing or trial.

This document reporting the identification of Caryl Chessman and David H. Knowles (Chessman's partner who was arrested with him) by Mr. Lea and Mrs. Johnson contains the following:

"*Suspects* (plural) pulled up behind (Mr. Lea's) car and then approached on foot and asked for identification. . . ." In

the same report, but dated 1/20/48, Mrs. Johnson, about twelve hours after being attacked, verified Mr. Lea's statement that there was more than one man involved in the Red Light crime. A policewoman's notes read: "While suspect was taking her out of Mr. Lea's car, she (Mrs. Johnson), thought she heard him (the Red Light Bandit) say, 'Okay, Ed' (to someone in the bandit's car)." The report continues, "She further stated that when she was in his car (the bandit's), she felt that there was someone in the back seat crouching down, as she thought she felt someone moving back there once or twice."

In spite of these statements, which indicate that two men were involved in the Red Light crime, *this possibility was never again mentioned by the police, Mr. Lea or Mrs. Johnson.* Only Caryl Chessman was brought to trial. Yet nowhere does Chessman himself mention that there might have been two Red Light bandits. If Chessman were actually the Red Light Bandit, wouldn't he have known that there were two men involved, and wouldn't he have brought this out at his trial? He didn't, because *he did not know* that Mr. Lea and Mrs. Johnson had identified *two* Red Light bandits. Sheriff's report Z-2637 was not introduced into evidence, and therefore Chessman had no way of knowing its contents while preparing his defense.

Why were the police reports of Jarnigan Lea and Regina Johnson not made available to Chessman twelve years ago at the time of his trial when he requested them for help in preparing his defense? Why are these reports still classified as "unavailable" to him, or even his attorneys today?

In one other place in the preliminary hearing, there is a partial confirmation of the theory that there were two Red Light bandits. In the testimony of Floyd C. Ballew we read, "*They* came up to my car. . . ." But thereafter in his testimony the "*they*" is always "*he*."

Arcosy, trying to clear up this question, requested the police complaint of Mr. Lea and Mrs. Johnson from the office of Chief William H. Parker, and was refused. Prior to this request, ARCOSY was assured in a letter from the chief's office that "in order to satisfy (ARCOSY's) interest, we suggest (ARCOSY) call on the Public Information Division of the L. A. Police Department." But when this request was made, the Chief's office informed Arcosy that the L.A.P.D. regarded the Chessman case as "closed," and would not discuss it or answer any questions about it.

Two days later, on April 7, 1960, Arcosy asked Chessman's attorney, George T. Davis, to request these documents from the L.A.P.D. officially, as Chessman's attorney. Davis immediately went to see Chief Parker and, according to Davis, was told, "You have to ask for them through the District Attorney's office, and even if they give permission, I still won't give them to you unless you get a court order, and then I will resist the court order through all the courts available."

What is in these police reports to make them so jealously guarded by the police and the prosecution?

Mrs. Johnson has testified that she saw the Red Light Bandit unmasked; she and Mr. Lea, her companion, are the *only* two Red Light victims to make such a claim.

The police report, made within an hour of the robbery, should contain a full and accurate description of Caryl Chessman if, indeed, he was the Red Light Bandit.

In attempting to discover what Mrs. Johnson and Mr. Lea told the police immediately following the crime, Arcosy examined a police bulletin issued at 7:37 p.m. on January 23, 1948, and found information that a comparison with descriptions by the other victims must have been made by either Mrs. Johnson or Mr. Lea. The bandit's car was described as having, "four inches beneath each front headlight, a circle parking light." A police photo of Chessman's car shows no such parking light. Also, "on body in rear above license holder, there is a plain chrome bar with FORD in center of bar." The police photo shows *no such bar* or insignia on Chessman's car. The bulletin also reports "possible radio, which receives police calls with switch underneath dash." *No such radio* was found in Chessman's car.

Yet Regina Johnson and Jarnigan Lea positively identified this *same* car as the car belonging to the Red Light Bandit.

Mrs. Johnson admitted at the preliminary hearing that when she had been summoned to the police station to identify Chessman as the Red Light Bandit, it was her companion, Mr. Lea, and not she, who had first pointed Chessman out as her attacker. She testified that Mr. Lea, pointing at Chessman, said, "There is the man who held us up." She also testified that there was no police officer present at the time, but she failed to mention that she and Mr. Lea had identified *two men*, Chessman and David Knowles.

4. Gerald Stone, in his original police complaint, described the Red Light Bandit as having been masked. At the preliminary hearing, when asked if he could identify Chessman as the man who robbed him, Stone testified, "Well, due to the fact that he wore a handkerchief over his face, I can't be certain." The preliminary-hearing judge ruled that this identification was not positive enough to warrant an indictment on this charge, and suggested the prosecution produce additional identification.

Somehow, *without producing any additional identification, Caryl Chessman was indicted*, tried and convicted on this charge, during the same trial that he was convicted and sentenced to death.

5. The final, and perhaps most important, identification of Chessman as the Red Light Bandit was made by Mary Alice Meza and her companion, Frank Hurlburt.

Mr. Hurlburt, asked at the preliminary hearing if he got a good look at the Red Light Bandit, testified: "No, it was dark and he had a handkerchief over his face."

Before analyzing Miss Meza's testimony, it should be stated that she, more than any other victim of the Red Light Bandit, has been the cause of tremendous anti-Chessman feeling among the police, the prosecution, the newspapers and the general public.

Miss Meza, seventeen at the time of being attacked, was committed to Camarillo State Hospital as a mental patient twenty months after her attack. She has been there ever since.

It has been the contention of Miss Meza's mother that Mary's derangement was a direct result of being attacked by

Chessman. Mary's mother was convinced that her daughter would get well when Chessman was executed, although no psychiatrist has agreed with this contention.

In addition, a storm of controversy has centered on Mary's mental condition prior to her being attacked by the Red Light Bandit, some psychiatrists claiming that the girl was mentally ill at the time, others claiming she was not. Rational or irrational, it was Mary Meza's testimony that helped to convict Caryl Chessman and he went to the gas chamber on that testimony. Let us examine a police broadcast issued at 5:24 a.m., on the morning of January 22, 1948. Made up from Mary's description of the Red Light Bandit, it describes her attacker as "thirty-five years of age, five feet ten, medium build, swarthy complexion, clean-shaven, very slight accent," and "driving a 1946 Ford sedan, dark, with red spotlight on right side of vehicle."

Miss Meza testified that she couldn't describe her attacker in more detail because "he was masked all the time." However, she was in the car belonging to the Red Light Bandit for more than two hours, and a comparison of her original statement to the police with photographs of Chessman's car proves contradictory, even though she positively identified Chessman's car as the car she was in. Chessman's car was *light-colored*, not dark, a *coupe*, not a sedan, and the spotlight was permanently on the *left* side, not the right.

At the preliminary hearing, Miss Meza testified as follows:

THE COURT: Do you know what kind of car you were in?

A: Oh, yes, it was a Ford. It was a neutral color.

THE COURT: A four-door or a two-door?

A: It was a club coupe.

When asked by the Court if she had observed a spotlight, Mary replied, "I wasn't very observant, I didn't see any spotlight."

Even graver doubts as to the validity of Mary Meza's identification of Chessman's car as being the same car in which she was held captive occurs on examination of the testimony wherein she describes *two circular, illuminated lights* on the dashboard of the car in which she had been attacked. In response to the question, "I will show you Exhibit Twenty-six and ask you if this is a fair representation of the instrument panel you saw," Mary Meza testified: "Yes, that looks similar to it. Yes, I would say that would be it." The exhibit showed the dash of Chessman's car as it was photographed by the police. This is the dash that Mary Alice Meza swore she saw in the Red Light Bandit's car.

Yet we have in hand photostated receipts proving that the speedometer in Caryl Chessman's car—the same car that Mary Meza had positively identified as belonging to the Red Light Bandit—had been removed from his car the *day before* the crime and was not returned until *after* the crime had been committed.

This statement is supported by testimony of the mechanic involved. If Mary Meza had seen a speedometer in the car in which she was attacked, then she could not have been in Caryl Chessman's car, as she has claimed she was.

Miss Meza's testimony reveals another doubt as to Chessman's identity as the bandit. She admits having described the

bandit as being "shorter than the usual man." She further admitted that although she is about five feet four, the bandit was "just a little taller" than she. When asked if the bandit could have been six feet tall, as is Chessman, she answered no.

Also at the preliminary hearing, Mary acknowledged that in her original description of the bandit to the police, she had stated that the Red Light Bandit had a scar over his right eyebrow.

Caryl Chessman has no such scar. Charles S. Terranova has.

In spite of these contradictions, Caryl Chessman was found guilty on all counts of the Red Light crimes and died in the gas chamber on May second.

On the Chessman "Admissions"

Chessman had long protested vigorously that Judge Fricke permitted the police to testify to "admissions" that he is alleged to have made to the police about crimes that he was never charged with. While this is a fine legal point, it is nonetheless a fact that police officers testified from the witness stand that Chessman had admitted to them that he had committed at least six Red Light crimes which he had never been charged with and which the police made no effort to prove were ever committed.

When Chessman requested the police records of these crimes he was refused. His attorney, George T. Davis, and ARCOSE have been refused permission to verify whether or not these crimes were ever committed. Yet the jury that found Chessman guilty and sentenced him to death was undoubtedly influenced in its verdict, at least to some extent, by these so-called "admissions." In our possession is a photograph of the notes made by Police Officer Colin Forbes as Chessman allegedly confessed to six other Red Light crimes.

This disposes of the bulk of the prosecution's "iron-clad" case against Chessman. Would you send a man to the gas chamber—find him guilty beyond a reasonable doubt—on this evidence?

The rest of the "overwhelming" prosecution case consists of statements by witnesses that an Army-type .45, found near the car in which Chessman was arrested, was "similar" to the kind of gun the bandit used. *Not one single witness* was able to identify the gun any more positively than this. The same applies to a penlight-type flashlight which all witnesses said was "similar" to the bandit's. Again, only the fact that the type was the same was ever claimed by even the most determined of witnesses or prosecutors.

It is interesting to note that not a shred of affirmative evidence was produced at this trial. The car in which the two women were attacked was examined carefully. No fingerprint, either of the victims or of Chessman, was ever produced. No shred of red cellophane, red plastic or a red lens of any sort was found anywhere in, near or in the general area of the car. Despite the fact that both victims were said to be menstruating at the time of the sex offenses, no trace of blood was ever discovered in the car. In fact, it was not until *six days* after the car was impounded that two detectives mysteriously located in it two hairs which a defense expert could only say were "similar" to the hair of one of the victims.

In discussing this case, we have purposefully not gone into the amazing confusion involved in the conduct of the trial and the subsequent settling of the transcript. A transcript, to most people, is just a technical legal record, but to a man trying to prove he was given an unjust trial, it's the only record on which he can base his claim. The fact that this record was prepared by a dying man whose notes were undecipherable to the best experts in his state, that they were finally transcribed by a Stanley Fraser, who was convicted more than a dozen times of drunkenness, including several times during the period he was preparing this transcript, and that the "official" notes on which the trial records were based have been added to and augmented

by Fraser, *in his own handwriting*, seems negligible in view of the shocking inadequacy of the trial itself.

In asking yourself how the jury of eleven women and one man could have reached the verdict they did, keep in mind that against a prosecutor characterized by the court as "over-zealous," and a known hanging judge, was pitted the legal knowledge of boy hoodlum Caryl Whittier Chessman, who, contrary to popular opinion, was no genius, but only a more-than-ordinarily bright man.

Keep in mind, too, that Chessman was asked to defend himself against seventeen charges at once. And bear in mind that when he asked for a daily transcript of the proceedings, so he could refresh his mind as to what had happened the day before, it was denied him, although Judge Fricke later admitted that he had *never before* denied such a transcript in a capital case.

Chessman himself later repeated the old legal cliché: "The man who defends himself has a fool for a client."

Now ask yourself these questions:

Why, in a charge not involving murder, was the state of California so anxious that Chessman should have his day in the gas chamber—even though many *murderers* have been given reprieves?

Why, with only days to go, did the authorities wait until the Friday before the execution before sending out an investigator to check out the ARCOSE evidence. Granting that they didn't think much of it, wasn't it worth a few man hours of labor to check evidence which might save a man's life—which bears vitally on the man's principal alibi in a capital offense?

For the information of those who may know the answers to these questions, ARCOSE is going ahead with its investigation. Our team has played it straight with the authorities, and has put information in proper hands before acting.

The investigation continues. We will keep our promise to Caryl Chessman to find the truth.

• • •

TRAVEL TODAY: MASSACHUSETTS

Continued from page 42

There is no end to the anecdotes and jokes about Boston, but people have said some complimentary things, too. Oliver Wendell Holmes, whom we mentioned earlier, considered Boston as the city that "opened and kept open the turnpikes that lead straight to free thought, free speech and free deeds." (Speaking of turnpikes reminds us that you can now drive all the way from Chicago to Boston without pausing for more than a few stop lights. As for the rest of Mr. Holmes' comment, it has been said that although Boston is still the land of the free, it is no longer the home of the Braves who have departed for Milwaukee and a respectable position in the National League.)

We would also like to tell you what Ted Williams has said about the city, but the Watch and Ward Society may be listening and our Boston readers might be deprived of this month's ARCOSE.

Whatever people say about Boston, they keep coming in droves and many are surprised to find that it is a lively place and that Bostonians make excellent hosts.

Accommodations are of a high order and there are dozens of fine restaurants. Locke-

Ober's on Winter Place is considered to be one of the very best places to eat in America, although our personal preference is for the Ritz Carlton. The Parker House (where the rolls of the same name were introduced) is worthy of its reputation and Jimmy's Harbor Side, on the pier, is the place for sea food. For good German cooking, it's Jacob Wirth's; Greek, the Athens-Olympia; Syrian—grape leaves and all—the Nile. At Durgin Park's, in the market district, no one has yet been able to finish the enormous servings. Dinty Moore's, where the Friday special is cheese blintzes, is a hangout for newspaper people. Ye Olde Union House (sea-food specialties) has been a restaurant since 1826; before that it was a draper's shop where Louis-Philippe, who later became King of France, lived on the top floor and earned his living by teaching French.

For after-dark entertainment, there is Blinstrub's Village, a cavernous bistro, incongruously situated next to the police station in South Boston. Blinstrub's seats 2,000 diners and dishes up lively entertainment as well as good food—at reasonable prices. There are three legitimate

theaters in Boston where you will see plays destined for Broadway or oblivion, and several small "art" theaters. There is music for cool cats and long-hairs alike—Storyville for jazz, the Boston Symphony for the classics in winter, and the famous "Pops" concerts under the stars on the grassy banks of the Esplanade for ten weeks during the summer. The Boston Arts Festival on the Common exhibits modern art and presents opera and ballet, all for free. Shakespearean plays are presented in an enormous tent on a slope above the Charles River, and you can take a boat almost to the door.

The best way we've found to get on friendly terms with Boston is to stroll through the Common (once a cow pasture and later a training ground for Revolutionary troops) and the Public Garden, and go to Beacon Hill to look at the fine old houses with lavender window panes. If you have the family along, a ride in the Swan Boats is a must.

Another "don't-miss" is Mrs. Jack Gardner's palace, where you should be convinced that even old-time Boston wasn't all stuffed shirts and straight-laced corsets.

Fishermen!

"This Is The World's Finest Fish Catcher!"

By Paul Stag

The Weekend Fisherman

How would you like to catch more fish than you ever caught in your life? How would you like to catch fish when they're not biting for other fishermen on the lake? How would you like to stop coming home empty handed?

I've been fishing for over twenty-five years. I've tried just about every kind of lure I've ever seen in a store or in an advertisement. And just like you, I found that they caught some of the fish some of the time, but most of the time they caught nothing. But now I have found an imported lure that catches fish better than any lure I ever used!

I've caught fish time after time when other fishermen have come home empty handed. I've caught fish on the Vivif when even live bait failed! Vivif has caught fish for me at all hours of the day . . . in all kinds of weather. This amazing lure made fish bite. And now I've gotten the exclusive rights to introduce this lure in America and I'm out to prove my statement: "This is the finest lure ever invented."

A French Invention

This amazing lure was invented in France by a French sportsman who named it 'Vivif'. He spent years testing other kinds of lures on fish and watching how they reacted to each lure under water! Who ever did that before? From those years of testing this Frenchman developed Vivif . . . the patented

lure with the "Live" tail.

When he started selling Vivif in France it became one of the most famous fish lures in Europe! Soon its fame spread to 25 foreign lands! In came incredible reports of how Vivif caught fish.

Vivif holds a British record in England. It has made amazing catches in other countries.

Last winter I started importing Vivif to America. I gave it to expert, experienced fishermen to test. They reported, "We didn't believe it but it's true. Vivif caught fish when other lures failed." That's what hard boiled experts say.

But even more important to you is what other average fishermen say. Here's a typical letter . . . from Mr. Robert Hilton of Jacksonville, Florida. "I have used artificial lures from Canada to Florida and have worn out four spinning reels. The VIVIF is far superior to any lure that I have ever used. The day I used Vivif the bass were not biting, even on live shiners. I caught 6 bass on the lure and then lost it to a large bass. The bass broke water three times trying to throw the lure after he broke my 12 pound monofilament line."

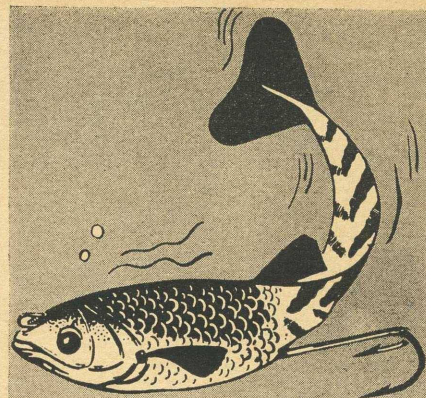
From everywhere come their reports of how Vivif makes fish bite like magic . . . of the magic appeal it seems to have . . . of how it out-fishes and out-catches any lure they have ever used.

Why is this true? Frankly I don't know. All I know is that Vivif is different from any lure you ever used. It's the world's most lifelike lure in the water. It starts moving like a live minnow the instant it touches the water! And it is pure magic with bass, pickerel, pike, trout and other game fish.

Think what this means to you. Now at last you can catch just about every kind of fresh water gamefish and panfish as well as many salt water fish. You can do away with digging for worms, catching bugs, frogs or minnows. You can cast, troll, shore fish . . . all with equal success. You can go out after . . . and come back with largemouth bass, smallmouth bass, pike, pickerel, perch, trout, and walleyes and do it time and again without previous experience and whether you are an expert fisherman or using a cane pole . . . or your money will be refunded at any time!

Marvel Of Design

Not just another stiff plastic or wood lure that "looks good" but doesn't work. Vivif is made of life-like latex and is the world's most lifelike lure in the water . . . works better than live bait! Color combinations have been carefully selected in actual tests. Perfectly balanced, Vivif doesn't spin . . . never twists your line. Acts and wiggles like a live minnow the instant it touches the water!



HOW VIVIF WORKS!

Fish have never seen anything like this lure before. It attracts fish by its vibrating tail. It is the world's most lifelike lure in the water. Fish can't resist it . . . and when they grab the lure it "feels lifelike"—doesn't warn them to spit it out before you can sink the hook in! Read this article and learn the amazing story of this imported lure.

AMAZING TRIAL OFFER!

No longer do you have to come home empty handed from your fishing trips. Try amazing Vivif . . . the French lure designed to attract and catch fish . . . without risking a penny.

All you do is mail the amazing no-risk trial coupon below. When you receive your Vivifs, use them anywhere you like . . . use them as often as you like . . . to prove its fantastic fish-catching powers.

Use it to catch bass, trout, perch, pike, walleyes plus many salt water fish . . . and other sport or panfish you like to catch.

Let your children and friends fish with Vivif. Put Vivif to every test. If you don't agree it is the finest lure you've ever used . . . if it doesn't catch more fish and bigger fish, you have used it entirely free. It won't cost you a penny. Read amazing trial offer below.

VIVIF IS IMPORTED SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED

To get your Vivifs now, mail the Amazing no-risk trial coupon below. U. S. supplies are still limited. Order now to be sure you'll have your Vivifs in time for your next fishing trip. Only if you act at once can I guarantee to fill your order immediately. Don't delay. Mail coupon today.

Mail Amazing No-Risk Trial Coupon

Harrison Home Products Corp., Dept. 72-AM

Fishing Tackle Division

8 Kingsland Avenue, Harrison, New Jersey

Please send VIVIF's checked below on AMAZING TRIAL OFFER. If VIVIF does not catch more fish . . . bigger fish . . . and make fishing more fun—if VIVIF is not the greatest lure I've ever used you will refund my money immediately . . . including postage.

Quan.	Size	Weight	Color Comb.	Price	
.....	2 1/4"	1/4 oz.	Green-Silver-Red	@ \$1.35	SAVE
.....	2 1/4"	1/4 oz.	Black & Gold	@ \$1.35	ALL 4
.....	2 1/4"	1/4 oz.	Green-Gold-Red	@ \$1.35	THIS SIZE
.....	2 1/4"	1/4 oz.	Red & White	@ \$1.35	FOR \$4.95
.....	3"	1/2 oz.	Brown-Silver-Red	@ \$1.65	ALL 4
.....	3"	1/2 oz.	Black-Silver-Red	@ \$1.65	THIS SIZE
.....	3"	1/2 oz.	Green-Gold-Red	@ \$1.65	FOR \$5.95
.....	3"	1/2 oz.	Red & White	@ \$1.65	ALL 4
.....	5 1/2"	2 1/2 oz.	Green & Yellow	@ \$2.49	ALL 3
.....	5 1/2"	2 1/2 oz.	Red & White	@ \$2.49	THIS SIZE
.....	5 1/2"	2 1/2 oz.	Blue & Silver	@ \$2.49	FOR \$6.95

☐ PAYMENT ENCLOSED. Send VIVIF's Postpaid! I save all C.O.D. Charges. (Money Back Guaranteed on all VIVIF's.)
☐ SEND C.O.D. I will pay postman price of VIVIF's plus C.O.D. postage. (Money Back Guarantee on all VIVIF's.)

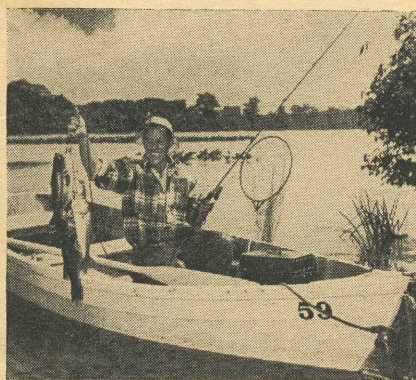
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

SPECIAL OFFER ☐ ONE OF EACH SIZE VIVIF LURES ALL FOR ONLY \$4.95

CANADIAN CUSTOMERS: Order from Harrison Tackle Company, 339 King St. W., Toronto, Ontario.



1,055,000 Vivif Lures Already Being Used!

Seldom if ever has a fish lure received such an exciting reaction from fishermen. Amazing catches have been reported. In England Vivif holds a British record! In 25 foreign lands Vivif is catching fish like magic. Already reports from fishermen in this country are coming in . . . reports saying Vivif is the greatest lure they have ever used. Fishermen in 25 countries can't be wrong. "Vivif is the finest lure I have used in 25 years of fishing!"

Mrs. Gardner was an out-of-towner, a woman with red hair and voluptuous curves, who married a proper Bostonian and scandalized Society. Her dresses were more daring than those of the other Boston ladies, her jewels brighter, and her stories a shade naughtier. John Singer Sargent, then in his twenties, painted Mrs. Gardner with her celebrated pearls about her hips. She was forty-eight at the time, and over her door she had placed a shield with the motto, *C'est mon plaisir* (It is my pleasure). And there are those who say that Mrs. Gardner followed her own advice—to the hilt. . . .

We used to have a violent prejudice against sightseeing buses, but either we've mellowed with the years or they're getting better. Anyway, here's one of the growing number of places where Gray Line really does a job. A tour of the city costs \$2.50, covers quite a few points of interest as well as a good-sized chunk of American history. Sample sight: the famed frigate *Constitution*. Your driver-guide will remind you that this is probably the best-loved ship in American naval annals, and that during the War of 1812 she became affectionately known as "Old Ironsides." When the war was over and orders were given to have her broken up and sold for junk, Oliver Wendell Holmes (who seems to be popping up wherever we turn) wrote the poem that begins, "Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!" Those were the days when a poem could be powerful propaganda, and the children of America collected a sufficient hoard of pennies to recondition the hull of the battered ship. Uncle Sam, deluged by a tidal wave of public sentiment, came up with another \$300,000 to finish the job.

There is a lot to see in Boston, but sights are concentrated in a relatively compact area and a couple of days are enough to have you reeling with a headful of Early Americana. Short side trips will take you to Cambridge (Harvard University), Lexington and Concord, Marblehead and Salem on the North Shore, Plymouth on the South Shore.

Long before the Lowells, Cabots, Adamses and Saltonstalls arrived, an Englishman named Bartholomew Gosnold dropped anchor off the stern and rockbound coast of Massachusetts. A school of cod encircled his boat, and Gosnold named the land Cape Cod. King James thought it was an undignified name and changed it to Cape James. But even in those days the citizens of Massachusetts were disinclined to unnecessary change. The first name stuck, and for more than three and a half centuries has been identified with the state. Today, stuffed and beautiful to behold, a cod hangs in a place of honor in the gold-domed State House.

The Massachusetts Department of Commerce, quite modest about most matters, hasn't hesitated to call Cape Cod "U. S. Vacation Area Number One." A day's trip from Boston, the Cape is a place of quaint seaside villages, magnificent beaches and an easy, pleasant way of life.

If you drive by the expressway to Provincetown—at the tip end of the Cape—you will miss some of the villages, but you will save considerable time. Plymouth, en route, presents a recreated Pilgrim community and although the famous Rock isn't

much to look at, it's something that most Americans don't want to miss.

Even on a map, Cape Cod looks interesting. Thoreau saw it as "the bare and bended arm of Massachusetts . . . the shoulder at Buzzards Bay, the elbow at Chatham, the wrist at Truro and the sandy fist at Provincetown."

If you're driving, best bet is to take the bay road down and the ocean road back; although the two routes are seldom more than five miles apart, one is quite different from the other.

There are fifteen towns on the Cape, forty-three villages, 1,500 miles of good macadam roads and any number of byways that go wandering off through small woods, past lily ponds, patches of wild cranberries and forgotten burial grounds, to end up at a dune or a moor with not a human being in sight except, perhaps, a lone bather or surfcaster in the distance.

Cape Cod has something for almost everyone—from Sandwich glass to a championship golf course. In Barnstable, there are fine old houses shaded by stately elms. In Falmouth, sea captains built homes facing the village green. There are Yarmouth and Dennis; Hyannis, with smart shops and sophisticated clubs, Wellfleet and Brewster; Provincetown, with beatniks and art, ancient houses and narrow streets. At the beach beyond Provincetown, you'll find the beginning, or end, of U. S. Route 6. Follow it as far as it goes and you'll wind up in San Diego, California.

Off the coast, to the south, lie two holiday islands—Martha's Vineyard, with its snug harbor, bright gardens, captains' houses, and Nantucket, where merchants, rich from traffic in whale oil, built fine mansions. Once a world away, they're easy to get to now, and well-heeled Bostonians—and even New Yorkers—send their families to one or another for the season and commute by plane over week ends.

Fifty-five miles from Boston you'll find Old Sturbridge, a recreated eighteenth-century New England village where the inhabitants live much as their ancestors did two centuries ago. They ride along dirt roads in buggies and ox carts, read by candlelight. Women knit and weave, milk cows and raise herbs, bake beans and gingerbread in brick ovens heated by wood fires, make candles of bayberries and polish their old mahogany with beeswax.

The colonial homes, dismantled and moved to Old Sturbridge from other New England communities, are the real thing and are open to visitors. There is a general store, too, and a tavern, a blacksmith shop, a sawmill and a grist mill, pottery and weaving shops, and an old meeting house.

Old Sturbridge can be "done" easily in a day or less, but you'll be tempted to stay overnight. The Village Tavern and Lincoln House serve good New England meals, and rooms may be had at the Lodge or Motor Court. Nearby, in Sturbridge Center, is the famous Publick House, one of the superb Treadway inns that are scattered throughout New England.

Inland, two and a half hours from the coast via the Massachusetts Turnpike, are the Berkshire Hills, topped by Mount Greylock. Here, the big summer attraction is the Music Festival at Tanglewood, where the Boston Symphony Orchestra presents week-end concerts from early July through

mid-August. If your tastes are something less than symphonic, there is Music Barn nearby, where prominent artists present a series of modern and folk music from June to September. At Music Mountain, there are string quartets; at Jacob's Pillow, girls in modern dances; at Lenox and Williamstown, art exhibits, and at Stockbridge, summer theater.

If Massachusetts is richer in anything than history, culture and scenery, it's fish. The state's coastal waters are said to be the best along the north Atlantic seaboard, both as to quantity and variety. More than twenty different species, from the giant tuna to the lowly smelt, are yours for the catching—although the latter head for deeper waters when summer comes. Striped bass and bluefish reportedly run larger in Bay State waters than elsewhere along the New England coast. There are nearly a dozen fishing tournaments each season, topped by the Martha's Vineyard striped-bass and bluefish Derby.

Every seaport has charter boats and competent skippers who know their way with bottom-fishing, tuna, stripers, blues and mackerel.

It isn't often that you can switch from salt- to fresh-water fishing in the same day. Cape Cod, however has more than 200 ponds and lakes where pickerel, smallmouth bass and yellow and white perch thrive, as well as a few places that are well stocked with trout. Around Plymouth, there are about forty bodies of water where the fish are said to jump for joy at the sight of a visiting Waltonian.

Lenox Bigelow, of the Massachusetts Department of Commerce (who provided us with the foregoing bit of piscatorial information), also writes that "trailer and car-top boats have increased tremendously during the past few years, and facilities for getting them into the water have been improving here to meet the demand. Thanks to the marine wardens, sportsmen will easily find launching spots in each coastal community.

"One suggestion to prospective charter-boat customers: Discuss the disposal of the catch with the boat skipper when making your reservation. These skippers work on a small-profit margin; thus some have a policy of taking a large share of any big catch for commercial sale. Reports of unpleasant verbal aftermaths of successful fishing trips have reached us. Therefore, this word of caution." (Incidentally, if you would like a free copy of the sixty-four-page "Massachusetts Salt-water Fishing Guide," write to Vacation Travel Division, Department of Commerce, 334 Boylston Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts, mentioning Arcosy.)

We don't know if Daniel Webster did much fishing in Massachusetts, but we do know that he had a lifelong love affair with the state. While defending the Union in debate with Senator Robert Young Hayne, of South Carolina, the great statesman-orator declared, "I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourself. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston and Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever."

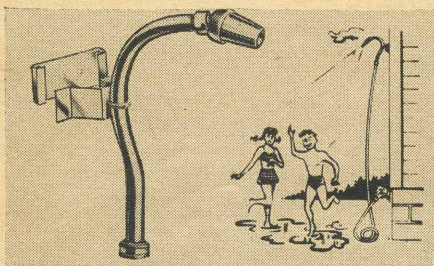
Things haven't changed a bit. • • •

ARGOSY'S

STOP TO SHOP



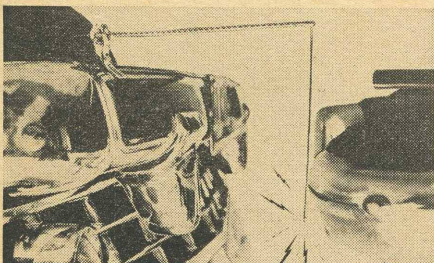
POWERFUL BINOCULARS, yet wonderfully lightweight, these 8x30 viewers have coated lenses and a center focus. You'll see clear, extremely sharp images and really *close up*! Binoculars come with a sturdy, handsome, cowhide leather case and carrying strap. Magnificent gift. \$12.95 ppd. Dilo Sales, Dept. BB-99, 1037 Rosedale, Valley Stream, N. Y.



PORTABLE OUTDOOR SHOWER—attaches easily to any surface—house, garage, barn, tree, etc. Water is supplied through any ordinary garden hose. Swivel chrome-on-brass shower head sprays wide in all directions. Slide-in, slide-out bracket makes for fast installation and removal for storage. \$3.98 ppd. Damar's, 707 Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.



CUCKOO CLOCK cuckoos every fifteen minutes. An excellent timekeeper, it comes from Black Forest of Germany. Finished in antique walnut, it's beautifully hand-carved. Perfect for any room; children love it. Regular model, \$3.95; deluxe model, \$5 ppd. Cuckoos in pleasing voice. Best Values, Dept. C-40, 403 Market St., Newark, N. J.



BUMP-ALARM protects your car from careless parkers. Electronic antenna of lifetime chrome extends from bumper—starts your horn blowing the instant another car touches it. Warns if too close to garage wall, etc. Easy to attach; no holes to drill. State for front or rear bumper. \$2.98 ppd. Spencer Gifts, Spencer Bldg., Dept. ARG, Atlantic City, N. J.



SWIMMITTS, web-fingered, give speed and buoyancy to the underwater swimmer as well as the "dog-paddle" variety. Lightweight and flexible, they allow complete freedom—even pick up and hold slippery objects. Junior small, \$1.29; junior medium, large, \$1.50; senior small, medium and large, \$2 ppd. Pioneer Rubber Co., Dept. A, Willard, Ohio.



\$2½ GOLD PIECE, in gold holder, is perfect charm for bracelet or necklace. One of the world's most beautiful gold pieces, it's ideal for the coin collector. Appeals to the most discriminating. Comes for \$7 (add 10% Federal Tax) ppd. Profitable, all-hobby catalogue included free. Hobbies Unlimited, Box 97-B, Oakland Gardens Sta., Flushing, N. Y.



GUN CIGARET CASE and lighter is a scale model of a Browning automatic. Pull the trigger and top opens for cigarettes. Pull it again and you have a light. Pretty nifty little gadget. Has a strong, detailed, black plastic case. Made by the fine craftsmen of West Germany. Good value for \$2.95 ppd. B. Rowland, Dept. AR-7, 165 East 35th St., N.Y. 16.



AIRLINE TRAINING offers advancement, travel and security to men 17-45. You can study without interrupting present job or schooling. Simply write, stating age, for free information regarding all airline careers (station agents, stewards, air-freight, etc.) to: Airline Training, Universal Schools, Dept. A-2, 11 East 47th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

\$12.98

.22 CAL.
6 SHOT REPEATER

COMMANDO GUN

Sportster .22 Cal. 6 shots Fast Draw Revolver. Only 6 inches long. Blue Steel with white grips. Screw-in ejector rod has steel rifled barrel with blade front sights. 6 shot, accurate for target practice, hunting, home defense. Smooth, fast action, sidegate loading; light hammer pull. Made in West Germany. Finest for .22 shorts. Only \$12.98. Tremendous Value. Chrome Model \$14.95. Sold On Money Back Guarantee. Send \$5 Deposit. Bal. C.O.D. Purchaser must be 21 or over. National Precision Sales Co., Dept. B-10, P.O. Box 229, East Orange, N. J.



One of the easiest and least expensive ways to recondition your car's engine is to drop a few of these Motaloy tabs in your fuel tank. You'll get increased compression and a ring and valve job as Motaloy replaces worn engine parts. Increases mileage, cuts oil-burning. \$6 ppd., senior small, medium and large, \$2 ppd. Pioneer Rubber Co., Dept. A, Willard, Ohio.

BLACK BEAUTY
Italian Knife

IMPORTED FROM ITALY
Do not be misled by copies of this Original Black Beauty. This collector's "PRIZE" is famous on the continent for its lightning speed in desperate hunting and fishing emergencies. Choose from 4 overall sizes.

CLOSES WITH LIGHTNING SPEED

Looks Sharp! Stays Sharp!
This precision-engineered New BLACK BEAUTY is not a switchblade knife. It's GUARANTEED to open every single time. No idle seconds lost... no messy buttons... no broken springs. Open blade locks into position with a clicking sound. Easy to handle. Razor-sharp cutting edge. ACT NOW. Send M.O., check or cash. SPECIAL! 5½" and 7" for \$8.75. Refund in 5 days if not thrilled. Florida residents add 3%.

FLORIDA IMPORTS, DEPT. A7, Buckman Bldg., Jacksonville 2, Fla.

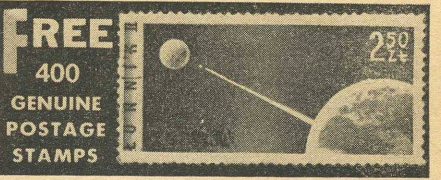
New Pocket Transistor Radio

"Little Hercules" Mighty Midget

\$5.95
Low Price! Smart Design!

Size of cigaret package, yet thrilling performance. Weighs only 3 ounces. Listen to music, news, sports, programs, etc. Includes phone for private listening. Modern two-tone plastic case. Ivory & blue with gold metal grille. Complete broadcast band. On-off switch one end. Uses standard penlight cells (included). Guaranteed. Complete ready for immediate playing. Postpaid only. **\$5.95**

JOHNSON SMITH & CO. Dept. 902 Detroit 7, Michigan



STAMP COLLECTOR'S BONANZA!

from: **AFRICA — EUROPE — ASIA** & the **BRITISH EMPIRE** worth **\$10.00** or more at catalogue prices. A fascinating mixture from foreign monasteries—convents—banks—etc. Lots of pleasure & adventure—who knows what you will find! All yours as our get acquainted gift and furthermore you will receive a helpful **STAMP COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK** worth \$ \$ \$ to you. Offer to **ADULTS ONLY**. A fine selection of stamps for your inspection will also be enclosed.

FRASEK CO. AR WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

ARGOSY

AFRIKA DESERT CAP!

NEW U.S. SPORTS HIT: the snappy "Afrika" lightweight model of the traditional Swiss-German-Austrian mountain cap. Bought in Germany, these rugged-looking, beautifully-made caps feature the famous height-building "UPLIFT" FRONT and jaunty "forward look" lines. Long popular in Europe; now worn by style leaders all over the U.S. for: beach, boating, golf, sports cars, fishing-hunting-shooting, tennis, baseball, etc. Made of fine, lightweight twill. Lined for insulation. Desert Tan, Forest Green, Field Grey. \$3.95. **COTTERS AVAILABLE:** Spring-Winter-Fall "Felt" wool Model, \$5.95; Super deLuxe Model with stitched oakleaves on sides, \$7.50. **INSIGNIA:** Authentic Mountain Edelweiss in gold-and-silver toned metal, \$2.50; Solid Brass Hunting Horn for cap side, \$2.50; Embroid. oak leaf patch \$1.95. **MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.** Write name, address, hat size, color. Add 35c post. & hndlng. Free illust. cat. of Germ. steins, desk daggers, etc. **AINSWORTH CO.,** Dept. A-11, 158 E. 38th St., N.Y.C. 16.

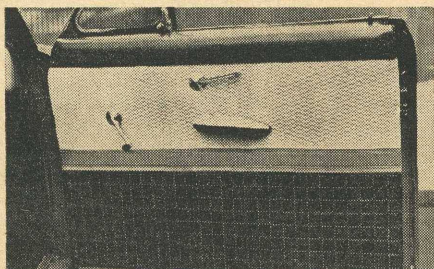


IMPORTED KNIVES

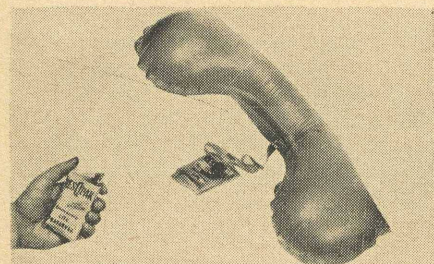
Free Catalog

DAGGERS, STILETTOS, SWORDS, HUNTING KNIVES, POCKET & PEN KNIVES, FENCING EQUIPMENT, BOWIES, THROWING KNIVES etc.
From Germany, England, Italy, Spain, Mexico, Sweden, & others.
WRITE FOR YOUR FREE CATALOG
J.D. CLINTON
MT. CLEMENS 3, MICH.

The STOP TO SHOP section is not composed of paid advertising; it is an editorial feature



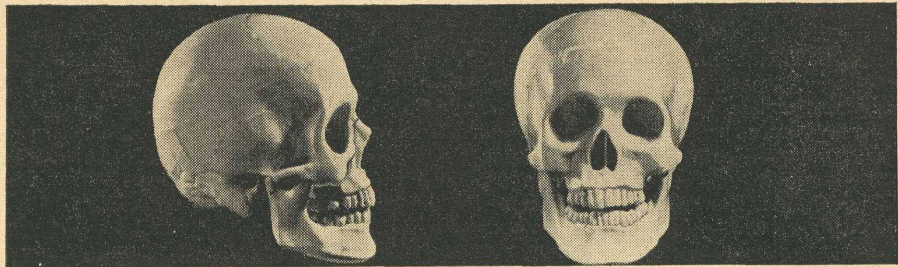
BEAUTI-DOOR, a ready-to-install, quilted, vinyl replacement for door panels. Deep-tufted, it's practical for that "abused" section of car. Fits any make or model car. In white and black with flash panel in red, blue and green. Washable and durable. About \$7.50 per set. For information write: Jason Corp., 1040 Grand St., Hoboken, N. J.



RES-Q-PAK, self-inflating life preserver, supports a 250 lb. man in water for hours. Easy to use, even child's squeeze will trigger pack. Inflates into a two-foot plastic float. Lightweight, you can carry it in pocket or clip to clothing. Compact. Comfortable. Dependable. \$2.98 ppd. The Muter Co., Dept. A, 1255 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 5, Ill.

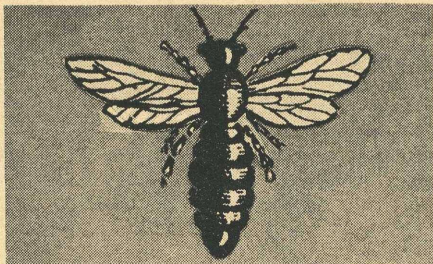
ARGOSY'S

STOP TO

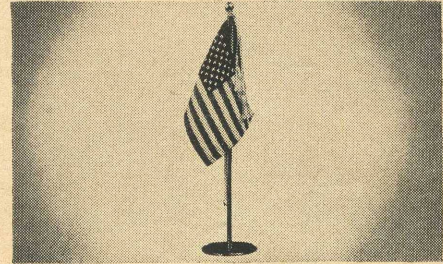


LIFE-SIZE HUMAN SKULL is an amazing anatomical reproduction of a life-size human skull. Developed after years of work and \$20,000 production tooling, it's accurate in detail, contour, bone color and hardness. This precise, heavy model (with removable skull cap, spring-action lower jaw) is ideal for doctors, students, teachers, law-

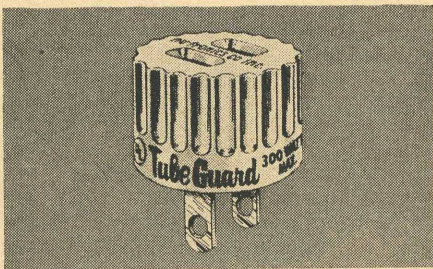
yers, etc. Fun for office, den or club. ("Ideal" business partner, eye-catching store display, etc.) Parts snap together. Comes complete with display stand and identification chart. A triumph of modeling, it makes a dramatic conversation piece for the most discriminating. Comes for \$5.95 ppd. Chabon Scientific, Dept. AR-6, 60 East 42nd St., N. Y. 17.



THE Queen Bee lives 15 times longer than other bees and lays her own weight in eggs every day. The thing responsible for these feats is a food called Royal Jelly, made and fed to her by other bees. Used first in cosmetics, it's now available in capsule form. A month's supply of capsules, \$4.95 ppd. Lincoln Royal Bee Co., 1306-A Lincoln Bldg., N.Y. 17



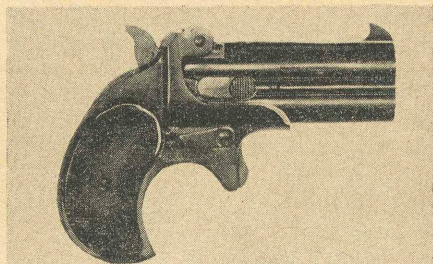
50-STAR FLAGSET comes with 4" x 6" flag of lustrous rayon with attached gold halyards and tassels. A must for everyone, it has an all metal, tip-proof standard chromium-plated over copper and nickel. Stands approximately 12" tall—perfect for desk, mantel, etc. You can raise and lower flag, \$3 ppd. Powers Mfg., 175-A Broadway, Taunton, Mass.



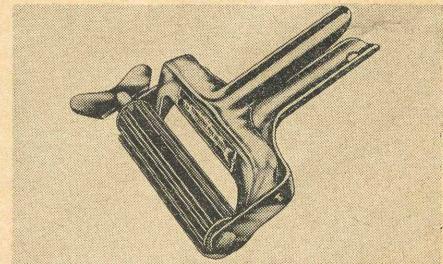
TUBE GUARD just plugs in between your light plug and socket. Saves television tubes and 3-way bulbs from burning out. Tube Guard, a sensitive resistor, limits the surge current so that bulbs are not subject to full line voltage during warm-up years. No installation necessary. \$2 ppd. John Surrey, Ltd., 11 W. 32nd St., Dept. A2, N.Y. 1, N.Y.



BASEBALL CARDS for the collector, hobbyist. Current 1960 baseball cards are now available in 7 colorful series. There are 88 cards in each set. Settle many arguments by making use of records and facts on the back of every card. Set, \$2.50 ppd. Free list of all types of cards also available. Card Collector Co., Box 293-A, Franklin Square, N. Y.



WORLD FAMOUS DERRINGER, fascinating to gun enthusiasts, is now available in this magnificent model. Made by the skilled hand of the finest German gunsmiths, double barrel shoots 22 cal. shorts, longs and long rifle. Accurate exact replica. Blue finish, \$19.95; chrome, \$22.50 ppd. Nat'l Precision, Dept. A-7, 364 A Main, East Orange, New Jersey.

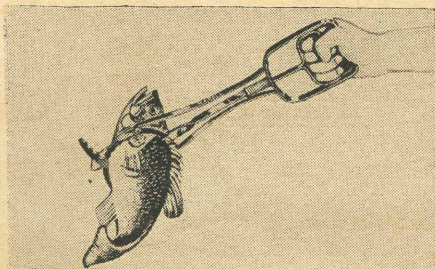


TOWNSEND FISH SKINNER skins and scales fish in one quick, easy operation. For smooth or scaly fish, large or small. It's precision built of chrome-plated steel. Measures 5" x 6". The little lady goes for it, too—fish skinner eliminates messy, flying scales. Comes for \$5.95 ppd. Townsend Engineering Co., 2427-A Hubbell Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

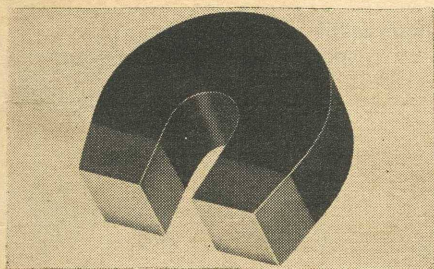
SHOP



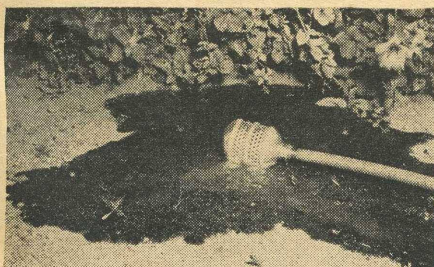
"TELL IT TO THE MARINES"—This 12", LP high fidelity recording is a salty collection of ribald, leatherneck songs. Rollicking ditties include "Bless 'Em All," "Cuts and Guts," "Gee But I Wanna Go Home", etc.—all with authentically lusty lyrics. Comes with sing texts. Monaural, \$4.98; stereo, \$5.95 ppd. Elektra, Dept. R, 116 W. 14th, N.Y. 11.



CLINCHER GAFF helps to make sure the big ones aren't lost at boatside. Grips fish like a vice—controlled entirely by one hand. Spring holds jaws open until ready for instant clamping on fish. Holds any fish from 1/2 to 20 lbs. Ideal for trappers—holds small animals during trap removal. \$3.75 ppd. From Marble Arms Corp., Dept. A, Gladstone, Mich.



MAGNETS, with hundreds of uses, retrieve valuable steel items, tackle from water, tools from hard-to-reach places, etc. Magnet assembly retriever, 35 lb. pull, \$2.95; retriever, 50 lb. pull, \$3.95; hot pad magnets, 10 for \$7.00; 50 for \$3; pencil-type pick-up tools, 3 for \$1. All ppd. West Coast Magnetics, 1288-A So. La Brea, Los Angeles 19, Calif.



WATER BUBBLER, attaches easily to hose, helps to save on work, water and plants. This durable aluminum head gives perfect performance, with baffles inside, allows gentle, easy flooding in a hurry. No moving parts. You just place it, leave it. Waters deep and fast. For \$1.98 ppd. from Magic Mold, Dept. AR, 149 S. Main Street, Freeport, N.Y.



Argosy Classified

For rates, write Argosy Classified, 305 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FRANCHISES MAKE PROFITS! Have your own independent franchise business. Alert yourself to nationwide opportunities. National Franchise Reports publishes best franchise offers each month. Write today for free, interesting information. **NATIONAL FRANCHISE REPORTS**, A-528, 333 North Michigan, Chicago 1.

SPARETIME HOMEWORK! Guaranteed Pay. No Selling. **ENTERPRISES**, 556-G Beacon, Manchester, N. H.

FOR AUTHORS & PUBLISHERS

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS invited by cooperative publishers; circular free. Forum Publishing Co., 324 Newberry Street, Boston, Mass.

LOOKING FOR a Publisher? Learn how you can have your book published, promoted, distributed. Send for **FREE Booklet "A."** Vantage Press, 120 West 31st Street, New York 1.

MUSIC FOR MUSIC FANS

POEMS NEEDED for songs. Rush poems. Crown Music, 49-RA West 32, New York.

SCHOOLS & INSTRUCTIONS

DETECTIVE PROFESSION. Easy home study plan. Badge, Certificate, profitable future. Box 41197-AT, Los Angeles 41, California.

STAMPS

GIGANTIC COLLECTION free. Includes triangles, early United States, animals, commemoratives, British Colonies, high value pictorials, etc. Complete collection plus big illustrated magazine all free. Send 5c for postage. Gray Stamp Co., Dept. TM, Toronto, Canada.

SALESMEN WANTED

MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITY! Take big profit orders for world famous Patented Varieties Fruit Trees. Also Flowering Shrubs, Roses, Vines. Big Sales outfit Free. Stark Bro's, Desk 30171, Louisiana, Missouri.

MAKE UP TO \$147.50 DAILY with simple 30-second demonstration sensational new Voicecaster. Frees both hands, permits work while phoning, hold 2-way phone talk anywhere in room. Transistorized, no installation. Offices, stores, factories order 1 to 6; housewives order fast. Make \$14.75 and more each. Ten sales daily possible spare or full time. Money-making plans **FREE**. Write Voicecaster Div., Merlite, 114 E. 32nd St., Dept. A-67R, New York 16.

WILL YOU wear new suits and topcoats without one penny cost and agree to show them to friends? You can make up to \$30.00 in a day even in spare time, without canvassing. W. Z. Gibson, Inc., 500 S. Throop St., Dept. H-463, Chicago 7, Ill.

MAKE EXTRA MONEY—Big Cash Commissions plus premiums for you and your customers. Sell Advertising Book Matches—sensational new Tenorama, Glamour Girls, Hillbillies, dozens others. All sizes—Quick daily sales; big repeat business. **FREE Master Kit** makes selling easy—no experience necessary. Superior Match, Dept. AG-760, 7530 Greenwood, Chicago 19, Illinois.

HELP WANTED

SELL ADVERTISING matchbooks to local businesses. No experience needed—powerful sales kit free. Part, full time. Match Corporation of America, Dept. MN-70, Chicago 32.

AGENTS WANTED

CHRISTMAS CARDS—with customer's name imprinted. Personal and business designs—all in one album. These deluxe cards pay deluxe commissions. Earn \$300 to \$500 (plus bonuses) easily this season, even in spare time. Sales experience unnecessary. Free Sales Kit includes Sample Album and easy-to-follow selling instructions. Send for kit now; pocket profits next week! Write Process Corp. (reliable for 39 years), Dept. AY-1, 1954 S. Troy, Chicago 23, Ill.

BINOCULARS & TELESCOPES

OPTICAL—SCIENCE—MATH BARGAINS. Request Free Giant Catalog "CX"—128 pages—Astronomical Telescopes, Microscopes, Lenses, Binoculars, Kits, Parts. Amazing war surplus bargains. Edmund Scientific Co., Barrington, New Jersey.

EARTHWORMS

BIG MONEY raising fishworms, crickets. We teach you how to raise, sell. **FREE LITERATURE.** Carter Farm 1, Plains, Georgia.

FREE PICTURE FOLDER. "How to Make \$3,000 Yearly, Sparetime, Backyard, Raising Earthworms!" Oakhaven-48, Cedar Hill, Texas.

LEATHERCRAFT

FREE "Do-It-Yourself" Leathercraft Catalog. Tandy Leather Company, Box 791-R35, Fort Worth, Texas.

INVENTIONS WANTED

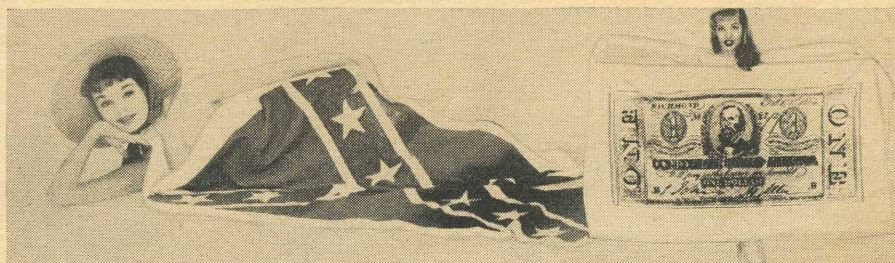
INVENTIONS WANTED. Patented; Unpatented. Global Marketing Service, 2120-D 77th Avenue, Oakland 5, California.

UNITED STATES & FOREIGN JOB LISTINGS

HIGH PAY OVERSEAS, Domestic Jobs. Men, Women. Generous Benefits. Companies Pay Transportation. For info; write: World Wide, Dept. L, 149 N. Franklin St., Hempstead, N. Y.

CARTOONING & COMMERCIAL ART

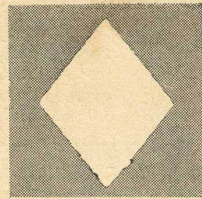
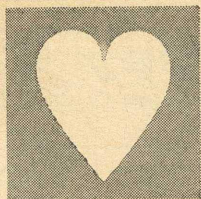
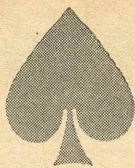
"HOW TO MAKE MONEY WITH SIMPLE CARTOONS"—A book everyone who likes to draw should have. It is free; no obligation. Simply address Cartoonists' Exchange, Dept. 1297, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.



CONFEDERATE BEACH TOWELS—you won't have to risk Yankee gunfire to cover yourself with glory on these beach towels. One has the Stars and Bars imprinted on it in blazing red, white and blue. And while chances are you won't be able to spend the Confederate buck, we'll guarantee you'll get

many times its value in fun when you break it out at the beach. Buck's in orange and gray. Both are big 6x3 foot quality Cannon beach towels. Colors won't run. Price is the same to Yankees and Rebels—fun is, too. \$4.95 ppd. Pair, \$8.95 ppd. Madison House, Dept. AR7, 305 Madison Ave, N. Y. 17.

IT'S IN THE CARDS



HEARTS THE PASS TELLS ALL

BY ALFRED SHEINWOLD

What's the best remedy for heart trouble?" Cousin Henry asked.

"Digitalis or a divorce," I tossed back. "Depends on the kind of trouble."

"I wouldn't ask you about either of those," Henry said loftily. "I'm talking about the game of hearts. What can you do when you're dealt two or three high hearts in a hand that's not much good for anything?"

"Ever try passing 'em?" I asked.

"Can't say that I have. How does this passing business work, anyhow?"

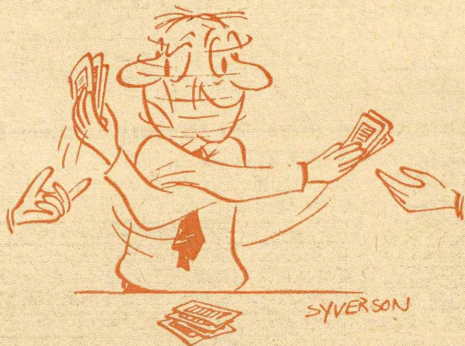
"The idea is simple," I explained. "Each player selects three cards from his original hand and gets ready to pass them to the left. When everybody's ready, all the players simultaneously pass three cards to the left and get three cards from the right."

"What's the advantage?" Henry asked. "You get rid of your own junk only to get all cluttered up with somebody else's castoffs. Might just as well stay the way you were."

"Don't be such a stick-in-the-mud. If you're a better passer than the other players, you'll give worse than you get. Over the long pull, you'll improve your average hand quite a bit. Isn't that worth something?"

"You mean there's skill to this passing business?"

"Quite a bit of skill," I told him. "Heart trouble isn't your only problem. Spade trouble is even more dangerous. For example, it may be vital to pass the ace or king of spades



if you're dealt one high spade and only one or two low spades. Likewise with the queen of spades."

"Don't you *always* pass a high spade?"

"Not if you have enough of 'em. Why bother to pass the queen if you have four other spades to keep her company? You're not likely to get stuck with the queen, and the big advantage of keeping it is that you know where it is. You won't get painted unexpectedly on some innocent-looking club or diamond trick."

"I never thought of that," Henry admitted. "Guess I'd better order some beer." This was his way of admitting that he was learning something.

"You always pass a high spade from a short suit—three cards or fewer," I continued. "You don't pass when you have a long suit—five or more. The breaking point is a four-card suit. Pass the high spade if there's nothing else in your hand that screams out loud to be passed, or if the other spades are three small cards. There's less of a problem, for example, when you have A-Q-6-2 of spades than if you have Q-6-3-2."

"How so?"

"If they keep firing spades at you," I pointed out, "you

can duck the first two rounds and win the third spade with the ace. This allows you to shift to a new suit. But if you have the queen and three small cards, you can't win the third spade and start something different. You have to sit there and just hope that somebody else will be kind enough to switch."

"What if you have only small spades to start with?"

"Don't pass any," I warned him. "Small spades are worth their weight in plutonium. The fellow at your right may pass you the ace of spades, and then you'll be glad to have three or four small spades in your hand. The same is true if he passes you the king or queen of spades."

"In other words, you *never* pass a small spade."

"There's no such thing as *never* in hearts," I observed. "But if you *do* pass a small spade, it's a tip-off that you're hoping to play for a take-all. Only the player at your left will know this, because he's the only one who sees your pass. He should play cautiously from the outset to stop your take-all."

"That's quite an idea," Henry mused. "The pass can tell a player something about the nature of the passer's hand."

"Of course," I agreed. "If you know how to pass intelligently, you can credit the fellow at your right with some of the same intelligence. Ask yourself why *you* would pass a small heart, or a small spade, and so on, and you'll find out why the other fellow is doing it. This kind of reasoning tells you quite a bit about the hand and the intentions of the man at your right."

"Now, getting back to heart trouble," Henry put in.

"Yes," I continued. "You pass a high heart or two if you don't have spade trouble. But there's no urgent need to pass a high heart if you hold four or more cards in the suit. Two or three very small hearts are as much protection as you usually need for the high hearts."

"What's more urgent than passing hearts?" Henry asked. "After all, if you don't have spade trouble, wouldn't you automatically get rid of three hearts?"

"Not at all. It's easy to pick up the queen of spades with something like the seven or eight of clubs. Somebody leads a singleton club, and the suit is continued. You win the second trick with your seven or eight, and some kind opponent dumps the queen of spades on this trick. Middle-sized clubs and diamonds are among the most dangerous cards in the game," I patiently explained.

"True enough," Henry agreed, "but what can you do about it? You can't pass all the middling cards that are dealt to you. You're allowed only three cards in your pass."

"It's a matter of choosing the evil," I stated. High spades are dangerous; middling spades are safe. High hearts are dangerous, and so are middling hearts. But hearts are led slightly less often than the other suits, so there's less danger than in clubs or diamonds. Try to save one or two very low cards in clubs and diamonds. If you're not dealt safe cards of this kind, pass one middling club and one middling diamond to the player at your left. Those cards may save you from getting pasted. The player at your left will get it in the neck instead."

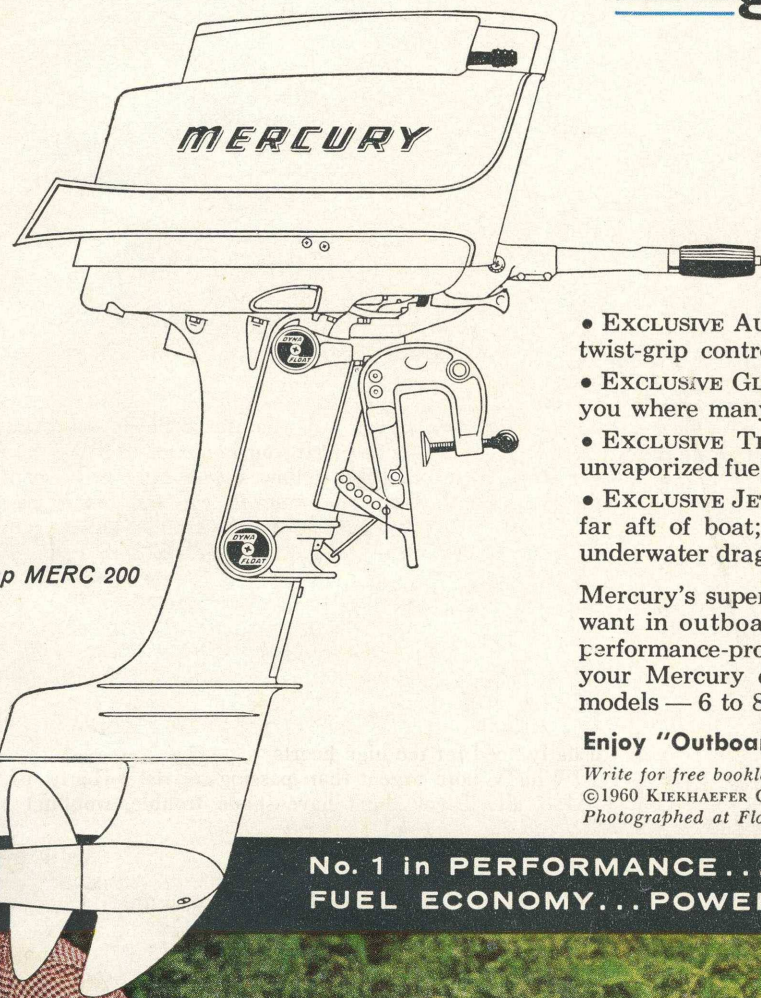
"That's another thing I didn't think of," Henry murmured.

"There are lots of things to think about when you're playing passing hearts," I concluded. "You get rid of dangerous cards, you know something about the hand of the player at your right, and you know three cards in the hand of the player at your left. By the time you've played a few cards, you know quite a bit more, and you can play the hand intelligently instead of blindly."

MERCURY is the world's

No. 1 outboard in

Engineering!



22 hp MERC 200

More than 70 industry "firsts" — many of them now standard outboard features — speak for Mercury's engineering leadership! Mercury gives you exclusive features *today* which *others will copy in years to come*. Mercury "Glide-Angle" Twins are outstanding examples.

- EXCLUSIVE AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION gives you one-hand, twist-grip control of throttle, forward, neutral and reverse.
- EXCLUSIVE GLIDE-ANGLE DESIGN, naturally weedless, takes you where many other outboards can't navigate.
- EXCLUSIVE TILTED POWERHEAD prevents accumulation of unvaporized fuel, permits smooth, steady trolling all day long.
- EXCLUSIVE JET-PROP EXHAUST submerges fumes and sound far aft of boat; improves engine performance and reduces underwater drag.

Mercury's superior engineering gives you more of what you want in outboards — gives it to you only in action-tested, performance-proved applications — gives it to you *first!* See your Mercury dealer for a demonstration ride. Nine new models — 6 to 80 hp, in twins, fours and sixes.

Enjoy "Outboard Living Days" at Mercury Dealers Now!

Write for free booklet, "Fishing With an Outboard."

©1960 KIEKHAEFER CORPORATION, FOND DU LAC, WISCONSIN

Photographed at Florida's Silver Springs

**No. 1 in PERFORMANCE...RELIABILITY...SAFETY...
FUEL ECONOMY...POWER...STYLING...FEATURES**





The big difference is
FILTER-BLEND
 and only Winston has it!



IT'S WHAT'S UP FRONT
 THAT COUNTS!



Sure, Winston has a pure white modern filter. But right from the start Winston recognized that flavor is the whole idea of smoking. That's why Winston developed **FILTER-BLEND**—rich, golden tobaccos not only *specially selected*, but also *specially processed* for filter smoking. Try Winston.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

WINSTON TASTES GOOD like a cigarette should!